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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Public eNeMeE number one

Soul food blow-out: New Edition, Clark Sisters, Peech Boys

Manic Metal Menu: Dee Snyder chews up Meatloaf

GENERAL PUBLIC

Ex-Beats get their heads together

TALKING HEADS

Get their beat together

KITCHENWARE

Gets its eats together: Kane Gang, Daintees, Prefab Sprout, Hurrah!

Ranking Roger checks that Dave Wakeling has washed behind his ears / Photo by Pennie Smith

MAJOR TOURS FOR MEATLOAF & PAUL YOUNG ● BANSHEE PROMS AT THE ALBERT HALL ●

***MEATLOAF**, as predicted by NME, has lined up a number of other British dates in the wake of his Donnington and Cornish Festival appearances.*

Following a two-week European jaunt the mountainous one returns to the UK for a date at Birmingham Odeon on Wednesday, 21 September, and then plays Manchester Apollo (22), Wembley Arena (24), Ipswich Gaumont (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo (28), Aberdeen Capitol (29), and Edinburgh Playhouse (30).

Tickets for the Wembley Arena concert are available either by postal application from 'Meatloaf Concerts' PO Box 141, London SW6 5AS (tickets £9.00 and £8.00 inclusive of booking fee – all cheques and postal orders being made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises), or by personal application to the Wembley Box Office (tickets £8.50 and £7.50). Tickets for all other Meatloaf concerts are now available from the various box offices and are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 except at Ipswich and Aberdeen where they're £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50).

CBS are releasing a special double single by Meatloaf to coincide with the tour. Featuring live and new remixed tracks from the 'Midnight At The Lost And Found' album, it will retail at the price of a normal single.

Pic: David Corio

DUB POET MICHAEL SMITH MURDERED

Report by Paul Bradshaw

MICHAEL SMITH, Jamaica's foremost dub poet, was murdered last week, stoned to death by thugs suspected of being activists from the ruling Jamaica Labour Party (JLP).

News of the killing, which took place last Wednesday, August 17, reached London through several reliable source, all of whom fear repercussions if their names are revealed.

The sequence of events which led to the tragedy appears to have started on Tuesday last, when Smith is alleged to have attended a JLP meeting and verbally attacked the local MP, Mavis Gilmour.

The next day the poet set off from his home in Golden Hill to visit a journalist friend. While walking past the JLP constituency headquarters in Stony Hill he was challenged by four men, who demanded to know what he was doing in that part of town. Smith is reported to have answered "I man free to walk anywhere in this land".

He was then chased down the road, past St. Jude's church and into Fort George Road. There he was set upon and his pursuers started to stone him. A woman who attempted to stop them was herself hit by a stone, and offered $100 not to say anything of what she had seen. It is said that she took the money, but promptly reported the incident to the police.

Meanwhile two others came on the scene from different directions, one of them the local PNP (People's National Party) candidate Herb Rose. Upon seeing the two cars the assailants jumped over the adjacent cemetery wall and ran back to the JLP offices. Smith was taken to Stoney Hill clinic, and then to the public hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival.

Herb Rose and other witnesses can apparently identify the men involved in the killing. Rose has since received threats on his life. The men concerned are alleged to belong to a gang based in Tivoli (a JLP area of Kingston), who have been terrorising the area and are working on the construction of a home for orphan children in Stony Hill.

Despite reports in the *Cleaner* and the *Star* that one arrest has been made, it appears that, at the time of going to press, no one has in fact been detained. The police claim the men are eluding arrest.

As the news reached London so Sistren, Jamaica's representatives at Lift '83 – the International Festival Of Theatre, dedicated their performance that night to Smith.

Linton Kwesi Johnson, fellow poet and friend of Smith, was actively engaged in organising support for a picket of the Jamaica High Commission and petitions demanding an impartial inquiry into the incident when I spoke to him at the radical black collective *Race Today*. He expressed total shock and dismay at the barbarity of the act.

"Michael, it seems, is one of the first victims of the next election campaign. It is an indication that Jamaica has descended into the depths of barbarism and that it seems to be destroying all its great genius. He was probably one of the greatest poets Jamaica has produced and people all over the world will be saddened by his death. We are all mourning his departure."

In an interview with *NME* last October Smith told of growing up in Jones Town in West Kingston and how he'd started writing at the age of 13 inspired by his immediate surroundings, "the contradictions in the system, the tribalism, the bombings, the bad housing . . .".

A champion of the oppressed and dispossessed, Mickey's poetry is rooted in Jamaica's oral tradition. It combines militant concern with a fascination for different styles of communication; from the DJ at the Sound dance to the rhetoric of the politican or the preacher, from proverbs, riddles or nursery rhymes.

Last year saw him achieve international recognition. The acclaimed 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' LP was released on Island, 'Trainer' was included on *NME*'s 'Mighty Reel' cassette, he was the subject of a powerful Channel 4 documentary and performed for UNESCO in Paris.

Still in his 20s, Mikey Smith's life was cut off by the sick, partisan party politics he despised and he has become another statistic in Jamaica's ongoing political warfare . . . and me, I feel it but I still can't believe it.

Smith: a political killing *Pic: Adrian Boot*

JOHNNY RAMONE STILL CRITICAL AFTER BEATING

BRITISH VIEWERS who saw a voluble Johnny Ramone on Channel 4's Spector documentary *Da Doo Ron Ron* last Saturday could hardly have predicted that only hours later he would be fighting for his life in a New York hospital.

But at 3.30 am that Sunday, Manhattan police found The Ramones' guitarist unconscious on East 10th Street, the victim of "repeated kicks to the head" allegedly by one Seth Micklaw.

Micklaw – a member of the little-known and little-liked new punk band Sub Zero Construction – was apparently wearing steel-capped boots when he and John clashed in a fist fight outside the house shared by The Ramone and his girlfriend, Cynthia 'Roxy' Whitney.

Police officers state that John suffered "severe lacerations" to the left side of his head, and advised him to seek immediate medical attention – an offer Johnny declined. After collapsing, however, he was rushed to nearby St Vincent's Hospital. It was there, as John Cummings, that he underwent four hours of emergency brain surgery to remove blood clots caused by a fractured skull.

So what did happen?

The Ramones had just finished a concert earlier that night (Saturday) in Queens – the end of their US tour. Said a neighbour who accompanied John back into town in a limo: "I left him just a minute before he got into the fight. I think John just saw his girl with this guy and got a little mad. But somehow this *worm* got him on the ground – and he really started enjoying it."

Cynthia Witney was the first to try and break up the scrap, as she herself told the *POST* in two successive cover stories. These painted the duo's relationship as "tumultuous" and Roxy herself as a kind of punk Jackie Kennedy ("Her shocking pink tights and mini remained caked with Johnny's blood," etc).

Johnny himself "really doesn't remember anything about anything" yet; he's still "blacked out" about the fight and suffering a lot of pain. He'll remain where he is for a week at least, say doctors.

Rumours that the battered Ramone's first words upon attaining consciousness were "Did I make the subway edition?" have yet to be confirmed. But – he did.

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees play their only two planned British dates this year when they present 'The Banshee Prom 1983' at London's Albert Hall on 30 September and 1 October.

For the first time ever, the Albert's management have agreed to the removal of all seats in the arena area during a rock concert, and tickets for this area will cost £6.00. But for those who to prefer to lean over the balcony or leer from boxes, the fee will be £5.00, while a seat in the Gods (balcony) will set punters back exactly £4.00.

All tickets are already available from the RAH box office (phone 01-589 8212). A support act will be announced later.

PAUL YOUNG and The Royal Family — Ian Kewley (keyboards), Mark Pinder (drums), Pino Palladino (bass), Steve Bolton (guitar) and back-up vocal team The Fabulous Wealthy Tarts — have lined-up a full UK tour that plays the following dates:

Guildford Civic Hall (24 September), Poole Arts Centre (25), Brighton Dome (26), Southend Westcliff Pavilion, Nottingham Rock City (28), Oxford Apollo (30), Bristol Studio (2 October), Liverpool Royal Court (3), Warwick University (4), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (6), Slough University (7), Loughborough University (8), Redcar Coatham Bowl (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Glasgow Tiffany's (11), York University (13), Lancaster University (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Boston Haven Theatre (16), London Lyceum (17), Norwich University of East Anglia (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Dunstable Queensway Hall (21) and Northampton Derngate Centre (22)

The Royal Family appear on the forthcoming Paul Young single, 'Come Back And Stay', which CBS are releasing on 2 September.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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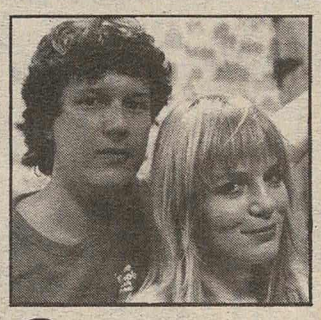

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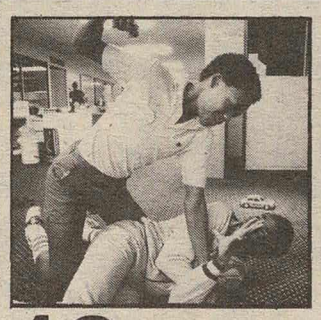

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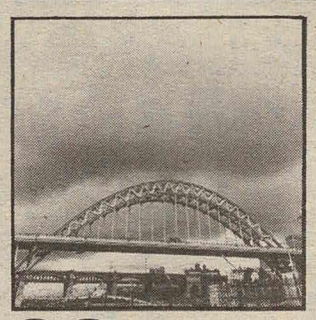

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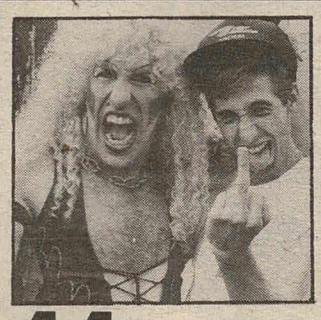

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● *WEIGHING UP ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OF HEAVENLY JOY*

The Sisters Clark l. to r. Jackie, Twinkie, Dorinda, Karen, Niecy.

Pic: Peter Anderson

IS THE LORD BORED WITH DISCO?

The Clark Sisters think he must be

GOD MUST be tired of pop music. The most popular female gospel act in America, Detroit's Clark Sisters, have the first gospel record in a decade to cross the great divide of dance.

Back in the '70s religion had a turn in the secular spotlight, when groups like the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Rance Allen, The Mighty Clouds Of Joy, and of course The Staples Singers, all made the crossover to R&B. Then Mavis Staples went disco and gospel went back to church.

'You Brought The Sunshine' is so exhilarating and irresistible that fellow Motor Citizen George Clinton was moved to remark "these girls are *baaaad*!" (A comment I refrained from directly passing on.) Fusing classic call-and-respone harmonies with what they call a "raggae" beat (like that of Stevie Wonder's 'Masterblaster'), 'Sunshine' is simply heaven on a piece of plastic.

Initially a house favourite on Washington DC dancefloors, the record zigzagged its way up the East Coast till it found the ears of powerful New York jock Frankie Crocker. Once on WWRL, nothing could stop it, and now WEA has picked it up for distribution in the UK.

What can I say but go this instant and buy it.

The five sisters range in age from 34 to 22, and all, needless to say, have been singing since the cradle. This is not altogether surprising given that their mother, Mattie Moss Clark, is national and international music director of the Church Of God and Christ, the very foundation of gospel music.

The girls' ages seem, with no disrespect, to correspond more or less to their respective weights, so that when they enter the Detroit restaurant for the interview, there's a literal, visible pecking order. A sweeter bunch of siblings I've never had the privilege of meeting.

Having ordered a suitably large meal, the eldest, Jackie, explains how the song originally was the title cut from a 1981 album on Sound Of Gospel.

"It's really been a surprise to us. You see, the song that was a hit in the gospel world was 'Endow Me'. Nobody was really playing 'Sunshine'. If it hadn't-a been set off by this disc jockey out of New York, it would never have been a single."

What with the record being played in nocutrnal haunts of sinners, I wonder if they'd received any criticism from within the church,

"Oh, *definitely*," says Denise, or Niecy. "They don't like you to say disco, they don't like this 12-inch thing. They've told us the beat is too uptempo, as if we are deliberately trying to draw the attention of the sinner. But music *is* a universal language and The Bible *does* tell you to win souls.

"Twinkie wrote that tune and heard the raggae beat behind it and that's one way of catching attention. If you really sit down and listen to the message, you know it's strictly gospel. They're saying we've crossed over. No. The *song* has crossed over."

Twinkie is the nick-name of Elbernita, the group's stately composer and organist. Twinkie writes all the songs and has two Sound Of Gospel albums of her own. "We're like the Jews", says Niecy, "we like to keep it in the family."

Does Twinkie listen to sinful dance music?

"I don't listen but I *hear*! Having studied at Howard University (DC), I can appreciate all kinds of music, but I don't listen *attentively* to all kinds of music. The Lord has given me what I get ready to write. My vision is that gospel music will be treated as properly as R&B, jazz, funk, and all the others, so the idea came to me that since raggae is the thing now why not put a bit of raggae in the gospel. But you have to know *how* much to put in it."

The 'You Brought The Sunshine' album is evidence that this woman is nothing short of a musical genius of soul. 'Center Of They Will' and 'Endow Me' are ecstatically beautiful, ballad paced love songs to God. And just check Dorinda's stormily sermonising 'Overdose Of The Holy Ghost' on the flip of 'Sunshine' for the rootsiest, throatiest black music of the year.

Right in the tradition of Georgia Peach and Ira Tucker, this sylph-like creature lets loose and simply *bellows*.

"Dorinda is the preacher of the group," says Niecy. "She's sittin' there all nice and quiet, but believe you me, when she starts up, she really gets *movin*'! Now don't you let her get away! Make her talk!"

Pretty Dorinda laughs herself hoarse at my suggestion that 'Overdose' is reai gone funk.

"When Twinkie writes songs," she says, "she always pitches 'em at who's gonna sing them, and that one seemed like it's for me, because I do all the preaching."

Twinkie: "Everyone seems to be tripping off drugs, and I want everybody to know that the highest high they can get is off Jesus Christ. When you get high off of him, you *never* come down."

Dorinda: "She got some stuff off what I talk about when I'm speaking to the young people. Before each song I'll touch up a little, with words to encourage people like, I'm an addict, I'm addicted to God's word. I'm a drunkard because I get drunk in the spirit, I'm hooked to somethin' I can't turn loose. Instead of L.S.D., I take trips on G.O.D., and it makes me higher, and it *lights mah fire*!"

Niecy: "The spirit that we talk about, the Holy Ghost, comes through sacrifice and consecration, fasting and praying. To be before God's people is a task. People come to the concert and they're depressed, but we're talking about the sunshine that's uplifting. And you just can't keep still, you feel the Holy Ghost and you start thinking about Jesus, just taking it as a witness. It's an experience that no one can explain to you, it's something you have to seek after."

Will 'You Brought The Sunshine' set a new precedent for gospel?

Niecy: "I feel that God is tired of sin, and because of the sacrifice that we have made, he used us as the vesses for his Word to be distributed. What people don't understand is that when we're singing these songs, they're scriptural, but we're feeding it to their spirits, and this is what causes them to be uplifted.

"It's something that only God's annointed can project, there's a lot of people that can try to imitate or replicate someone else, but you can't replicate God's original Word."

Jackie: "Gospel records are so stereotyped by disc jockeys. They tend to feel they can only pick from a certain type of music. I think this record is going to open up a lot of doors for *other* people."

Dorinda: "How are the people gonna *know* about Christ if we don't have our records in the disco? The Bible tells us to go out to the highways and the byways. We want people to know that at your last end you can call on God."

After lunch we adjourn to an Armenian Orthodox Church across the road. At first proper and formal before the camera, gradually they unwind, set up a handclap beat, then burst into an impromptu acappella medley of 'Sunshine', 'Overdose' and 'Runnin' For Jesus. After filling the air with love and pure, unadultered soul power, they fall away in peals of laughter.

Niecy takes me aside. "Barney," she confides, "I know you're supposed to be interviewing us, but I got a question for you. Say you're representing the world, how do you react to 'You Brought The Sunshine'?"

World to Clarks: peace in the valley, girls.

BARNEY HOSKYNS

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	5	**GOLD**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3	1
2	1	**GIVE IT UP**	K. C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	6	1
3	3	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	Style Council (Polydor)	3	3
4	8	**I'M STILL STANDING**	Elton John (Rocket)	5	4
5	2	**CLUB TROPICANA**	Wham! (Innervision)	4	2
6	12	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	6	6
7	11	**ROCKIT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	4	7
8	43	**WINGS OF A DOVE**	Madness (Stiff)	2	8
9	10	**BIG LOG**	Robert Plant (WEA)	6	9
10	4	**THE CROWN**	Gary Byrd (Motown)	6	4
11	7	**DOUBLE DUTCH**	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	8	4
12	14	**RIGHT NOW**	Creatures (Polydor)	7	12
13	17	**FIRST PICTURE OF YOU**	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	7	13
14	9	**WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT**	Paul Young (CBS)	10	1
15	6	**I.O.U.**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	10	2
16	31	**WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	2	16
17	(—)	**RED RED WINE**	UB40 (DEP International)	1	17
18	38	**COME DANCING**	Kinks (Arista)	3	18
19	13	**WHO'S THAT GIRL**	Eurythmics (RCA)	8	2
20	22	**TOUR DE FRANCE**	Kraftwerk (EMI)	3	20
21	27	**WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	4	21
22	19	**LOVE BLONDE**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	4	19
23	34	**THE SUN GOES DOWN**	Level 42 (Polydor)	2	23
24	35	**BAD DAY**	Carmel (London)	3	24
25	21	**MOONLIGHT SHADOW**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	12	3
26	(—)	**LIKE AN ANIMAL**	The Glove (Wonderland)	1	26
27	15	**CRUEL SUMMER**	Bananarama (London)	7	9
28	37	**GIVE IT SOME EMOTION**	Tracie (Respond)	3	28
29	46	**DON'T CRY**	Asia (Geffen)	2	29
30	16	**FREAK**	Bruce Foxton (Ariola)	5	16
31	28	**THE WALK**	The Cure (Fiction)	8	12
32	33	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	18	8
33	25	**GUILTY OF LOVE**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	2	25
34	26	**DISAPPEARING ACT**	Shalamar (Solar)	2	26
35	18	**IT'S LATE**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	10
36	(—)	**WALKING IN THE RAIN**	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	36
37	32	**BALLERINA**	Steve Harley (Stiletto)	2	32
38	49	**EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	8	24
39	(—)	**POPCORN LOVE**	New Edition (London)	1	39
40	(—)	**WHAT AM I GONNA DO**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1	40
41	(—)	**TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE**	Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	1	41
42	20	**WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER**	Police (A&M)	6	5
43	24	**COME LIVE WITH ME**	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	10	7
44	(—)	**STAY ON TOP**	Uriah Heep (Bronze)	1	44
45	(—)	**INDIAN SUMMER**	Belle Stars (Stiff)	1	45
46	44	**(SHE'S) SEXY AND 17**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	44
47	(—)	**STREET OF DREAMS**	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	47
48	(—)	**JOHNNY FRIENDLY**	JoBoxers (RCA)	1	48
49	42	**DON'T TRY TO STOP IT**	Roman Holliday (Jive)	9	12
50	48	**NATIVE BOY**	Animal Nightlife (Innervision)	3	48

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	4	**FANTASTIC**	Wham! (Innervision)	8	1
2	5	**GREATEST HITS**	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	7	2
3	3	**NO PARLEZ**	Paul Young (CBS)	5	1
4	1	**PUNCH THE CLOCK**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	3	1
5	6	**PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS**	Robert Plant (WEA)	6	5
6	16	**ALPHA**	Asia (Geffen)	2	6
7	7	**THE VERY BEST OF**	Beach Boys (Capitol)	4	7
8	11	**TOO LATE FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	12	4
9	8	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	36	1
10	12	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	7	2
11	2	**THE CROSSING**	Big Country (Mercury)	4	2
12	22	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	24	1
13	9	**THE LOOK**	Shalamar (Solar)	5	6
14	10	**SYNCHRONICITY**	The Police (A&M)	10	1
15	19	**STREET SOUNDS VOLUME V**	Various (Street Sounds)	2	15
16	13	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	17	1
17	21	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	11	2
18	14	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	29	1
19	17	**CRISIS**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	13	5
20	15	**LAWYERS IN LOVE**	Jackson Browne (Elektra)	3	15
21	18	**CRACKDOWN**	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)	3	18
22	20	**DUCK ROCK**	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	13	11
23	27	**SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS**	Eurythmics (RCA)	25	1
24	24	**BODY WISHES**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	11	2
25	47	**TORMENT AND TOREROS**	MarcAnd The Mambas (Some Bizzare)	2	25
26	29	**GOLDEN YEARS**	David Bowie (RCA)	2	26
27	26	**HITS ON FIRE**	Various (Ronco)	5	19
28	25	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	8	23
29	23	**FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK**	Various (Casablanca)	8	9
30	34	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	30
31	30	**BURNING FROM THE INSIDE**	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	6	7
32	28	**JULIO**	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	8	12
33	39	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	3	33
34	33	**ROSS**	Diana Ross (Capitol)	7	26
35	31	**CLOSE TO THE BONE**	Tom Tom Club (Island)	3	17
36	36	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	16	5
37	RE	**PRIVATE COLLECTION**	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	1	37
38	37	**SPEAKING IN TONGUES**	Talking Heads (Sire)	11	12
39	RE	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)	1	39
40	(—)	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	40
41	32	**LIVE**	Doobie Brothers (Warner Bos)	3	32
42	46	**THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN**	Dennis Brown (A&M)	2	42
43	(—)	**LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S**	Weekend (Rough Trade)	1	43
44	38	**JERKY VISIONS OF THE DREAM**	Howard Devoto (Virgin)	4	20
45	40	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	3	40
46	41	**OIL ON CANVAS**	Japan (Virgin)	11	3
47	(—)	**SING FOR YOU**	Kids From Fame (RCA)	1	47
48	RE	**TOTO IV**	Toto (CBS)	1	48
49	(—)	**I WAS THE ONE**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	49
50	RE	**HEROES**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	50

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)
2	**IS IT LOVE**	Gang Of 4 (EMI)
3	**BROTHER BROTHER**	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)
4	**LEAN ON ME!**	Redskins (TNT)
5	**MY SPINE / LINED UP**	Shriekback (Y)
6	**BREAKDOWN**	Clock DVA (Polydor)
7	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	Style Council (Polydor White Label)
8	**HOLY MACKEREL – LEE HARVEY OSWALD (LP Track)**	Ambrose Kelly Reynolds (Zulu)
9	**WAKE UP**	Danse Society (Society)
10	**LIKE AN ANIMAL**	Glove (Polydor)
11	**GEE GEORGE**	Cartoons (Stiletto)
12	**PASS THE BEAT**	New Edition (London)
13	**YASHAR (Import)**	Cabaret Voltaire (Crepescule)
14	**SENSE SICKNESS**	Del Amitri (No Strings)
15	**NATIVE BOY**	Animal Nightlife (Innervision)
16	**16 REASONS**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)
17	**COLD AS ICE**	52nd Street (Factory Benelux)
18	**WILL YOU STAY TONIGHT**	Comsat Angels (Jive)
19	**CRACKDOWN (LP Track)**	Cabaret Voltaire (Virgin)
20	**DR JAM (IN THE SLAM)**	Men At Play (Design)

chart by Nick – DJ at The Dance Factory, Edinburgh & Dundee

AFRICAN LPs

1	**ZULU JIVE VOL I (Cassette)**	Various Artists (Earthworks) South Africa
2	**REVIENT EN FORCE**	Pablo Porthos (Cosic) Zaire
3	**BOBBY**	King Sunny Ade (S.A.L.) Nigeria
4	**VIVA ZIMBABWE**	Various Artists (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
5	**CHOC CHOC CHOC**	Franco & Rochereau (Choc) Zaire
6	**DJESSY**	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro Rythmes) Zaire
7	**ELISE DANGWA**	Syran Mbenza (Afromania) Zaire
8	**RINGO STAR**	Ringo Star (Sonics) Zaire
9	**MAMA ANE MOT DUMA**	Efamba (Afro-Gui) Eq. Guinea
10	**NEEREM**	Mabah Togo

chart by Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

WRITER'S 45s

Friends Again back again. *Pic Rowan Main*

1	**SUNKISSED**	Friends Again (Phonogram)
2	**BRIGHT LIGHTS**	Special AKA (2-tone)
3	**TUTTO LO SANNO**	Marine Girls (In-Phase)
4	**THE ELEMENT WITHIN HER**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)
5	**LOVE'S A LONELY PLACE TO BE**	Virginia Astley (Why-Fi)
6	**REMINISCE**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Phonogram)
7	**TREES AND FLOWERS**	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)
8	**BAD DAY**	Carmel (London)
9	**LETTERS OF LOVE**	Steve Walsh (Innervision)
10	**SHOW ME THE DOOR**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)

(Compiled by Adrian Thrills)

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	6	1
2	2	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	18	1
3	7	**TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS**	Conflict (Crass)	3	3
4	4	**DEATH CULT EP**	Death Cult (Situation 2)	3	4
5	3	**WHO DUNN IT**	Crass (Crass)	3	3
6	5	**LEAN ON ME!**	Redskins (CNT)	2	5
7	12	**TREES AND FLOWERS**	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)	3	7
8	7	**SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)	3	7
9	11	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)	4	9
10	25	**CHEERIO TOODLEPIP**	Toy Dolls (Volume)	2	10
11	9	**WAR BABY**	Tom Robinson (Panic)	4	9
12	6	**MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED**	The Fall (Rough Trade)	4	6
13	13	**GOOD TECHNOLOGY**	Red Guitars (Self Drive)	3	13
14	28	**LINED UP (REMIX)**	Shriekback (Y)	2	14
15	15	**GARY GILMORE'S EYES**	Adverts (Bright)	3	15
16	(—)	**WAKE UP**	Danse Society (Society)	1	16
17	10	**HAND IN GLOVE**	Smiths (Rough Trade)	4	10
18	16	**ONE DAY**	APB (Oily)	3	16
19	29	**THE CRUSHER**	Bananamen (Big Beat)	2	19
20	(—)	**IGNORE THE MACHINE**	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)	1	20
21	17	**DIE FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT**	Varrucas (Tempest)	3	17
22	(—)	**DIE HARD**	Venom (Neat)	1	22
23	(—)	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)	1	23
24	(—)	**BROTHER BROTHER**	Kane Gang (Kitchenware)	1	24
25	23	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)	3	23
26	(—)	**BLITZKREIG BOP**	Newton Neurotics (Razor)	1	26
27	20	**COLOURS**	Brilliant (Rough Trade)	3	20
28	14	**RELEASE THE BATS**	Birthday Party (4AD)	4	14
29	(—)	**STEN GUNS IN SUNDERLAND EP**	Red London (Razor)	1	29
30	(—)	**LEADERS OF TOMORROW**	Major Accident (Flicknife)	1	30

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	7	1
2	3	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)	2	2
3	2	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	16	2
4	6	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	4
5	7	**LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S**	Weekend (Rough Trade)	1	5
6	5	**ANOTHER SETTING**	Durutti Column (Factory)	3	5
7	14	**FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE**	Virginia Astley (Happy Valley)	2	7
8	4	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)	3	4
9	9	**HIGH LAND HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	4	9
10	12	**LIVE IN BERLIN**	Au Pairs (AKA)	2	10
11	8	**RED RUST SEPTEMBER**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)	3	8
12	13	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)	3	12
13	15	**ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG**	Yellowman (Greensleeves)	2	13
14	11	**JAZZATEERS**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)	3	11
15	23	**VIOLENT FEMMES**	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)	2	15
16	18	**FUCK POLITICS**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)	2	16
17	10	**HAND OF KINDNESS**	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	4	10
18	28	**SOUTHERN DEATH CULT**	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	2	18
19	20	**THE REPTILE HOUSE**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	19
20	(—)	**INTO GLORY RIDE**	Man O War (Music For Nations)	1	20
21	17	**MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR**	Action Pact (Fall Out)	3	17
22	(—)	**GATEWAY TO HELL**	Enemy (Fall Out)	1	22
23	22	**1981—82 MINI LP**	New Order (Factory)	3	22
24	21	**DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)	2	21
25	(—)	**NAKED**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	1	25
26	16	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	Yazoo (Mute)	4	16
27	25	**PAN-ORAMA**	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)	2	25
28	24	**NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	3	24
29	26	**7**	Punishment Of Luxury (Red Rhino)	2	26
30	(—)	**THE FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)	1	30

REGGAE 45s

1	**UNDYING LOVE**	Ernest Wilson (Studio 1)
2	**EASY TAKE IT EASY**	Dennis Brown (Studio 1)
3	**SKYLARKING**	Horace Andy (Studio 1)
4	**LEND ME THE SIXTEEN**	Johnny Osbourne (Studio 1)
5	**RUN RUN**	Delroy Wilson (Coxsone)
6	**FEEL LIKE JUMPING**	Marcia Griffiths (Coxsone)
7	**IS IT TRUE**	Lincoln Sugar Minott (Studio 1)
8	**MR VINCENT**	Black Crucial (Jammys)
9	**POOR MAN PICKNEY**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
10	**INFORMER**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
11	**BABY DON'T MAKE THAT SAME MISTAKE**	Sammy Dread (Black Roots)
12	**HOLD TIGHT**	Tony Tuff (Black Roots)
13	**MY GIRL**	Little John & General Plough (Black & White)
14	**SWEETEN MY COFFEE**	T Palmer (Minibus)
15	**I AM NOT THE SAME**	Merva Grier (Cross Roads)

REGGAE LPs

1	**BEST OF STUDIO 1 VOL II**	Various Artists (Heartbeat)
2	**SUFFERERS CHOICE**	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
3	**VERSION GALORE**	U Roy (Treasure Isle)
4	**FROM JAMAICA WITH REGGAE**	Justin Hinds And The Dominoes (Treasure Isle)
5	**DUB STORE SPECIAL**	(Studio 1)

Chart compiled by Lee at M&D Record Centre, 36a Dalston Lane, E8. 01-254 2643

FILM VIDEOS 20

1	FIRST BLOOD	EMI
2	HEAVEN'S GATE	Warners
3	PIXOTE	Palace
4	THE THING	CIC
5	MAD MAX II	Warners
6	ANDROID	AFC
7	AMERICAN GIGOLO	CIC
8	POLTERGEIST	MGM
9	YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE	Warners
10	CAT PEOPLE	CIC
11	GALLIPOLI	CIC
12	SUPERMAN II	Warners
13	AI NO CORRIDA	Virgin
14	MAD MAX	Warners
15	FELLINI SATYRICON	Warners
16	TALES OF ORDINARY MADNESS	VCL
17	APOCALYPSE NOW	CIC
18	TRUE CONFESSIONS	Warners
19	HAMMETT	3M
20	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	PRT

Based on video rentals. Courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.

US 45s

Sweet dreams go on and on for Annie of the Eurythmics. Pic Steve Rapport.

1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
2	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
3	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
4	MANIAC	Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
5	STAND BACK	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Columbia)
7	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (Capitol)
8	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	The Human League (A&M)
9	PUTTING ON THE RITZ	Taco (RCA)
10	I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA	Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)
11	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE	Loverboy (Columbia)
12	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)
13	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
14	TAKE ME TO HEART	Quarterflash (Geffen)
15	HUMAN NATURE	Michael Jackson (Epic)

US LPs

1	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A&M)
2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
6	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
7	KEEP IT UP	Loverboy (Columbia)
8	STAYING ALIVE	Soundtrack (RSO)
9	REACH THE BEACH	The Fixx (MCA)
10	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (Capitol)
11	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
12	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
13	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
14	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (Capitol)
15	THE PRINCIPLES OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (Swan Song)

courtesy Billboard

JAZZ LPs

Made in Japan – big in Britain. Lionel Hampton pic Jean-Marc Birraux

1	JAZZ AT OBERLIN	Dave Brubeck (OJC)
2	MADE IN JAPAN	Lionel Hampton (Timeless)
3	THE ALTERNATIVE B.G.	Benny Goodman (Nostalgia)
4	BLUES IN ORBIT	Gil Evans (Enja)
5	AFRICAN DAWN	Dollar Brand (Enja)
6	NEW ORLEANS PARADE	George Lewis (Cadillac)
7	APARTMENT SESSIONS	Charlie Parker (Spotlite)
8	CALENDAR GIRL	Julie London (Edsel)
9	THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA	Gil Evans (Mole)
10	LIVE AT VILLAGE VANGUARD AGAIN	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
11	ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	Slim Gaillard (Hep)
12	WORK TIME	Sonny Rollins (OJC)
13	BEBOP LIVE	Al Haig (Spotlite)
14	YERBA BUENA JAZZ BAND	Lu Watters (Dawn Club)
15	AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Ted Heath (Jasmine)

Courtesy of JSU Distributors, 21 Bull Green, Halifax HX1 2RZ

FRED FACT

That Herbie Hancock's made the chart with 'Rockit' comes as no surprise to those who have regularly propped up the bar at Ronnie's. Come Charleston, Cha-Cha or Charlton Athletic, jazzmen have had a habit of confounding those who write them and their music off as having merely minority appeal. The Original Dixieland Jass Band, the first jazz outfit to cut discs, had massive sellers as soon as they began recording their own material for Victor in 1917. Mind you, they had to change the spelling of their moniker slightly 'cos the graffiti yobs of the day had a tendency to strike out the 'J' of Jass on posters – but that's another story. To continue . . . . Mammie Smith, the first black woman to record a blues ('Crazy Blues' 1920) found she had a hit on her hands, her single selling over 100,000 copies within a month, while Bessie Smith's debut recording 'Down Hearted Blues' was even more remarkable saleswise, eventually edging past the million mark. Jazz trumpet star Red Nichols had a million-seiler in 1927 and throughout the '30s and '40s, jazz and swing merchants cleaned, thanks to a combination of jukebox and jitterbug ball. Saxman Jimmy Dorsey logged four US No. 1's in one year alone while trumpeter Harry James had a single that rooted itself to the No. 1 spot for 13 solid weeks in 1943. For a while, they had it made. Then the arrival of amplification and rock killed off the big swing bands. But not all of them. Count Basie, whose biggest hit came in 1947 with an R&B number 'Open The Door Richard', won the 'Best Rock And Roll Band Of The Year' award in 1956 after the Basie band's residency on the Alan Freed Show. And though jazz did take something of a back seat for a while, the slow haul back was made by such hit-hipsters as Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz, Ramsey Lewis, and the multitudinous Trad dads who literally went for the Ackers during the late '50s and early '60s. More recently it seems that hardly a week goes by without jazz making some impression in the pop charts – though, admittedly, it sometimes comes in strange guises. Then, what is jazz anyway? As Fats Waller once remarked: "If you have to ask, you sure ain't got it!"

Fred Dellar

JAPAN 45s

1	GLASS NO RINGO	Seiko Matsuda (CBS)
2	TAMEIKO ROCKABILLY	Masahiko Kondo (RVC)
3	TANTEI MONOGATARI	Hiroko Yakushimaru (Toshiba-EMI)
4	TOKIO KAKERU SHOUJO	Tomoyo Harada (Canyon/Variety)
5	FLASHDANCE	Irene Cara (Polystar)
6	HATSUKOI	Kozo Murashita (CBS)
7	HANBUN SHOUJO	Kyoko Koizumi (Victor)
8	KANASHII IROYANE	Masaki Ueda (CBS)
9	OMAENI PITA	Yokohama Ginbae (King)
10	NAGISANO LION	You Hayami (Taurus)

courtesy Music Labo/Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)
2	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)
3	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
4	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
5	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10 cc (Mercury)
6	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)
7	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)
8	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)
9	THE KIDS ARE UNITED	Sham 69 (Polydor)
10	NORTHERN LIGHTS	Renaissance (Warner Bros)

10 YEARS AGO

1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
3	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
4	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie And The Family Cookin' (Avco)
5	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
7	48 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
8	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
9	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
10	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)

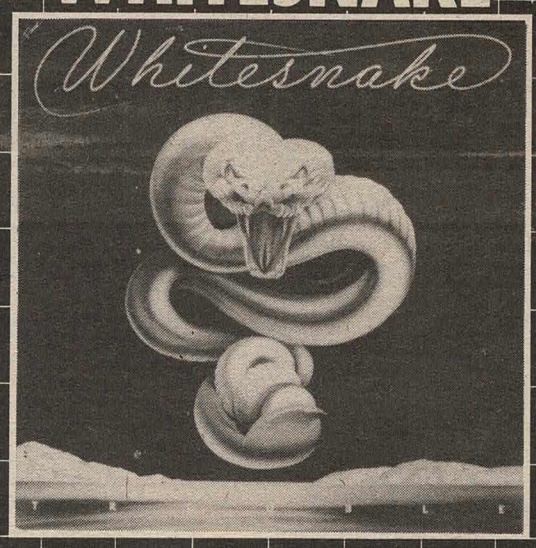
15 YEARS AGO

1	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	MONY MONY	Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
3	FIRE	The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track)
4	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
5	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
6	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
8	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly And The Family Stone (Direction)

20 YEARS AGO

1	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
4	IN SUMMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	TWIST AND SHOUT EP	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
8	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)
9	LEGION'S LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV)
10	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)

WHITESNAKE



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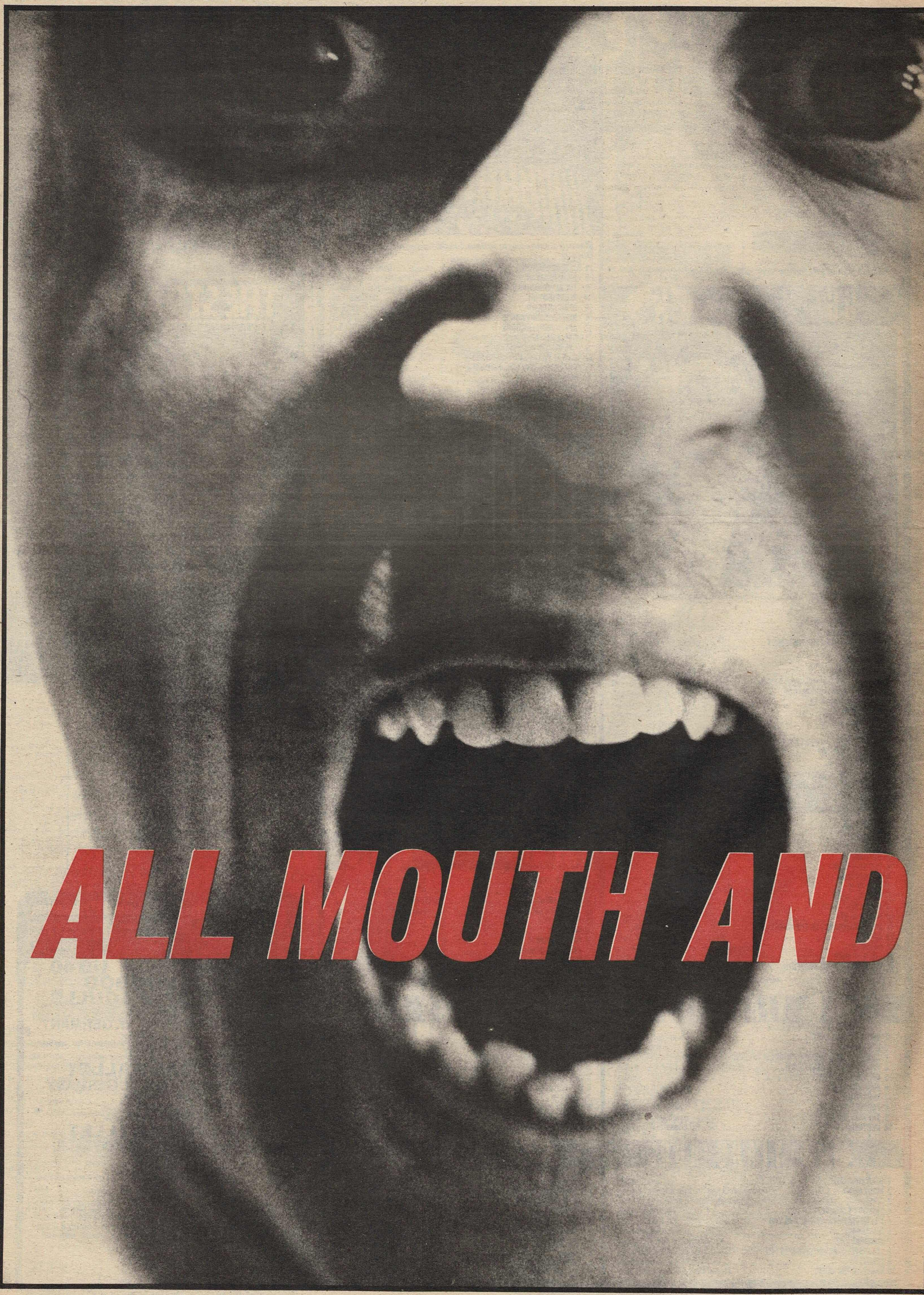


ALL MOUTH AND

TROUSERS!

TALKING HEADS ARE BURNING DOWN THE MOTIONS AND BEING WILLINGLY DRAGGED INTO THE ROCK MACHINE. A TONGUE-TIED DAVID BYRNE SQUEAKS UP FOR HIMSELF. BARNEY HOSKYNS GETS FILLED IN, AND PETER ANDERSON SNAPS HIS SHUTTER.

ANOTHER YEAR, another album, and the global village medicine show is on another round of the American rock circuit.

I am flown into Columbia, Maryland, bearing as introductions only misgivings about these uninteresting, off-key songs sold under the generic of pop.

Immediately I'm confused by a plethora of merchandise, by a new logo more appropriate to a heavy metal battalion than to the preppie quartet I heard in 'Book' or 'Government', all of which argues that Byrne has adjusted to the circus ritual of promotion, happier than ever in a public self, when the music of 'Speaking In Tongues' says no, I don't know what I'm doing, let me out of here.

For important groups, the fatal turning point is always the same: when there's no way to stretch further, only the past to rediscover. Groups will always look over their shoulders, gaze fondly back at the innocence of the first tunes, written when commercial success seemed not only improbable but irrelevant.

Like seeing home movies of the day you took your first toddling footsteps into the Great Unknown of material earth, it's bound to trigger uneasiness about where your legs are now taking you.

It's hardly surprising. In Talking Heads' case, it's only amazing it hasn't happened before. To push rock beyond 'Fear Of Music', to open it into 'Listening Wind' and 'Once In A Lifetime', was extraordinary.

What would *you* do if you'd made the supreme disco production of WASP paranoia – perfectly justifying David Byrne's contention that black dance production was more radical than punk rock – then expanded disco into an oceanic, subliminal trancefest?

The pub-rock revival starts there, right?

It's amazing enough that Iggy crawled on after 'Dirt', that Sly bothered after 'Riot', or that The Birthday Party could squeeze out a whole EP after writing 'Junkyard', a song which prefigures a total self-immolation of music. Stranger things have happened, but offhand I can't think of them.

REALLY, IF it weren't for 'This Must Be The Place', the naivest and loveliest melody since 'Heaven', Talking Heads for me would be a shut case, burnt out by brilliance. 'Speaking In Tongues' is driven by a stylistic desperation, by a voice that cannot *find* its place. Reducing the pyrotechnic panorama of 'Remain In Light' — that breadth and detail — to a sterile lunar funk, Byrne is trying to feel his way back to 'Pulled Up', 'Stay Hungry', even 'Cities', back to miniatures of environmental study, except the preoccupations are so vague, so fragmented and diffuse they never focus on a single specific experience.

Surely even those who thought Eno blew 'Buildings And Food' would have to agree that this pruning allows no new shoots to show.

On 'Speaking In Tongues', David Byrne unconsciously stifles everything that was growing, moving in their music. He is burning down houses in motion.

Where the tribal techno-disco of 'Remain In Light' freed Byrne of his cheap psycollegiate neuroses, the tongues of 'Speaking' are merely variants on a preset, rigidly unstable character. With the spotlight once more trained on his face (down his throat), he is back in a mode of panicky exclamation, saying the first thing that comes into his head. SOS lyricist in distress: nothing left to say.

This is why the music is so hollow, so forced.

What is hard to fathom is that Byrne appears to believe 'Speaking In Tongues' is an album of pop songs – in a word, "catchy".

"I think they are. The last one has a real melody. Perhaps there's nothing as melodic as the first two volumes, although when I listen to the first two I often just hear my screechy vocals and I don't hear as much of the melody. On those earlier records the melody often seems to be in the bass part or some place other than the vocal."

TODAY DAVID Byrne is impossibly nervous. I pictured some long-limbed Ivy Leaguer with a casual grin and a frank handshake. At least I expected a sense of humour.

In what flesh he has, Byrne is innocuous, absent, a shrimp completely at odds with the palm-slapping, baby-suckling gathering of nouveau hippies backstage. In performance, his face moves, a smile is stretched over the skull; one-on-one his mouth is almost invisible, a faint slit emitting feeble tremors that make him sound permanently on the verge of tears.

The situation is not helped by the notoriously unco-operative Gary Kurfirst management. If Byrne's talk seems thin, bear in mind it comes from one continuously interrupted 20 minute conversation. Cooped up in a ventilation-free dressing room on a 95° August afternoon, Byrne sweats and flinches every time I reach for a glass of water.

He says it was listening back to old live tapes for the unremarkable 'Name Of This Band' that prompted the narrower sound.

"I liked what we did and it made us take stock of what we'd done, what we'd gained and what we'd lost in the various stages we'd been through. I think we felt there was some sort of charm and tightness in the earlier material that maybe we had lost, so we consciously tried to regain that and yet keep some of the other things that we'd done. Looking back, we said to ourselves that we shouldn't write that off so quickly, that there was something quite nice about it that we should try and get back."

Was it difficult to see how you'd got beyond 'Lifetime' and 'Listening Wind'?

"Things sort of took care of themselves. After listening to those tapes, it became obvious that that's what we should do, that we should clear the sound out a little bit, let things be heard a little bit more."

Is it then a consciously non-Eno sound?

"We've kept something that we found in him. It would be foolish not to. It's difficult to say where the influence is. It's entirely possible that if we'd worked with him we would have ended up with the same record. He might have felt exactly the same way, that we should have pared down the sound."

It's like trying to do a lighter 'Fear', like doing that album in the spirit of '77, except without that tight, choppy sound, that Telecaster pop funk. Does it work?

"It's easier to some people. To some people it's more accessible than the last couple of records. It has some similarities to 'Fear Of Music', though to me it's a lot more positive sounding.

"At the time I thought 'Fear Of Music' was just melancholy, but when I read the press there were reports that it was pretty doom-laden. I think some of the melodies on this record are quite pretty, but we've still kept to a minimum of chord changes, and that tends to make things a little less poppy."

Some songs don't appear to concern much besides the frustration of communication itself; the lyrics are very random, dislocated. You say *"nothing can come between us", "everything is divided / nothing is complete", "for God's sake help us lose our minds"*, as though the dreams of "mystical communion" in 'Remain In Light' had failed.

"I don't feel that. Maybe you should wait and see how the show goes over.

"The lyrics on 'Remain In Light' are certainly more general, and in a way more abstract, and some of these new ones are in the first person, but I don't agree that they're all about frustrations and difficulties. If it comes across that way, that's a mistake on my part, because that's not what I intended.

"I spent a lot of time on the words of this record, more than I did on 'Remain In Light', and I was trying some things which I suppose would connect with some people and not others. I was aiming for a kind of dreamworld, non specific in the way that dreams are, which leaves things open and requires interpretation in the way that dreams do – the way that dreams contain powerful images with a strong emotional impact but you don't know what they mean.

"I hoped to do that with these lyrics. For some people it seems to work, others just find it confusing. I suppose it depends on how you approach them, what your preconceived notions are when you hear a song. It takes a while for someone to discover what they're about — even *I* don't know what they're about."

So you've discovered Freud. How did the songs take shape?

"The music was more of a joint effort than before, at least in the beginning it was. The basic tracks were all joint efforts, and the vocal melodies and things I did later on top of that stuff. We all had a good time doing it, and I think Chris and Tina were happier."

Perhaps it might have benefitted from a little more 'Genius Of Love' and a little less 'Catherine Wheel'.

"Well, people like this record, and the audiences like it when we play it. My position is, I don't feel I have to justify what I'm doing or defend it. I think it's good or else I wouldn't have put it out. And . . . that's about all . . ."

ALL I GET, to be precise. Half an hour on and a white-suited Byrne is shambling onstage like a cross between Buddy Holly and Mark Mothersbaugh, clutching a jumbo acoustic in one hand and a ghetto blaster in the other, to the tumultuous applause of a newly MTV-enfranchised audience in college sweatshirts and denim cut-offs.

"It's always showtime / Here at the edge of the stage", which in this case is deserted and completely black. A thudding click-track starts to fill the arena and, tapping one of his wobbly legs on the side of the stage, Byrne launches into a skiffle 'Psycho Killer'. As the song ends, he goes into a berserk duckplod of random jerks while an enormous black coffin of an amplifier is prepared for Tina Weymouth.

'Heaven' *á deux* ensues, another piece of the jigsaw — the drum kit — is locked into place, and a rather portly Chris Frantz joins for a hoedown of 'Sending An Angel'.

Next extension is Jerry Harrison, for the still extremely pretentious 'Building On Fire', and with the basic quartet assembled we're ushered through a quick tour of Heads chestnuts like 'Book I Read', on each a further wing of the machine being reopened for public gaze, unti finally 'Cities' boasts the full nine-piece crew of Byrne, Harrison, Frantsmouths, Scales, Worrell, one or two ex-Brides Of Funkenstein, and Alex Weir on guitar.

'Cities' is almost street funk, 'Burning Down The House' a big jabbing onslaught. All this works in a moderately impressive way, only failing to gel on Byrne's own 'Big Blue Plymouth' and 'What A Day That Was'. 'Life During Wartime' involves balloons and much leggy romping from the black girls (who dance like whites), but as with 'Psycho Killer' I could never abide its phoney frenzy in the first place.

Twenty minutes divide the show's two sets, the band returning with 'Flippy-Floppy' and inane back-projected slides consisting of three words/phrases in series, e.g. KITCHEN — FOOD — DRUGS, revealing all kinds of horrors we'd never imagined about what it is to consume . . . (cont. P.94).

'Swamp' is bad Grace Jones, or how David Bowie would cover 'Goo Goo Muck'. (In fact, 'Speaking In Tongues' is very much a failure of vision in the manner of 'Lodger' or 'Monsters' — there are some parallels here.) Naturally this is all lapped up by a new species of Dead Heads with nary a furrowed brow.

'This Must Be The Place' is as already noted an agonisingly charming song and treated here quite drolly, as Byrne and doll-ettes line up with a lampshade against images of bookshelves, navels, armpits and so forth. (One assumes that, for David Byrne, home is wherever he left his brain.)

The cosmic 'Love Action' of 'Once In A Lifetime' is doctored, confined to a bedrock of synth and closed to all the quivering rivulets of the disc, though Bernie Worrell is never less than sublime (check *The Warriors* snatch on 'Girlfriend Is Better'), and squeezes more into a single phrase than Jerry Harrison contributes to entire songs.

As if deliberately to devalue the power of that song in memory, the awful 'Zimbra' and even more awful 'Great Curve' are dragged out — the latter like never-ending Certain Ratio played backwards — but their numbing effect is pleasantly blotted out when, like a stricken deer, Byrne flees the stage and everyone else piles haphazardly into the marvellous 'Genius Of Love', on which Frantz and Weymouth get to prove that for a couple of Ivy League army brats they're not a bad domestic Sly and Robbie.

'Girlfriend Is Better' is a perfect example of the way the current album checks out the old wardrobes and mispairs garments, and a ghastly 'Take Me To The River' is that (mercifully) rare event known in the trade as new wave Delaney & Bonnie.

Why not follow with 'Pull Up The Roots', the only "dance" cut on 'Tongues' that actually maintains the momentum of 'Punches' or 'Jezebel Spirit' or even 'His Wife Refused' from the 'Catherine Wheel' fiasco? Going out on 'Crosseyed' was sensible, since Worrell's extremely soulish intro was the evening's highlight.

Granted that live these songs — these slippery flippy-floppies — escaped the bonds of 'Speaking In Tongues', there's still no doubt they lack that special "something" to which Byrne refers. Note that 'I Get Wild' and 'Moon Rocks' — possibly the two most lifeless songs he has ever written — were excluded from the set.

Whereas at the time of 'Remain' he welcomed the chance to step out of the spotlight, here he can't work out whether he's the star or the outcast — whether indeed a coup isn't secretly hatching behind his back. The title of the record suggests possession by outside voices, but Byrne appears repossessed by his role, his "everything is so normal it's crazy!" / David Thomas-in-the-body-of-Ron Mael persona, which increasingly suggests not adoption but complete takeover.

"I got hundreds of expressions / Try to make a good impression", and yet *"I got a rock in my throat"*. 'Speaking In Tongues' shares something of the one-dimensional aimlessness of Jerry Harrison's

CONTINUES PAGE 53

All the fun of the rock 'n' roll circus: David Byrne clowns around in baggy trousers.

LIVERPOOL CORNER SHOP'S OWN BANDS ● ELVIS-REAL OR FAKE?

Pic John Stoddart

PROBING BEHIND THE MUSIC SCENE

STUCK DOWN a backstreet in the heart of this dying city you'll find Probe; a small dingy record shop which has played a vital, if largely unsung role, in shaping the pock marked face of that legendary beast, 'The Liverpool music scene'.

A wonderfully eccentric middle-aged enthusiast, Geof Davis, set up the shop in 1971. Today it's still the best source of indie vinyl, provides an essential service for reggae lovers, and it's always been the only place to get those obscure works which, when requested elsewhere, result in bewildered glances from sales assistants who imagine you're taking the piss with imaginary titles.

The wacky elite that make up the staff of Probe aren't beyond a little customer abuse either – that is, when they're not intent on ignoring you or talking to their (usually famous) mates, or laughing at your choice of records. A few years back at the start of punk, the man behind the counter placing the latest cult faves into my sweaty palms (in between his many words of wisdom broadcast to all and sundry) was a young Pete Wylie. Even today you can still be served by a 'star', if that's your bag, in the colourful shape of 'bitching' Pete Burns.

Providing employment for the city's needy isn't Probe's only function. Upstairs above the tatty chaos of the shop is the more recent but no less shambolic set-up that is Probe Distribution, providing a much needed service for indies in the North. This same cramped room has seen much of the wheeling, dealing and signing of bouncing cheques that's enabled Geof Davis, our financially 'troubled' entrepreneur, to put out a handful of worthy singles on the Probe Plus label.

After early efforts by Cook 'Da Books and Public Discrace new impetus was given to the label around the turn of the year with the release of Ex Post Facto's magnificent synthesised epic, 'Oceanic Explorers', which met with some well deserved indie success and a Jensen session. They've since tightened up considerably; on stage they're now producing an impressively grand swirl and are currently being courted by a major label.

Following up the acclaim heaped upon 'Explorers', the last month has seen a burst of activity with the release of two more Probe Plus singles of almost equal stature. Skelmersdale's Virgin Dance have been causing quite a stir locally and 'Are You Ready (For That Feeling)?' is a classy, surprisingly accomplished slab of commercial pop-rock. It's already picked up some daytime Radio One Play. Virgin Dance are genuinely harder than most of the half-hearted slop served up today, and look set to be one of the more prominent Mersey groups of the next few years.

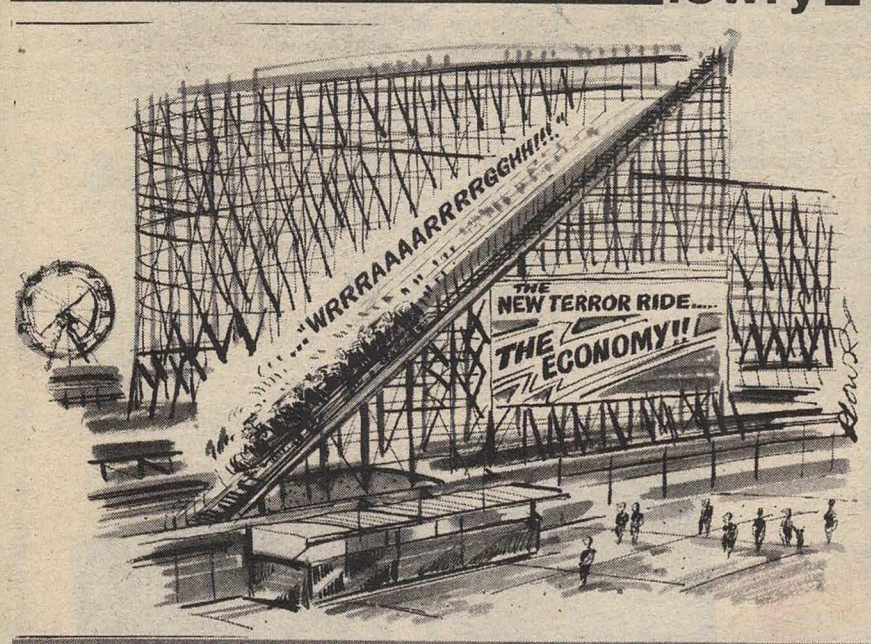
The inventive dark dance of Bamboo Fringe hasn't yet received the same sort of exposure accorded to the other two Probe acts, but this rather anonymous trio are a district cut above your average electro-poppers; the sweet deceptive simplicity of their 'Dorian Gray' 45 provides a catchy tease that only hints at the more subversive depths of their intricate and persuasive melodies.

All the groups acknowledge the debt they owe to Probe, which will never have the appeal of the Zoo label of a few years back, but which, in its own quirky way, has played a significant role. These are hard times, less records are being bought, competition is increasing and the shop is struggling to stay afloat ("I keep baliffs in business" Geof remarks) but already the next release is planned: an unusual reggae-ish 45 by the mysterious Mr Amir. There's also talk of a Probe package tour.

Geof's always managed to muddle through somehow and, together with the long-deceased Eric's club, the shop is responsible for bringing life to a once-dull corner of the city. It would be a tragedy if it were to disappear.

KEV MC

lowry



ANECDOTES ABOUT ELVIS: Number Three

"My wife had never been a very healthy woman, you know, and during our marriage her strength gradually deteriorated until she became bedridden. She lost interest in most things but the one thing that kept her going was her love of ELVIS PRESLEY records and souvenirs.

Why, her bed was surrounded by posters and album covers, and she even had a signed sock that ELVIS had sent to her when I wrote to him about her illness. One day old Doc Smithson took me aside and said that he thought she was going and that she only had at the most a month left. Well, I was heartbroken, and I knew that the only thing that would help her to die happy would be to see ELVIS in the flesh; I also knew that with him being so famous and busy and all it would be virtually impossible for him to spare the time.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, though, so I wrote him asking if he'd be able to come and see her. Imagine my surprise a few days later when a parcel arrived on the doorstep. I opened it right up and there was a letter from ELVIS hisself. It said that he couldn't visit my dear relative or friend in person, but he'd sent an ELVIS disguise kit and a personalised record. If I wore the disguise and stood in a darkened doorway and played the record, my friend or relative would think it was ELVIS.

I was so overcome by this gesture that I wept for two and a half hours. I hid in the bathroom that night and tried on the disguise. It was a fake leather suit and a fake quiff and sideburns. There was a wooden guitar but the neck had got broke in the post. I guess on a white man they'd look pretty effective, but I wasn't sure they'd work on me.

I tried them on and stood in the parlour. I shouted "Guess who's come to see us, my dear", and I put the record on and stood in the bedroom doorway. The quiff slipped. "Hi, I'm ELVIS" said the record. "I hope yuh . . . I hope yuh . . . I hope yuh" It got stuck.

Never mind. My wife was smiling for the first time in years. I cried. She died two days later, but I will always thank ELVIS, and the Lord, for giving her those two happy days."

E. Montgomery, Birmingham, Alabama.

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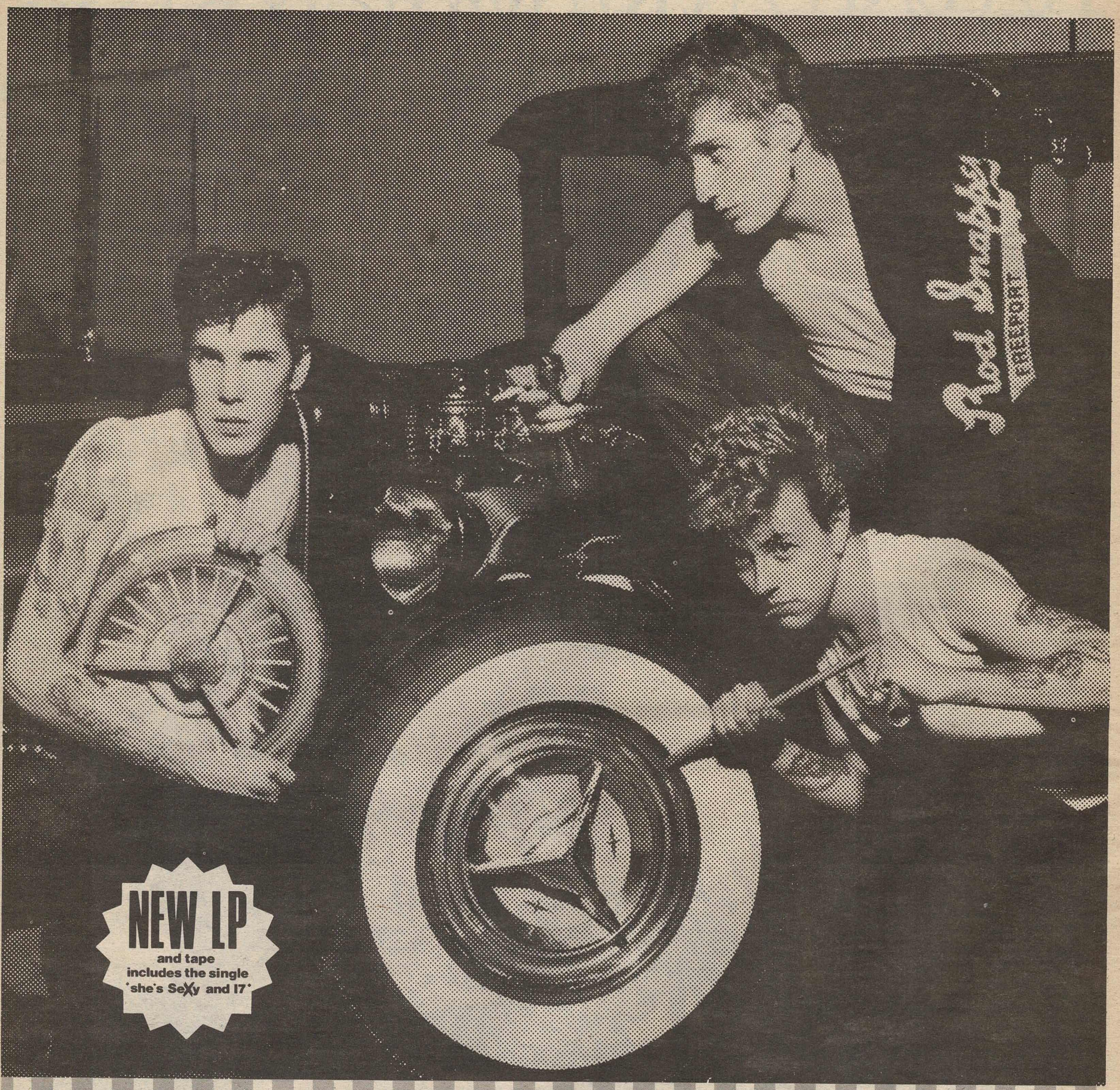

RANT n' RAVE with the

STRAY CATS

ARISTA

KATIE KISSOON'S SOLO 'FLIGHT' ● *ROTTEN LOT* ● *TAPING THE REVOLUTION* ●

SOUL SURVIVOR

SHE'S DONE THE POP SONGS, THE SESSION WORK AND NOW THE DANCEFLOOR ROUTINES WITH HER NEW SINGLE 'YOU'RE THE ONE (MY NUMBER ONE)'. WHAT NEXT FOR KATIE KISSOON TEN YEARS ON? THE SOUL BALLADS OF HER DREAMS. . .

OUTSIDE IN the wide tree lined avenue the birds are singing and the sun is shining. Inside, Katie Kissoon — relaxed and radiant — springs around her ranch style kitchen in a jogging get up looking for all the world like a Kid From Fame. Stirring her tea she smiles and says: "It's been a long while but the buzz of getting back into performing is coming back and it feels great."

After almost ten years of making records, first with her brother Mac and then over an extensive period as a session singer Katie Kissoon has just released her first solo single and the reaction seems to be as rosy as the bouquet in the back garden.

Back in the early '70s Katie went straight from school and a childhood spent besotted by old Aretha and Gladys records to form a duet with her brother Mac. They enjoyed immediate success in Europe and worked the disco/nightclub circut in Britain rigorously — their tame chirpy pop outings from 'Sugar Candy Kisses' appealing to the Darby and Joan as much as the youth club. But as time passed the initial enjoyment tailed off, the format being too restrictive to satisfy the higher aspirations that came with maturity.

"I guess I always knew it was inevitable that we would split. Those days were a lot of fun but it was just like part of growing up." Katie relocated in Los Angeles where she went to meet up with her boyfriend and ended up being introduced to Van Morrison with whom she has enjoyed a sporadic but fruitful relationship. Her readings of 'Crazy Love' and 'Hungry For Your Love' have been two of the highlights of any show on which she has guested.

It was her work with Morrison that brought out the real strength in Kissoon's voice, she really had the gift of Lady 'Ree or Miss Pip to fly off and soar just when the songs' yearning spirit needed it most. If the vague plan for her to work with Morrison someday materialises it would be doing both of them a favour.

At the end of the '70s Katie and her songwriter husband Russ moved back to Ealing, raised a family and established themselves — he with a hit single for Peaches and Herb ('We Do It') and she as a session singer. Lucrative, but I would have thought hardly satisfying work.

"I didn't mind it at the time. It was a good way of keeping busy and finding out what was happening. I wouldn't knock those sessions but sometimes I found myself having to hold back because you get to the stage where you want to do it yourself."

When she was recording at a studio close to Jive records she was heard by one of the label bosses and a solo disc was suggested, the only surprise was that the suggestion hadn't been made before.

"Oh it was but I don't think I was ready. I was gaining experience. I felt I needed a break to look at it from the outside. But now it's actually a relief for me to be able to express myself the way I want to because I always felt restricted in the past."

Using Sharon Redd's old producer Darryl Payne her single 'You're The One (My Number One)' is a peppy if slightly routine dancefloor treatise. She obviously enjoys that sort of song and talks enthusiastically about the PAs she's been doing around the country. She also sees it as a way of gaining exposure and allowing her to branch out to her true love — deep soul ballads.

"I think timing is very important and although I love being with the kids I think they realise that mummy has to go to work now. I really feel this is my time," she says. And all she has to do now is learn how to fly.

GAVIN MARTIN

Driver's mates in dirty protest

By DEREK MEE

Mr. John Rotten's lorry was so filthy that workmates would not use it after he had been in the cab and he was generally so scruffy that customers complained, an industrial tribunal heard in Birmingham.

"Although nobody expects a lorry driver to arrive at work in a pin-striped suit, some standards are necessary," Mr. James Cooper, for the haulage contractor, H. T. Arnold and Son, said.

But Mr. Rotten did not seem too interested in standards of any sort, said his former employer, Mr. James Arnold.

"His lorry was the dirtiest in the fleet. He smoked a pipe and would spit in the cab. Other drivers refused to get in his vehicle because of the smell."

"and at one factory where he was working, his trousers fell down but staff said he could not have cared less."

Mr. John Rotten: Kept himself as tidy as he could.

AT LAST it can be told — Wobble'n' Levene's reasons for leaving. Well, would you do a 90-date rock'n'roll tour in the same van as that man?

Home-taping

is killing record-companies.

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YET MORE propaganda from Benelux bolshies The Ex (inventors of the "Home taping saves money" logo), enclosed with the lyrics.

marcia griffiths

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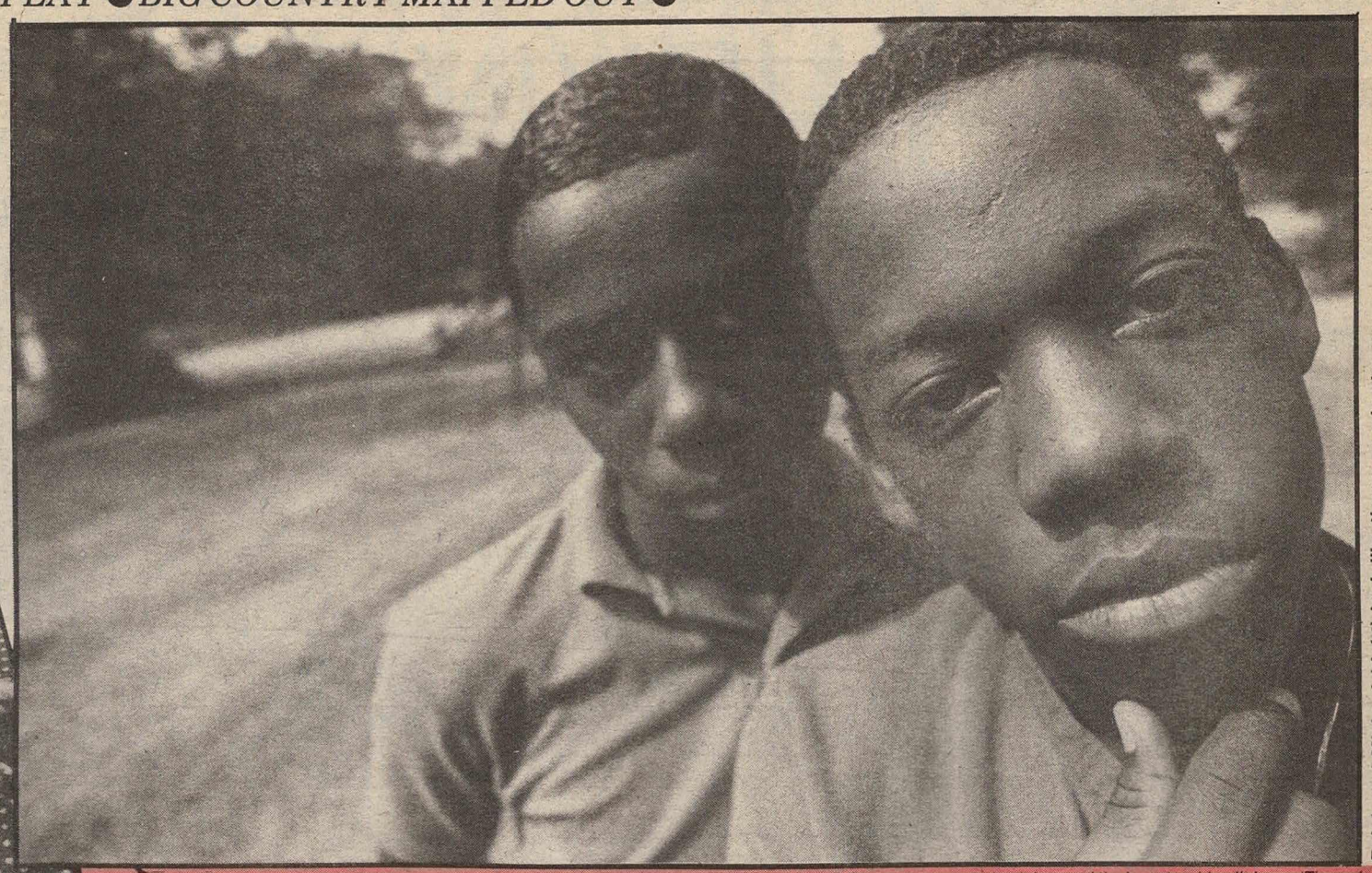
ISLAND

NEW EDITION AT WORK AND PLAY ● BIG COUNTRY MAPPED OUT ●

GAVIN MARTIN MEETS FIVE ROXBURY BOYS FOR WHOM IT'S NOT ALL FUN AND POPCORN BUT BUSINESS AND MONEY. PICS PETER ANDERSON.



Ralph and Michael (right) look like they mean business

Ronnie — just playing around

Nearly every waking moment of New Edition's two week trip to Europe is occupied with some publicity garnering process. The boys get up, meet the people from the record company and spend the day being shunted and moulded into any pop slot, no matter how garish or tame, that has been prepared for them.

Employing a team of freelance pluggers and spending a financial 'arm and a leg' London records obviously see great market potential in the five cute slick mini song and dance men from Boston. They could be right – even if the 'Candy Girl' LP is squeamish calculated pap and New Edition are a feeble desensitised package wherein all the fire and the potency that's been mustered on the east coast these past few years is turned to lime jelly – Joe and Josephine public have a habit of lapping up the most ingratiating Schlock that America can produce.

New Edition may be closer to the brain rot of The Osmonds than the style and verve of The Jackson 5 – but that doesn't look like too big a problem.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock and the group arrive in Camden's TV AM studio to record a two minute slot for Saturday morning broadcast. The recording takes about two hours, what with the producer buying them clothes to go with the backdrop and the boys teaching linkman 'Timmy' how to do 'the wave' dance. Timmy in his green, orange and blue trainers, dayglo emerald shorts, tiedye T shirt and pink framed spectacles is like something you'd see on Play School if you were on a bum trip. He's one of the twerps that are paid very good money to terrorise our children and to see him prancing on the screen, playing the genial infantile adult says absolutely tons about the state of the country as a whole.

The slot is based around 'Popcorn Love' and has the boys dancing outside a popcorn parlour which, according to the TV AM researchers, are very popular in America right now. Ralph, Robert,

Pic John Stoddart

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

STUART ADAMSON

(ONE QUARTER OF BIG COUNTRY)

SONGS THAT HAVE MOVED ME

Avalanche – Leonard Cohen
Sisters of Mercy – Leonard Cohen
Rain – Nils Lofgren
The Sun Hasn't Set – Nils Lofgren
Pyjamarama – Roxy Music
Song For Europe – Roxy Music
Hymn For The Dudes – Mott The Hoople
Seven Rooms Of Gloom – Four Tops
Ghosts – The Jam
Villiers Terrace – Echo And The Bunnymen
Hungry For Your Love – Van Morrison

BOOKS

Anything by George Orwell, Albert Camus, John Wyndham, DH Lawrence
Also:
***The Diceman* – Luke Rheinhardt**
***Kenny Roberts* – Barry Coleman**
***Dispatches* – Michael Herr**
Any of the *Pan Books of Horror Stories*
Photographic collections

FOOTBALL

Dunfermline Athletic (especially 1966–1972)
Manchester United

MAGAZINES/NEWSPAPERS

***Bike, Which Bike* (especially Mark Williams' column),**
Daily Record,
Dunfermline Press, Sunday Post

FILMS

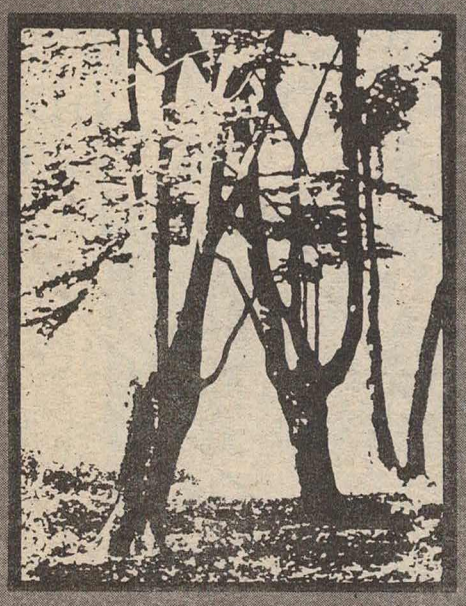
***Apocalypse Now, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, The Last Detail, Ben Hur, Gregory's Girl, Wuthering Heights,* all of the Marx Brothers and Laurel And Hardy stuff**

DISLIKES

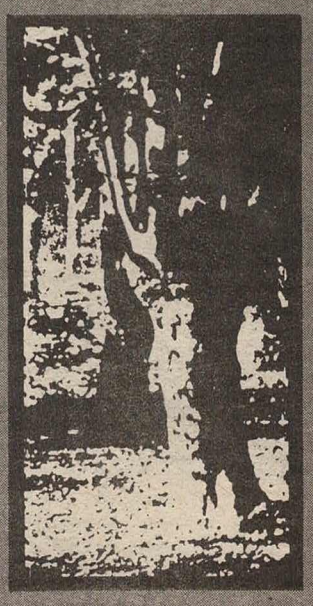
Nuclear weapons, Tory governments, jealousy, flying, coffee, queues

LIKES

Motorbikes, photography, sunny winter mornings, the sea, forests, peace and understanding, live music



Friends Again
new single
SUNKISSED
available on 7" & 12"



FALKLANDS SPANNER IN ICICLE WORKS ● ABBEY ROAD REVISITED ●

NEW EDITION.

SAME OLD STORY . . .

Michael, Ricardo and Bobby have never heard of "popcorn parlours" but rather than disrupt the flow they say they have and when Timmy grins like a jackanape and says "I hear they're a great place to meet *the other sort*," the boys all laugh and agree. Absolutely super chaps, one more run through and I think we're there.

The final product is so much like an advert as to be virtually indistinguishable from the Birds Eye on Jelly Tots campaigns of the early '70s, that seem to have had such a profound effect on the men who put these pop pieces on television.

When it's all over the New Edition crew are patted on the head, given some popcorn and tins of coke and put in the minibus that will bring them back to campaign headquarters in the West End. For a few delicously abrasive moments during the ride however the goodtime facade of the group breaks down. It happens when group member Michael Bevins complains that they are concentrating too much on dancing and that their singing is going to suffer. Assistant manager/chaperone and elder brother of group member Bobby, Ronnie Brown is quick to silence him.

"Look, it's all about money. That's what you're here for, to sell as many records as you can. If dancing is what makes people here buy your records then you'll dance. If the singing is what makes them buy your records in New York then you'll sing there. Otherwise you can go back to funkin' Roxbury and do nothing and see how you like that. You want to make as much as you can, a million dollars or more that's what it's all about," he roars.

Duly chastened Michael keeps quiet while frontman Ralph, who usually shows a deal more suss than his collegues makes an uncharacteristically careless remark, "Yeah but it's not good to let people *know* that," he says.

In 1980 New Edition, then aged 12–13, came second in a talent contest run by Maurice Starr. At the close Starr announced that he'd like to work further with the group as he had a set of songs written over the past few years just suited to them. Brought to New York awhile later and in what seemed like no time at all 'Candy Girl' was a worldwide hit.

Immediately comparisons with The Jackson 5 were made. There are so many carbon copies of old Jackson 5 songs on the New Edition LP that it would be impossible for the group to deny those similarities so they say it's an honour to be seen in this light at such an early stage in their career and that as they progress people will be forced to look at them in their own right.

Whether this is true or not, only time will tell but in the time I spent with them I gradually began to doubt if the group could reach the heights and diversity achieved by the boys from Indiana. For a start they're surrounded by managers and songwriters with much less skill and resource than The Jacksons had in their early days and they're treated like a an odd new toy rather than a truly priceless commodity.

It would be hard to imagine anyone being privy to an incident like that in the minibus if they were travelling with The Jacksons and the guys themselves have a habit of acting a bit more childish than even their age decrees. They can seem very blaze and precocious at times – arguing about nothing in particular when we take them for a photo session in Hyde Park, refusing to eat pizzas ordered for them by the record company.

When they go to The Lyceum following a short PA they go for a dance and are immediately beseiged by a crowd of girls about four years older than them. Clearly they are living in a bubble far different from most kids their age. I ask Ralph Trevesant about this, realising even as I do I'm adding to the ridiculous process.

How would he like to end up like his hero Michael Jackson in a Los Angeles mansion with only mannequins and a cinema for company?

"My lifestyle is a lot different from a regular teenager, I don't get to do regular teenager things but then regular teenagers don't get to do the things that I do so it balances out. I don't think Michael Jackson is weird at all, he is himself, it is his only way of living as he never grew up in the streets or around people. My life's been pretty open for a while but I guess from hereon it's going to be kind of private for me growing up too".

Doesn't it seem strange having to explain yourself to people like me, over and over again?

"Well you wonder if this is really necessary but you think about it and you know it is necessary, and there's no need for you to think about it anymore. Since I've been here it hasn't been like that because I know that this is what I have to do if I want any single or any record I put out to be pushed. In the states I'm used to it because we do them all the time

When Ralph sings onstage he looks much older than he is, sweat glistening on the forehead, neck muscles bulging. In interview he sits in his shorts legs apart rubbing his hands up and down his thighs very much the junior businessman, primed to say all the right things, all the pop-carreerist cliches.

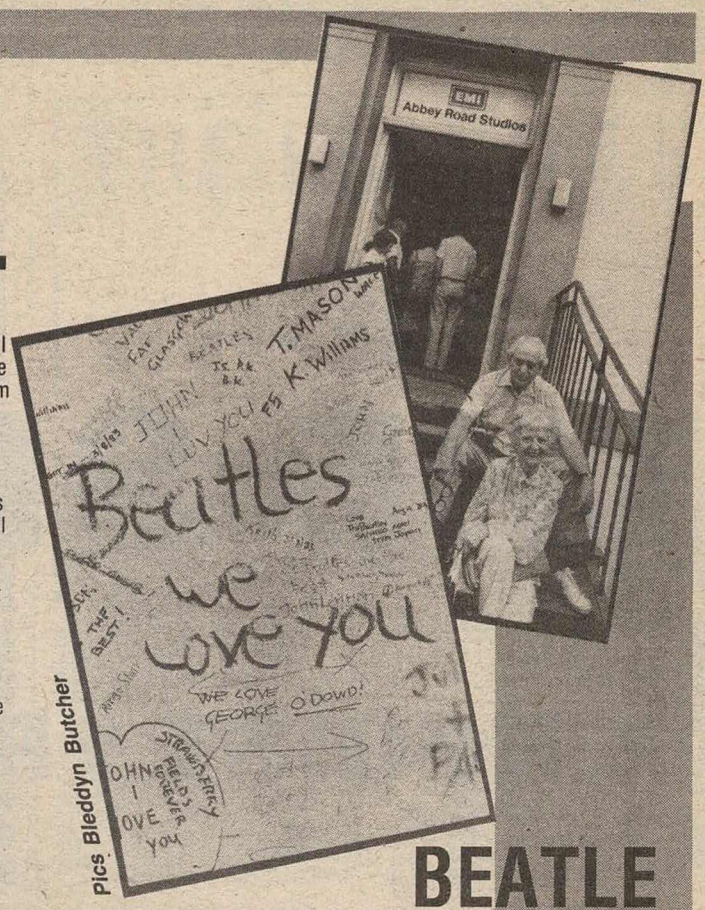
"Money's nice to have I'm not saying I'd go out there and perform for nothing. But it's a feeling I get onstage, I could do something else if I was just worried about money. It's not the money it's just about having fun . . . money is just going to come naturally."

Undoubtably however the group is also a passage out of the insidious racism that is rife in the slum projects of Boston.

"There's a lot of racism there, it's a lot different here. People seem much nicer and you can go wherever you want without anybody nagging or calling you names. I get bussed to South Boston High School and Roxbury kids can't go there and be welcomed. Pretty soon I'm going to a private school, get a tutor or just go to a school in Roxbury," says Ralph.

When I've finished talking to him Ralph Trevesant, a little man with a pop business brain starting to tick in his head, goes out to join his less articulate and more mischievous collegues. Some are licking ice creams, one is sucking rock and another is playing with a remote control car lying on his belly in the middle of the floor. You can see that everyone finds it a lot of fun having these odd kids who are at once stars and large earners around.

Just then two people from The Specimen walk in – in their torn gladrags, crazy spiked hair and painted faces. Young Ronnie looks up from his model car and his jaw drops so far he has to gulp to catch a fresh breath. "Do those people really dress like that," he splutters. No, I say, they're usually pretty weird looking. "How can people do that to themselves," he asks, truly amazed. And the sad thing is he probably thought 'Timmy' was quite normal.



Pics Bleddyn Butcher

BEATLE WORSHIPPERS THIS WAY . . .

WALKING INTO Abbey Road's Studio Two was like entering a church. The room was hushed, dark, and packed with people staring up at images of John, Paul, George and Ringo on the video screens and walls, reverently mouthing along to Their familiar lyrics.

The man next to me — an unemployed building worker who had hitched down from Scotland for the event — choked back his sobs, while the woman on the other side gazed down at her feet with religious awe. "Just think," she whispered to her friends, "*he* may have stood there."

Maybe Lennon was right after all. Maybe The Beatles *are* bigger than God. Certainly no one expected the response that followed EMI's announcement that the shrine where They created Their sound was to be opened to the public.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Studio Two could not be used for recording while alterations were made in the control room, so why not let people see inside? So the walls were painted, Beatles pictures put up, and a video put together from promo films, TV shows, and the reminiscences of their early engineer Ken Townsend (now manager of the studios). A new neon sign appeared and tickets went on sale at £4.50.

Then the deluge began. Around 400 people a day have since passed through the studio, along with, it seems, most of the world's press. Locals, long used to the sight of quite sane, sober-looking people tearing off their footwear to have photos taken on *that* zebra crossing, can now be entertained by novelties such as 20 Scandinavians singing 'Yellow Submarine' on the front steps, egged on by a TV crew.

The video soundtrack is jealously guarded by EMI, who have installed an airport screening device to stop bootleggers with radio mikes, but it mainly consists of outtakes, mistakes, incomplete or as yet unreleased versions of the standards (ominous, how often those words "as yet" were repeated). Four totally new tracks — 'How Do You Do It?', 'That Means A Lot', 'You've Got Troubles' and a cover of Little Willie John's 'You'd Better Leave' — were mentioned but not played.

The verdict? I found it depressing that people were willing to pay simply to sit in a room where The Beatles had sat, but then they were never that important to me. Places where the famous have trod will always have a fascination, as one cameraman proved. Apparently uninterested in the Fab Four furore, he sidled up to a passing tape op with the same, awestruck look. "Is it true that Roger Whittaker records here?" he asked. "Have you met him?"

SHERYL GARRATT

OUT OF ORDER

I NEVER had any doubts about the conviction behind 'Fuck The Task Force' by The Clash until I found out that its real title was, disappointingly, 'Rock The Casbah'.

'Gun Boys' seems pretty obvious too. It's the third track on the 12" version of The Icicle Works' current single 'Birds Fly / Whisper To A Scream'; and it's causing a flap because of its tongue-in-cheek comment on the Falklands campaign.

"It was obviously a piss-take," explains lead singer and lyricist Ian McNabb, "but when Hugh Jones (producer) first heard it, he criticised it for not being cynical enough and he thought we might get a lot of people listening to it and thinking 'Oh they're into Maggie and the Falklands' and everything."

Which is in fact what happened; and The Icicle Works were thought to be taking a political stance somewhere between the cavalry and the Monday Club.

"But it was just meant as a huge ironic joke," continues McNabb "but I don't think it came off very well.

"There's a line that goes (with reference to the Task Force) *'I would be there with you if I were able,'* and we're obviously being sarcastic but not a lot of people sussed it out."

The root of the confusion appears to lie in the fact that the lyric is strongly characteristic of the Liverpool school of sarcasm, which is difficult to grasp (for outsiders) even at its most blatant.

The BBC emerged as dinosaurial as ever: "We did it for a Peter Powell session," says McNabb "and they asked us to change the words would you believe? They asked me to change the first line which is *'Remember when the Argies . . .'* They said that 'Argies' is out. So I had to change it to *'Do you remember when?'* And at the line *'So Margaret sent the fleet in,'* I wasn't allowed to say 'Margaret' – I mean, I just can't work that out. So I had to say *'And so THEY sent the fleet in,'* which is just totally ridiculous."

BILLY MANN

Pic John Stoddart

Ian McNabb — 'piss-take mistake'

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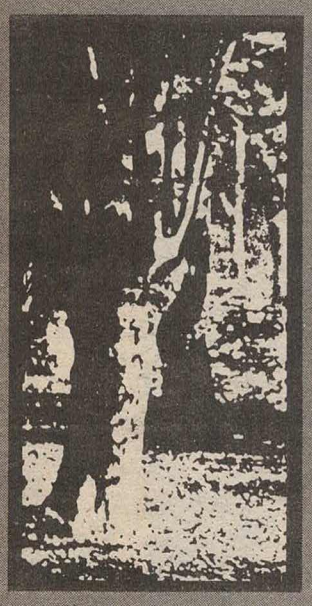

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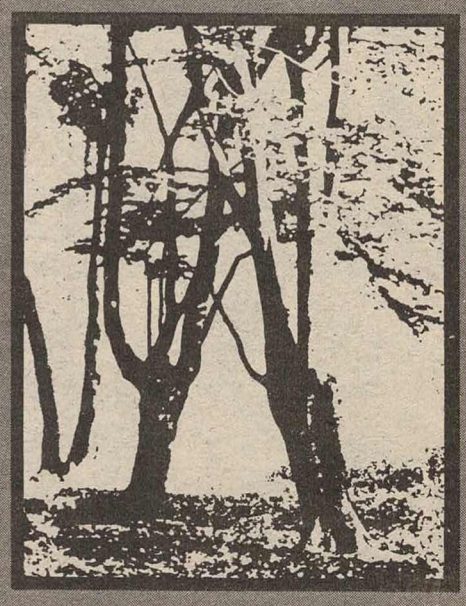

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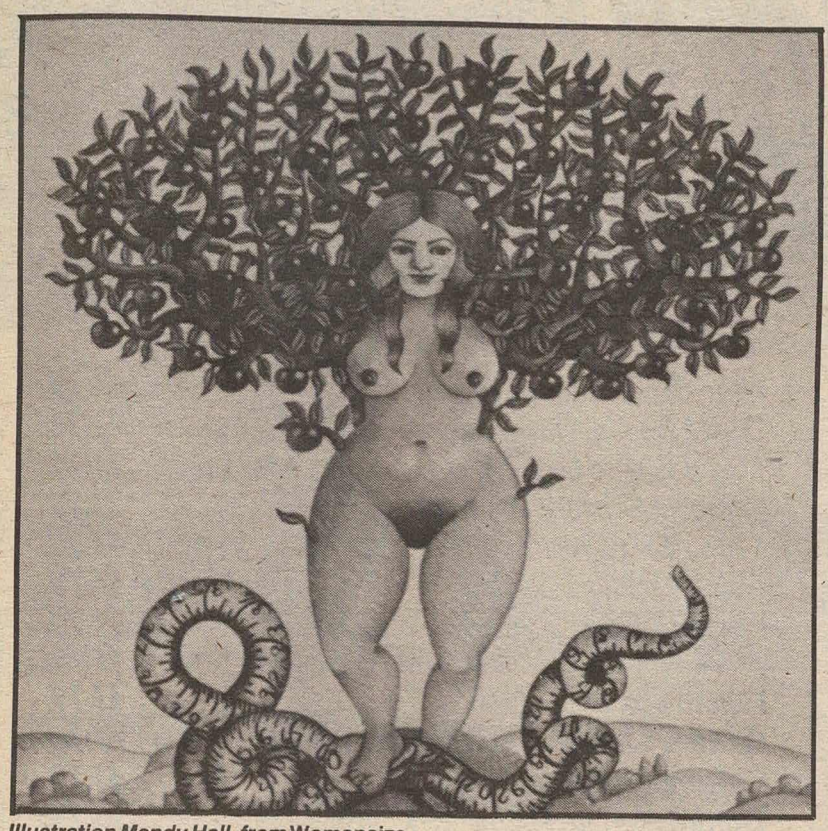

Illustration Mandy Hall, from Womansize

PRINT

ANGELA PRICE sizes up a weighty tone on the ups and downs of curvaceousness

WOMANSIZE – THE TYRANNY OF SLENDERNESS

by Kim Chernin (*The Women's Press, £4.50.*)

"IN THIS age of feminist assertion men are drawn to women of childish body and mind because there is something less disturbing about the vulnerability and helplessness of a small child – and something truly disturbing about the body and mind of a mature women."

So writes Kim Chernin, author of *Womansize – The Tyranny Of Slenderness*. She goes on to point out that fashion today depicts women dressed and shaped as 12-year-olds, and links this with the fact that child pornography is becoming ever more popular.

Here is a remarkable book. Written with the compassion and understanding of a one-time anorexic, Ms Chernin explains her ideas with clarity and force, destroying one "comfortable" stereotype image after another.

I compulsively consumed the book in a day, relieved that others had shared this quietly hysterical and desperate obsession with weight and food and body shape. Calmness followed, when I realised there had been a rationale for what had hitherto appeared so irrational.

In our male-dominated society, it is men who decide how women look. Since *he* currently prefers the angular child-woman that is what *must* be. The mature woman petrifies him with his memory of the infant terror he felt when his mother left him for the first time and he feared for his very survival.

It is no accident, says Chernin, that during the '60s anorexia nervosa began to be a widespread social disease and Weight Watchers opened its door, because it was precisely at that time that the feminist movement emerged asserting women's rights to authority, liberation and above all, power. These were two differing responses to the same awareness of women's changing role in society. Feminists speak of "enlarging" themselves whereas slimmers talk of "contraction" and "shrinking." Becoming less of themselves.

A woman who believes losing weight will solve her personal and cultural dilemma is entering the domain of the body politic and so, says Chernin, her action of entering a slimming organization becomes, symbolically, a political act. And while she agrees that culture rewards those who comply by its standards – slim girls get preference – "we have to wonder what cost the woman is paying when she sacrifices her body in this way for the approval of her culture."

Chernin suggests that the more obsessed a woman becomes with the shape of her body, the further she draws away from being able to pay attention to her soul and see what shape *that* is in. So the more she works at conforming to society's image of an angular child-woman and denies her natural appetite then the worse shape will be her inner self.

Women share men's rage against women. A woman knows that in our culture, to be a woman is to be despised and she fears this. She, too, rages against her mother who taught her to behave differently from her brother, and caused her own first experience of terror.

In desperation she turns to controlling her own flesh. Kim Chernin writes: "Like all the anorexic girls of our time and the women climbing onto scales this morning, and all the women taking too many laxatives tonight, we too have proved to be submissive, eager to please the culture of our fathers, through the mastery of our bodies and the sacrifices of all the hungers of our soul."

Womansize reasserts the attitude of Renoir and the much-loved women of his paintings, to which Kim Chernin draws our attention. By today's standards the women are fat, but "One is drawn to them through a force that is larger than the sexual, drawn down into this feminine side of existence, with its rounded forms and dappled surfaces, its rose tints and hues, which seem to stand for sensuality itself."

KEPLER

by John Banville (*Granada, £1.95*)

BORN IN rural Ireland, John Banville now lives in Dublin and his five books to date have won him a host of international prizes. His latest book – for which he won the Guardian *Fiction Prize – is about the life of Johannes Kepler, next to Galileo perhaps the most significant astronomer and physicist of Renaissance Europe.*

Kepler's achievements lifted astronomical science from one mould and set it into another. He deduced that certain assumptions about the cosmic order were false and, by correcting those assumptions, the science was once again permitted to progress.

Banville's novel, however, is no treatise on Keplerian science. It is a subtly woven tapestry of 16th century Europe that is, at times, quite breathtaking in its richness, its colour and authenticity.

Kepler is portrayed as a restless spirit, a literal and metaphorical stargazer, forever striving after some seemingly elusive vision of cosmic harmony. Never allowed to devote himself fully to work, we see a man battling against an endless array of obstacles while miraculously still finding time to unravel the mystery of the stars.

He is plagued with illness, constantly subject to the religious persecution of whoever happens to be in power – which means that every other year he's banished from one city or another and forced to drag his quarrelsome family around Europe with him – and his total political ineptitude renders him a prey to all and sundry in the daily power struggles of court life.

At the annunciation of each new catastrophe we expect his spirit to disintegrate for once and for all; but it does not and, for me, therein lies the greatest riddle of the book, that such a sensitive soul and one continuously drained by the appalling barbarity of his people and his times, manages to hang on to his dreams and to reality at all.

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MUSCLE PEECH PARTY

Pic. by Clare Muller

Paolo Hewitt checks for the Peech Boys' Console Companions Larry Levan and Michael "Mafia" Benedictus

TO HEAR Larry Levan and Michael de Benedictus enthuse about the Paradise Garage club in New York is to hear the sound of two people who are convinced that they have just discovered nirvana on earth; that the Second Coming (whether it be E. T. or Buddha) has just happened and somehow landed plum centre in their neighbourhood.

Phrases such as, "there is no place like it, *anywhere*" and "incredible people, incredible club" trip hurriedly from their tongues.

Why, even the group they produce and play keyboards for respectively emanated directly from The Garage. It was a chance meeting between the two that led to the formation of The Peech Boys and the making (and this is where I get interested) of two innovative and exhilarating dance records.

'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'Life Is Something Special' were epics in sound, encompassing – mainly through vocalist Bernard Fowler's distinctly soulful voice – an array of emotions punched into the listener by a churning, astonishingly huge rhythm embellished with subtle turns and twists.

Imagine the Freeez record mixed with a casual Otis Redding and you're getting somewhere near it.

'Don't Make Me Wait' and 'Life' scored dramatically because they were also allied to the Law Of Repetition. In other words, say it long enough, loud enough and proud enough and eventually something will stick. And the clubland success of both tunes proved that small fact.

But even outside of that glittering sphere, when life's wheels were beginning to grind, both records impressed and uplifted whatever the environment. They are songs backed heavily by the beat as opposed to linear grooves dedicated solely to dancefloor delights.

An important distinction. And The Peech Boys made them. Yes, Juicy fruit indeed.

ITCH IT up! Itch it up! Heaven is a place where Larry Levan deejays with suss and nerve, mixing up the weirdest concoctions, feeding the speakers with immaculate bass and sound as the young multiracial crowd take to the floor.

No alcohol is served at The Paradise. It's not needed, and once in a while Michael de Benedictus will amble over to his synthesiser, pick out a few melodies to spray on top of the bass and drums Levan is booming out from his turntable.

By all accounts, The Paradise is something special, a point Levan and de Benedictus are quick to push home.

"There's no other focus than the music," says Michael. "People come to dance and they take it *seriously*. The best dancers in the world are there. They don't come to cruise, they don't come to get drunk or get high. They come to *dance*. For 14 hours. You see all the break dancing, electric boogie, all the stuff.

"And the fashions! They all look so incredibly different but they can't go to Fiorucci or Jumping Jack Flash to get that look, so they go to their closet and they see something, rip it apart and sew this part to that part and suddenly there's a look there.

"Then Norma Kamali," he says laughing, "will take that look and display it in Paris as being the new fashion and everybody will go and spend 500 dollars for a pair of leg warmers! But the kids do it out of necessity because they're creative, they want to look different and they are very resourceful. They come to the club dressed to dance and just dance.

"And it's not black, it's not white, it's not Puerto Rican . . . it's everyone! And that's the beauty of it. And they dont have a problem dancing next to each other."

THEY SAY that opposites attract, and in Levan and de Benedictus' case the point would seem to be true. Levan is gregarious, open, cracking sharp and has New York written all over him. De Benedictus is cooler, an observer rather than a participant, a catalyst for Levan's erratic skills. Both have differing backgrounds.

De Benedictus is from out of New York, about 100 miles north. He fell in love with the organ round about age six and spent most of his youth practising a classical music repertoire.

Through his devotion he landed jobs in organ showrooms demonstrating the latest model to bemused locals. At school the kids always asked him to join their band. But he didn't have the time or the inclination until he got busted for dope one day and was fired from the organ shop.

"That was the transition between the real establishment music business and rock'n'roll."

Michael joined bands, found local success, built his own studios at home and got bored with the limitations of his life. He moved to New York and started hustling. Six months later he noticed a group of people leaving the church on the corner of his street.

Immediately he rushed inside to "look over the organ. Even now I can't help myself." An hour later the Church had employed him and his talents. It gave him the stability and freedom he needed and months later he wa rehearsing and demoing with the nucleus of The Peech Boys.

Larry Levan, meanwhile, was deejaying around town at various spots until with a partner he opened the Garage club. After the initial struggle, the club began to enjoy popularity. Eventually de Benedictus would have to turn up there.

When he did, he and Levan immediately hit it off, but making records was never brought up in conversation. The friendship was such, though, that when Levan got asked to mix a record by Taana Gardner he took Michael along with him. A week later they had created the sublime 'Heartbeat' – one of this era's innovative dance specials.

"Levan said to me, come on this record needs something. I don't know what it is but come on let's go. We messed around with it and it came out like that. Slightly out of tune and out of time. No way did we expect it to be such a success but the public, because they had been used to all this sterilised stuff, just said, Oh what a refreshing record."

'Heartbeat', in New York at least, was massive and Levan's phone was never on the hook as the offers came flooding in. Every time he accepted a job part of the contract included de Benedictus.

When they weren't making records, they were down The Garage.

"One night the lightman didn't show up," says Michael, "and the lights were doing this really bad pattern. Finally, I boiled and I started doing the lights just to change the room, it was driving me nuts.

"In the light board was a siren so I pushed the siren at a peak of the record, the siren came to full pitch and it was flat to the record, didn't sound right. I said, damm I wish I could tune that siren. Well, that's not hard all I need is an oscillator and I've got four of them on one synthesiser and eight of them on another. So I said, Larry can I bring my synthesiser and make sirens and other assorted noises? He said yes.

"Well, from making a siren it went to bass lines and from bass lines it went rhythm, chords and then Larry would just play the drum breaks on records and I would play the rhythm and we would make records. Then we bought a drum machine and just shoved the records off, turned on the drum machine and I would play bass rhythm and he'd be doing overdubs with other records. Through that experimentation other people would hear it at the club. Then weeks later someone would call me and say, Gee Michael you did a great job on that record.

"I'd say what are you talking about? Oh so and so's record. I didn't play on that record. You didn't? Sounds like you.

"I'd go and hear the record and they were right, it sounded like the things I did at The Garage. All of a sudden we snapped. The producer of that record was at the club three ago and paid a *a lot of attention* to what was going on. He came over and stood by my synthesisers and watched what I was doing. So we said, well that's not nice Arthur Baker, let's make our own records."

SET AROUND the core of Levan and de Benedictus, The Peech Boys emerged with 'Don't Make Me Wait' featuring an acapella version on the 12", the result of a mix up of tapes between the studio and The Garage. None the less, 'Don't' proved to be massive.

"Well 'DMMW' is about sex," opines Levan, "and *everyone* can relate to that. It was very, very passionate, very rough, then it was tender, then it was cold and then it was sparse. It touched on all bases. Don't make me wait, just that statement, people relate to it, people *want* to relate to that."

The effects the group put on the record they feel were groundbreaking, a new approach that others now slavishly copy: the handclaps, the acappella mix.

"We don't sit around saying, well no one has done this or that," says Michael, "we just put a lot of trust in ourselves to be creative and being honest. That's the most important thing, just to be honest with the music and it will come out."

For 'Life Is Something Special' the reaction was muted, the splash not so hard. De Benedictus puts this down to the lyrics, an exhortation of life's possibilities, and a celebration of joy and optimism.

"People in England, the young kids, don't have the hope of really attaining a special life. They can't see it. I've discovered that just being able to live the day out is a gift and you can either make it good or bad. That requires some basic rules. I believe in hope, I have faith and I trust somebody. Now in America the system makes you know a little bit more about how to get over. There's other ways, other avenues, because Americans always been told that if you really try you can do whatever you want to do.

"Here in England I don't think people think life is special because it's hard to work, hard to find a job. I go to school or 12 years, I get out and I can't work. What's that all about?"

It's more than a glib assessment on de Benedictus's behalf. The failure of The Peech Boys to significantly storm the charts lies more in the BBC's moribund attitude to black music (they recently refused airplay to Kurtis Blow's new rap single because there was already one rap song, 'The Crown', in the charts and *two* would be pushing it . . .) than in the 'depressed' state of mind of the nation's youth.

Either way, The Peech Boys have proved themselves capable of some glorious epics. We shouldn't make them wait too long.

PAOLO HEWITT puts heads together with Ranking Roger and Dave Wakeling, finds why they knocked off The Beat, and which way General Public are facing. Photography: PENNIE SMITH

WHAT WAS that Beat? Some Two Tone trickery? Morally dedicated musicians? A vivid collage of heat and excitement? Stand up Wakeling! Stand up!

The Beat, judging by their recent 'What Is Beat' Greatest Hits LP, were a band who shone on singles and dulled quickly when faced with the demands of the LP. A sometime alluring mixture of incisive saxophone and Wakeling's cool vocals, The Beat emerged out of the Two Tone fuss with a cover version of 'Tears Of A Clown' and quickly asserted themselves with charm (Saxa's presence and Roger's flashing smiles) and panache. They released vigorous singles like 'Mirror In The Bathroom' and for a while walked on air.

They were everyone's darlings with all bases covered. Kids loved them for their sense of fun, writers took them seriously because of their political leanings, well articulated by Wakeling through the media or espoused on songs such as 'Stand Down Margaret'. A revolutionary pop group! No less.

In the space of two years a lot changed. The Beat went from being fashionable to struggling. A mediocre second LP, some flop singles and the spurious redefinition of pop by the likes of Heyward and Fry, saw them fighting to hold ground.

With the advent of the '80s, The Beat's colourful musical mixture seemed suddenly outdated, the group itself devoid of new ideas. Although they still maintained a loyal following in England, salvation came with their growing popularity in the States which at least allowed them time and room to breathe.

It wasn't enough. After a poorly received third LP (which contained two pearls, 'I Confess' and 'Save It For Later', amidst the ramblings) and more chart failures with their singles, Wakeling and Ranking Roger decided enough was enough. Then out of the blue came a surprise hit with an old number 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' (originally by Andy Williams) and they both decided that it was the perfect time to end it all. Go out on top and explore a new beat in fact.

HIDDEN AWAY in the Welsh hills, Rockfield rehearsal studio is a large 18th century house set in typically picturesque English scenery. It's here that The General Public and their new member, keyboardsman Mickey Billingham (last seen with Dexys) have been rehearsing and pushing into shape some of the 20 songs they have amassed over the last six months.

There are no distractions here, except maybe for the crying of either Wakeling's or Ranking's small babies who, along with their respective mothers, are present and correct. Otherwise it's a tranquil setting and when I arrive Wakeling and Roger seem happy with their lot, easy going and talkative.

When it comes to the interview, however, Roger stays mainly silent whilst Wakeling, although as articulate as ever, seems slightly apprehensive about the whole affair.

Reading between the lines it would seem that the major reason for The Beat's split stems more from his frustration in trying to mobilise certain members than anything else. You get the feeling that Wakeling finally buckled under the pressure of trying to keep The Beat a viable force artistically whilst being lumbered with the day to day mundane affairs of running both the group and their now defunct label Go Feet.

This then, to coin the first cliche, is your General Public speaking.

PH: When did you decide to put General Public together?

DW: For me, I think it was in Denver about two months ago . . .

RR: Nah, there was talk about it on that tour . . .

DW: Well there's been talk about it, for me anyway, ever since the first single. I never really thought . . . none of us did . . . that's what was charming about The Beat, no-one ever took it seriously at all. It came out of the blue and it was like we were on holiday. I kept thinking this is never going to last, we'll make this record and I'll go onto something else. So that's been going on for years and years. What's the plans for the next album? I don't know actually. *(Laughs)*

This last year we got to the point where we were quite popular, in America particularly. We were doing lots of live shows but what four years together shows you is not only your strengths but your weaknesses. You start isolating things, so that even if everyone was really committed you realise you've never going to get over a particular hurdle. You find out the things that work well, but you also find out the things that you should never attempt because it's going to screw you up.

Did you attempt those things with The Beat?

DW: Well no. You didn't because you didn't think it would ever work. So it was more a restriction than a disappointment. The main thing for me is that everyone who is around you should be pushing. If you ever get to the situation where it's like *(adopts resigned, weary tone)* 'Ah, that will do', then you're being satisfied with your weak shots. If someone is hovering saying, Are you sure about that? Then it forces you to try and do better yourself. So that's what I'm looking for. That's why the change happened. It's more down to levels of committment than any particular change in musical direction.

Is that the way you feel Roger?

RR: No, I think I probably look at it different. With The Beat, when everybody was at business meetings I never used to go. Or I would go once in a while. I learnt four years later that I wanted to know more about the business. So it's good thing for me because everything that comes through our manager comes through to us directly. It isn't eight people arguing out whether it should be yes or no, it's only two people. I can now learn a lot more, and that's what I want to do.

Why learn about that side of things?

RR: *Why?* 'Cos if you're going to be making money you got to know where it's coming from. I think, because with The Beat *(talking to Wakeling)* most of the business was done between you and Andy. After a while it became dependent on you and Andy and no-one else would get involved.

DW: That's what it is. After a few years you get into various roles it gets to the stage where you sit around like a group of Thomas Moores, no-one saying anything, thinking that's enough to get away with. If you said anything you had a chance of being wrong and someone could say, You were wrong about that. But if you say nothing then it's, 'Well I never said anything, it wasn't *my* fault!' *(laughing)*

Was there much anger over the split?

Chorus: Nooo!

DW: It was nicer than it had ever been really. More friendly day to day. The only bad side of that was it was pretty comfortable which was probably the opposite of what we require. But everyone got on really well considering we spent so much time in buses in America. I actually thought – get out with a hit single and that came really unexpectedly. The fact that it was 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' was quite ironic.

There must have been a temptation to keep it going.

DW: More for financial reasons than musical ones, certainly. Even when we said we were going to leave the whole of the business side of things said 'Keep the name, keep the name'. We said we don't want to keep the name, we want to do something different. Then they'd say, But if you keep the name you can go straight into doing 20,000 seat stadiums in America because it wouldn't matter who else was in the group.

So that was like sacking the band innit? We had to be quite firm. So we told them General Public and they had it a few days and then said, Oh yeah I like that. I heard someone on the news say General Public and it made me think of the group. So they warmed to it then.

Over the last year or so the actual notion of a 'group' as such seems quite dated now.

RR: I look at the charts today and I see more people in twos and threes than anything else.

DW: Sometimes I felt really old fashioned last year being in a group. There was an element of that. Just when you see some of those colour magazines. If you see seven people they look like a football team. There's all these ones and twos and threes and it does look out of date when you see this huge team of people.

Is it touring that kills bands?

DW: It certainly shows you a less glittering side of the pop world. I don't think it's true that it finishes you off but it's probably true that it takes all the energy out of you; that you can't relax. The idea now of going out and doing two months anywhere just to get your face shown is pretty long winded. Touring should be more a celebration of successes than an actual mechanical thing.

Record companies always want you to do long tours and you always want to do short tours. The last time we did a tour in England we got the record company to write down all the sales of all the records the week before the show, the week of the show and the week after it. There was no difference, no pattern. No-one rushes out and buys a record afterwards. It's much better I suppose to spend your time doing everything as right as you can first and then going and playing. I think that would allow you to keep acting properly.

IS THAT how you're going to approach things now?

DW: Well that's the idea. Because of The Beat thing me and Roger are signed to IRS in America. I had to go and see Miles Copeland and tell him the news. First thing he said, 'Keep the name'. Well we've already had this conversation, we're not actually keeping it. 'Oh. Is this going to be a live band? Yes. It's not one of those goddam synthesiser studio bands. No, a live band. *'F-aaa-n-tastic!* October and November with The Police, big tour'. No, no, no, you've got the wrong end of the stick *(Laughs)* . . .

I like playing live but I hate playing live too much. There's nothing more upsetting than driving hundreds and hundreds of miles somewhere, getting thousands of people to come and see you because they think you're a good singer and by the time you get onstage you're croaking away, your voice is broke, you've got dreadful laryngitis because you've been doing it for five weeks and every time you go for the high note you *die*. That spoils it.

It becomes more about being an entertainer than being a musician because if you can't get a high note you can dance back from the mike, a little jump in the air and it works better than if you had stood there and got the note. If you do it too much you start learning all the Des O'Connorisms which can see you through a set. But that's a pretty wicked way to treat music, it must mean you're going about it the wrong way. I didn't enjoy it once it got to that stage. And stayed there.

Before you split did you still think The Beat had some kind of future?

RR: In America, yeah.

DW: Oh yeah, no doubt about it. In financial terms.

How about artistically?

DW: In artistic terms it depended really. I could have seen a point where we could have pushed it . . . it was very democratic. Like everyone had a vote but hardly anyone bothered to use it. And so the only way to start moving . . . you would have started to feel like a dictator and that's a bit disenchanting.

I don't think democracy as such works within a large group.

DW: It didn't with us. Well it did to a certain extent.

RR: But not forever.

DW: It did work quite well for three years. I thought if it was a small group of people who were fairly like minded that would be dead perfect, with everyone sticking in as much as they could as often as they could because they liked the situation. What you found was that people most grateful finding themselves in that situation doing loads. But lots of the bright ones, if faced with the choice of getting up Tuesday or not, and the money was the same on Thursday, decided to stay in bed more often than get up and do something for the common good. That disillusioned me. I expected more. But then I expected more of myself.

How do you mean?

DW: Well no-one pushed each other musically. I don't know if that's the same as saying that it's greed that spurs you on. But there's some element in inequality that spurs you on. Like you always tend to play your best table tennis when you're a few points behind. Miles had a good laugh about it when he heard how The Beat was run. 'Ah you've seen the light now have you?' he said. When are we going to hear 'Stand Up Margaret' then Dave?' Thanks Miles.

Will you still retain political issues with the new songs?

DW: There's little bits, various lines that crop up in songs. I haven't got that many political issues that I haven't vented my spleen on. It seems really funny to try and do it twice.

Don't people shy away from that kind of song anyway?

DW: Oh yeah, course they do. If you write 12 songs for a LP and not mention anything that's going on you've got to be trying quite hard haven't you? It's not like it's hidden away from you. But people do definitely shy away from it and I don't suppose it ever did The Beat the best as a career move. Like 'Stand Down Margaret' being on the radio for a bit and then people twigged what it was about so it got took off pretty sharpish. Then the next one was much harder. It didn't go in with the same whack that they always used to do before that. It was like very tentative. Eh, is this another political song? Are we going to look daft in a couple of weeks? So I think that definitely had some effect.

It was much better when we did the first LP because no-one had said that we were a political group or any of that. They were just pop songs and they liked them. Quite a lot of people seemed to like the message in the songs but there hadn't been any great fanfare. Then in the year between the first and second LP that's all anyone would ask us.

Well, what about the politics Dave? *(Points at Roger)* He used to go barmy. He'd come in and say talk to me about fucking music or anything, but *that*. It did get too much. When it gets to that point you think . . . it's only things that you felt in passing. It wasn't like you sat up all night going *(puts on a melodramatic voice)* I've *got* to tell someone about this! You don't feel like that at all.

But The Beat did get cordoned off into that area.

DW: But then whatever you do you get that unless you keep changing. Then you get criticised for changing all the time. *(Pauses)* They seem to have got more mixed up, the lyrics. But mine and Roger's seem to be more about personal *and* party politics at the same time. Which is a probably a better way of seeing it than number 3 is a love song and number 4 is a song about oppressed people in. The songs sound a bit angry listening back to them last night. I wasn't expecting it. I was quite glad.

Is it easy to lose your edge then?

DW: Yeah. I think that was one of the hardest things to bear about The Beat, being shot straight up there to the point where you think, God I've only got to belch and someone will buy it. It's hardly the thing to push you.

Did things get a bit too routine with The Beat? A bit 9 to 5?

DW: *(Laughing)* No it was about 1 til 4. That was the problem. It didn't get regimented but the touring took the sting out of it, so it was generally laissez faire in the end. We ended up not doing a lot of things that would have been really good because we just couldn't get through the bureaucracy the way it was set up. There were a number of things.

I remember we were going to do a cover version of 'Begin The Beguine' but it was that much bother to learn all the chords to it. We talked about it for four weeks and then Julio Iglesias had a number one with it. But there were lots of things more serious than that which we never did. It wasn't as if there were any stand

going

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up arguments because no-one could be bothered to do that either. It wasn't horrible. Well it hasn't been so far. I'm quite pleased about that. As soon as we were on *Top Of The Pops* for the last time I thought, well, I hope we get out of this as nicely as we got in.

The Beat got a bit dated as well?

RR: We weren't fashion but we came out with fashion therefore we got classed as fashion.

DW: You get pigeonholed. It doesn't matter from the people who buy your records because they know exactly what they're doing, but the other 40 million people go. Ah one of them Two Tone bands. The more exciting it is when they're saying it when you're on the up, the more dull it's going to sound to people when you say it two years after. But you can't really have any sour grapes about that because unless people hadn't got sick of The Buzzcocks or The Undertones or various other names then we'd have never . . . because those names got dull then it was, Ah, This Two Tone it's new! So they listen to your record. It's the same system. I was surprised that the business side of things were telling me to keep the name The Beat. I would have thought they would have said that a different name was much better anyway.

Was that another reason for leaving? The pigeonholing?

DW: I think if it had been okay internally any amount of out of datedness wouldn't have worried me too much. I might have tried to do something about it if internally it felt like it was worth persevering with. It just generally felt that it had run its course and it should be gently laid to rest.

It always seemed, especially in the latter stages, that The Beat were always at loggerheads with Arista, your record company. Were they a reason for distintegrating?

DW: They were enought to disillusion anybody. If somebody had a good idea they'd be too scared to say it in case it would upset anyone in another department. It got a bit said in the end. You'd wait for the record to come back and you'd all sit around giggling saying, I wonder what's going to be wrong with this one? Then you'd say, Nah I bet they get it right this time. And it would come back all screwed up. I think we'll probably get bothered more by Virgin. They seemed to have a higher decree than Arista have. But they weren't anything to do with the split. I think they were probably far more involved in Haircut 100's internal politics.

With the new group have you formulated any concrete ideas yet about the sound or the look?

DW: Eh? *(silence)* Well there's the answer. No not really. We had a rough idea that we wanted it so people could dance to it. And that seems to have happened. All the tunes that we've come up with, apart from sounding quite good, are good to dance to. That's about the only thing.

It would be daft to say, Right it's going to sound totally different to The Beat but then we were only a part of The Beat so it's not going to sound like it anyway.

RR: You'll probably hear what influences we had on The Beat. Know what I mean?

Those 20 songs you mentioned to me earlier today, you haven't written all those since quitting The Beat have you?

DW: Some of them. What's probably happened is that either one of us will have a tune at any one time and this will be the first time they've been played with more than one person on it, so they start turning into songs. Quite a lot of them are the fruit of the last six months. Some of them seem more exciting . . . maybe it's because they are new to us, but they sound really impressive. Most of them have got nothing more than an idea for what you might call a song.

Over the last couple of years or so there's been quite an emphasis put on funk and soul music. Has that affected you at all?

DW: I think anything you hear on the radio you're always quite influenced by it. We always quite liked it in The Beat but it was very rare that we were tight enough to play it. You have to be very very tight to play funk that it imaginative. It calls for very precise finishing and we never quite managed it. But we will! *(Laughs)*

I spent a bit of time in discos and quite often when they played our records there was so much going on in it, all trying to be so subtle, that you actually heard fuck all of it by the time it got to a big pair of speakers and a dancefloor. You actually missed the punch as well.

It was embarassing enough when they put one of your records on in a club anyway, especially when you don't like it! That's even worse (laughs). Hopefully with just the three of us and then adding things precisely where it's needed will mean that most of the things on the records will be at full effect. *(Pauses)* Hopefully that is.

public

SINGLES

BY PAUL DU NOYER

ZZ TOP: Gimme All Your Lovin' (*WEA*) Some mischievous instinct within me says, Make this your Single Of The Week. And dammit, I think I will – if only to irritate the soul-snobs (a new breed who've completely supplanted their equally unappealing counterparts the early '70s rock-snobs). Certainly this song (embarrassment stops me repeating its awful title) is the thing I enjoy most on all of the page you see before you. I mean, I may not agree with ZZ Top's trousers, but I will defend to the death their right to wear them. This lavishly be-bearded Texan trio have a brand of pure-grunge rock 'n' roll boogie that's as enchanting as it's anachronistic; they unleash some atavistic headbanging urge, even in us effete sophisticates: *"You gotta whip it up / And hit me like a ton of lead!"* Awright! Love it! I'm suddenly nostalgic for a more youthful time, when politics seemed simple and sex looked problematic . . . eventually you find it's the other way around.

THE SPECIAL AKA: Racist Friend / Bright Lights (*2 Tone*) Ah, now then, here's where matters go all complicated. A "double A-side" says the press release, and the 12" sleeve agrees. But no! The record company ring me up and say 'Racist Friend' is the real A-side and would I please review it as such? Trouble is, 'Racist Friend is by far (several kilometres in fact) the weaker track. Rest assured that this record is *definitely worth buying*, but the reason for that is 'Bright Lights' – an unadulterated gem and translucent proof of Jerry Dammers' songwriting stature.

First, though, to 'Racist Friend': a sombre and moody thing. *"If you have a racist friend,"* (or mother or brother or anything) so the warning goes, *"now is the time for your friendship to end."* The statement entailed is blunt and powerful, but its slow reggae backdrop is rather routine stuff. Much to my own surprise, I find myself in disagreement with the sentiment expressed, as well. By all means, mobilise your mind and gob against racist acquaintances, but to cut them off entirely can surely do nothing but create two separate camps of people: the one all self-righteous and right on, the other one busily reinforcing its members' own odious delusions. In other words, the answer must lie in communication, *not* excommunication. Am I wrong?

'Bright Lights', by contrast, is – uh – *brighter* and as snappy a piece of work as you'll hear all year. Lead vocals are taken by Rhoda Dakar, and the lyrics detail big city disillusionment with bitterness and wit. The story's central character moves down to London Town, as millions of us did, for fun and profit: *"The streets really must be paved with gold / if everybody goes WHAM! and has fun on the dole . . ."* (I trust you'll spot the reference there.)

NEW ORDER: Confusion (*Factory*) 'Confusion' is that rare thing, a New Order title which actually figures in the lyrics of the song to which it's attached. The music itself, however, is more of a piece with all the group's output this year – perhaps too much of a piece. In other words, it's another fragile slip of a song, delicately pinned to an extended electro dance track. The melody walks a thin line between simplicity and banality, the rhythm ditto. And while the finished artefact shapes up respectably well, I think the track would have sat better in among the recent album tracks it so resembles.

A new New Order single should be something more striking than all of this, and more surprising. Goes on a bit, as well: the 12" format finds room for one long version of the song itself, plus *three* Arthur Bakerised variations on same. This dance-mix fetish is all very '83 and trendy; it's also very easy and a bit bleeding boring. Ironic, too, in that New Order's audience aren't *really* dancers – or, if they are, it's more by ideology than inclination.

PiL: This Is Not A Love Song (*Virgin Japanese Import*) First off I might stress that Messrs Virgin *will* be releasing this record UK-wise quite soon. So none but the most devout PiLlocks need rush to their megastores and slap the requisite arm and a leg upon the counter for the import version. Truth to tell, it's not an utterly *essential* purchase anyway – being not a lot more than a repetitive chant to the effect that this, as the title points out, is not a love song. Personally I'm glad to have it all the same: Lydon's insidious whine has touched a deep and peculiar point in the psyches of all us Class-of-'76 types, and probably always will.

RED GUITARS: Good Technology (*Self Drive*) Shameful that no one on *NME*'s reviewed this already; it's been about my favourite 45 of the past month. Via one delicious melody and an ominously building beat, Red Guitars itemise the sundry achievements of modern science, from underarm personal hygiene to the hardware of instant Armageddon. In so doing, the song constructs an unforgettable vision of a world that's grown too clever by one-and-a-half at least. The Red Guitars are a five piece who, through no particular fault of their own, hail from Hull, and there they presently languish. This record, and one or two more like it, should go far towards improving their situation.

JOE JACKSON: Cosmopolitan (*A&M*) The only time I've much enjoyed JJ was in his '40's big band Jumpin' Jive time – musically speaking, the cut of his zoot suit concealed the chips he carries on either shoulder. Nowadays he's back from sweet to sour. 'Cosmopolitan' is the work of a dogged tunesmith, sulking to no great purpose (unless the lyrics are relevant to the film *Mike's Murder*, from which soundtrack this is taken). A laboured song, it carries the manifesto of some conceited character ("*I read the right magazines*") of whom we're presumably invited to disapprove. Joe's performance, though, lacks the *extra* which might establish some distance between him and his target.

R.E.M.: Radio Free Europe (*IRS*) With REM, dear reader, you come to a blind spot in your reviewer's usually encyclopaedic knowledge of musics modern and mouldy. Those initials, for example: "Really Emotional, Man"? I know not. But I do know that this is pretty good: fast and urgent, even exciting, with a soaring chorus that inclines me to seek further enightenment.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS: Judas Sheep (*Virgin*) Austro-rockpersons Hunts 'n' Colls leave me sceptical. Studiously "disturbing", they sound to be in a post-Pop Group, post-Talking Heads school of self-conscious and over-educated posturing – we are not bland! We twitch, manically, and stuff! We're dangerous, honest!

ENDGAMES: Love Games (*Virgin*)
HOWARD JONES: New Song (*WEA*)
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Bruises/Punch Drunk And Brando (*Situation 2*)
SILENT RUNNING: When The 12th Of Never Comes (*EMI*) Hey-ho, away we go, bandwagon-riding, bandwagoning-riding (*trad. arr.*). Feed a computer with all the salient details of each British pop hit of the last six months, and the chances are it'll spew something like Endgames' new single back at you. Thank God for the human factor – all smelly and unpredictable as we are – to upset such bloodless calculations. Likewise Howard Jones: he sings all about being individual and anti-herd, but just to be on the safe side he ropes in the producer of Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo. The result is just as individual and anti-herd as you'd expect. Gene, meanwhile, loves Jezebel but I can't find a good word for either of them. Like Irish band Silent Running, they're trudging a rocky path that U2 have worn into a rut already. I don't say they've deliberately copied Bono and co – but there are times when, like Scott of the Antarctic, you've just got to accept that Amundsen has got there before you, and go off and try something else.

BIG COUNTRY: Chance (*Phonogram*) Another track from their LP – a song wherein Stuart Adamson imitates Bruce Springsteen with almost HeeBee GeeBee-like accuracy – though its downbeat dolefulness may disappoint fans reared on rousing clan-clarions like 'Fields Of Fire'. Far be it from *me* to berate anyone who can make a stand for proud guitar-based rock and non-funkified backbeat – more power to his Marshall stack, I say – but this song is merely okay-ish. Indeed, Big Country's music puts me unpleasantly in mind of porridge and Presbyterianism, while by habit and baptism I am implacably opposed to both.

SHAKATAK: If You Could See Me Now (*Polydor*) Strict journalistic ethics mean I *never* review a record without hearing it, and carefully. With Shakatak, it barely seems to matter. Just show me the plastic it's pressed on and I'd say: mellow jazz-funk of zero emotional impact. Upwards of six close listenings persuade me I was right first time.

GENESIS: Mama (*Virgin/Charisma*) *Au contraire* to popular belief, there is no *NME* party line on anything – never has been and never will be. It just happens that we all sincerely loathe Genesis. The new single, admittedly, is less baroque and sterile than of yore. Beyond that, well, I think I prefer Shakatak.

GARY NUMAN: Warriors (*Beggars Banquet*)
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: (It's Not Me) Talking (*Jive*) You may laugh at the sight of Gaz, all dressed up in *Mad Max* swag to promote his 'Warriors' image. But the music, you may depend on it, will wipe the smile straight off your face. Our old friends the Seagulls are finding similar difficulty in bestowing a kiss of life on their commercial cred. This dry electro-dirge is no more fun than Numan's. Tedious nonsense, both. With knobs on.

DORMANNU: Powdered Lover (*Illuminated*) How to describe Dormannu? Well, their press biog takes pains to stress how they're not "Positive Punk" – from which you can safely deduce that they're positive punk. Indeed Dormannu have their roots in Bradford – the very centre of Death Cultdom – so the case is open and shut. Still, I'm fond of this lot: the music is just one more permuatation on the theme of adolescent angst, but it's executed with such stomach-thumping thud that anyone who fell for Theatre Of Hate may well find themselves feeling that certain thrill again.

IVOR CUTLER AND LINDA HURST: Women Of The World (*Rough Trade*)
CONFLICT: To A Nation Of Animal Lovers EP (*Crass*) How do you like your protest, loud or soft? For all you soft 'uns, wizened Scotch eccentric Ivor Cutler has teamed with opera-trained Ms Hurst to make a fragrant appeal for peace – proceeds go partly to the Greenmam wimmin – arguing that *"women of the world"* should *"take over"* because the men will only blow the whole place up. At the end, Ivor whispers *"but not you-know-who"*, which I take to be an admission that Mrs Thatcher is not the sort of woman of the world he had in mind.

Conflict's songs, on the other hand, are short on pristine dignity, though long on the bellowing three-chord howl that signifies being Seriously Pissed Off. Their particular beef (or should that be lentils?) is with the killing of animals. As with many Crass-label releases, the real substance comes not with the music but with the sleeve: packed with polemic and graphics and info, it also includes a list of addresses of people who make money from the trade and slaughter of animals . . . just in case you'd like to send them a Crizzy card or something.

COOK DA' BOOKS: I Wouldn't Want To Knock It (*Kiteland*) My token north-western seaport inclusion for this week, CDB conclude their trilogy of Liverpool–inspired singles with a song that's dreamy in the style of their European mainland mega-hits, but sharp-edged with it. Like the song says, I wouldn't want to knock it, but right now I can't think of any major reason to praise it.

THE BEATLES: She Loves You (*EMI*) Whoops, looks like another home town bunch have snuck into the column. Re-released under EMI's policy of permanent re-cycling, yea, unto the last syllable of recorded time, 'She Loves You' happens to be one of the greatest songs ever released. And still it wouldn't bother me if I never heard it again in my life. Says a lot for the immortality of pop, doesn't it?

Illustration by: Ian Wright

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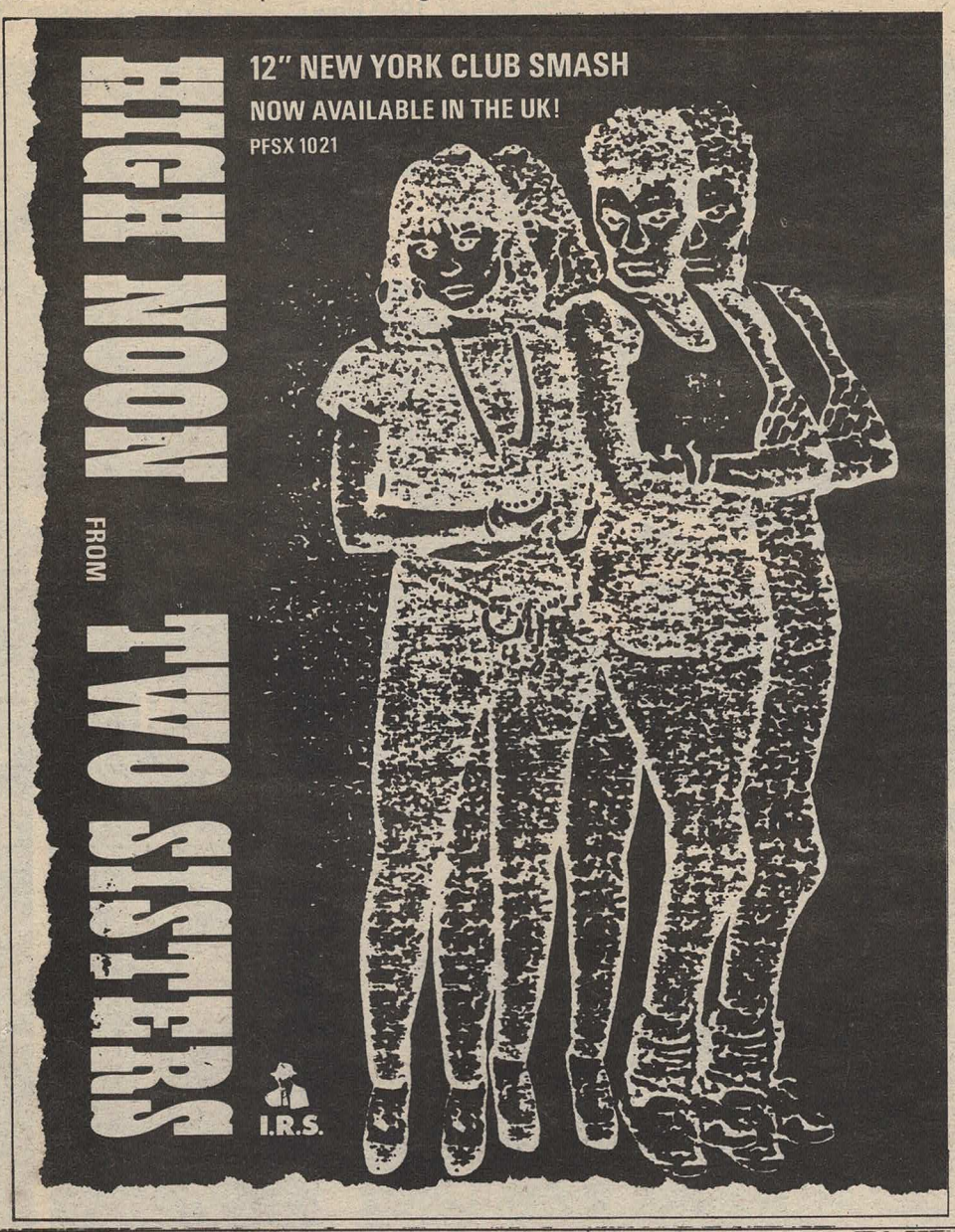

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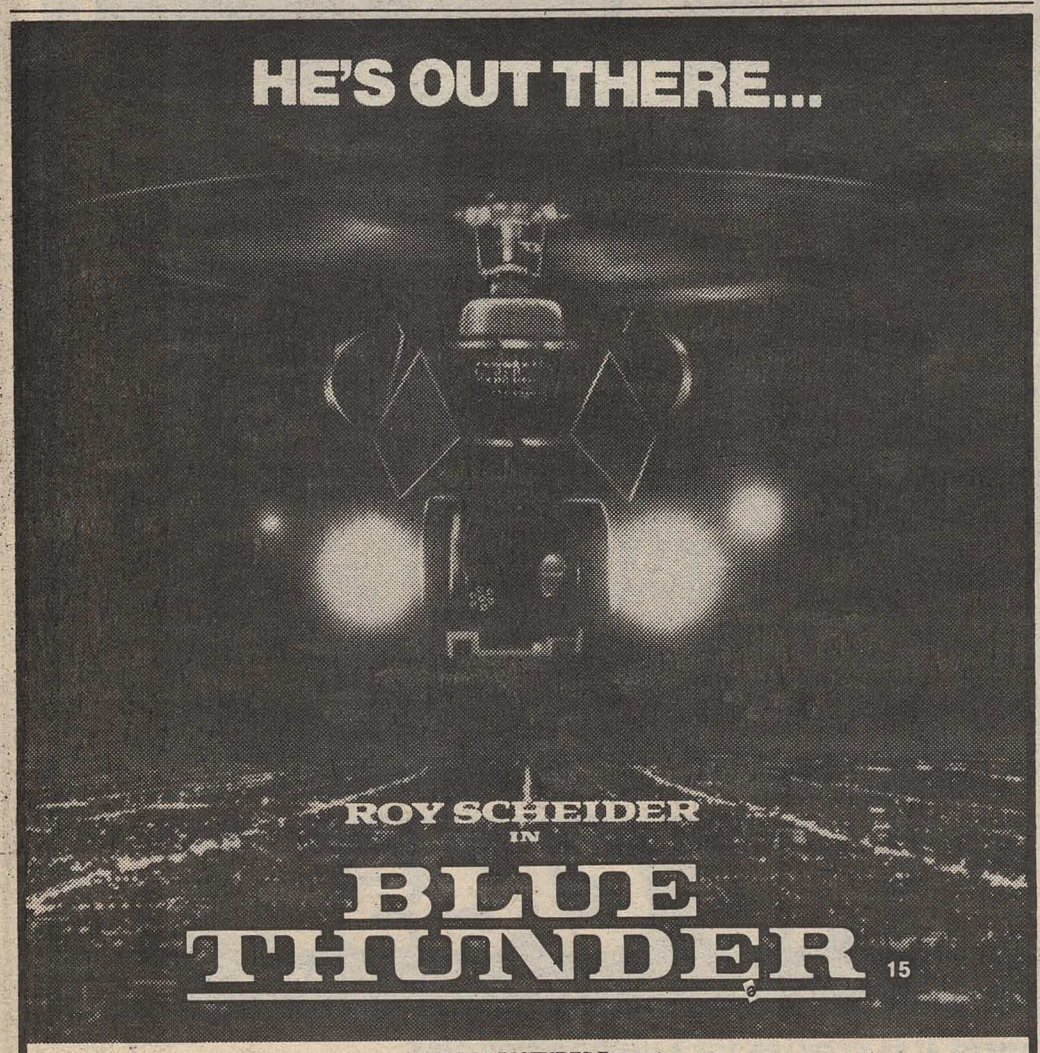

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CRACKER OR PLUM DUFF?

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence

DIRECTOR: Nagisa Oshima
STARRING: David Bowie, Ryuichi Sakamoto, Tom Conti, Takeshi (Palace)

NAGISA OSHIMA's third international film is a collection of striking faces, oblique decisions, peaceful interludes: an album of gestures and reminiscences that cloaks a personal and guilty fascination with ritual in the manners of a commercial cinema.

It works on that count, if only periodically. But the machinery of this meditation is in disrepair: something is wrong with *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, and with a kind of inscrutable irony that befits the enterprise its element of success springs from an aspect of the film that is incidental to the director's purposes.

The drift of the story is taken from Laurens Van Der Post's *The Sower And The Seed*, although Oshima has abridged the details of the narrative to isolate the kernel of the idea — the discovery of a spiritual doppelganger in human form and the maintenance of that flame, even through the rigours of an intense moral and religious code. David Bowie plays Major Jack Celliers, the crack New Zealander (transposed from SA) captured by the Japanese and imprisoned in wartime Java; Ryuichi Sakamoto is Captain Yonoi, the camp commander who glimpses his number in the mirror of Celliers' face.

If the motives of the picture are buried in that inexplicit relationship all of its other actions and reactions are spun out between the other principals. There is Tom Conti's amiable Lt-Col Lawrence, an Englishman with a troubled working knowledge of the Japanese and their language; the old school British leader Hicksley-Ellis (Jack Thompson), puffy with imperial contempt and impervious honour; and Sergeant Hara, whose odd flashes of humour in dealing with the prisoners scarcely disguises a plain loyalty to the cruel religion of his duty.

Takeshi, the Japanese comedian, realises this strangely fashioned man with something like devotion. The monster of Van Der Post's book is made into a double-sided creature, and the peculiar affection Lawrence feels for him is made believable. Takeshi's face is as menacing or

"Very nice, old chap, but the cummerbund goes outside the shirt." Tom Conti offers Takeshi some sartorial advice.

Blue Thunder

DIRECTOR: John Badham
STARRING: Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Candy Clark, Daniel Stern (Columbia)

THERE'S SOMETHING irresistible about helicopters.

They look more like overgrown buzzbox toys than weapons of surveillance and destruction, which lends a kids fantasy touch to any thriller built around chopper cut and thrust. *Blue Thunder* channels that boyish exhilaration through some disquieting ideas about search-and-strafe control tactics, and John Badham comes up with the smartest action picture of the year.

Like the director's *WarGame* it operates just this side of truth to grant a cutting edge to a fantastic storyline. As a teletyper blips out the opening message that all hardware to be seen is now in use in the United States, veteran SWAT pilot Frank Murphy (Roy Scheider) takes rookie officer Lymangood (Daniel Stern) for a tour of nighttime duty over the suburbs of Los Angeles.

And one political assassination and some surreptitious snooping later Murphy is grounded until the chance comes up to fly a prototype helicopter of terrifying assault capabilities. Of course, they call it . . . Blue Thunder.

Exactly how Murphy becomes enmeshed in a federal conspiracy to bring ghetto areas under brutal control and how he eventually has to fight off copious threats from skyward opposition in the stolen Blue Thunder (including missile-carrying F-16s) I leave to your viewing. I'll say merely that Badham has judged this shrill and incredible story absolutely right.

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computerised firepower of awesome potential — to the point where it *almost* bogs down in detail; and then takes off the gloves and piles into the daredevilry. As helicopters flip crazily between skyscrapers and dart under bridge struts like enraged gnats you find yourself clutching after imaginary seatbelts.

Extraordinary as the stunts are — enhanced by quicksilver reflexes at the editing machine — the script (co-written by Carpenter associate Dan O'Bannon) manages to squeeze in the sort of stereotypes that a fine cast can attack with relish. Warren Oates is splendidly ornery as Murphy's boss, Stern gets to use his doughboy features in another impeccable greenhorn pastiche and Malcolm McDowell contributes a beautifully unpleasant cameo as the prime hood and nemesis to Murphy in the air.

Scheider lets that crumpled-leather face swing between professional terseness and appalled confidence at what he can do in this ruthless machine. If the the tone is dangerously exciting, the treatment is basically apolitical. The director concludes with a moral of sorts but lets you draw your own response from a satisfyingly open-ended thriller.

It's here, it's now . . . so what do you say? Go see a terrific picture and give yourself the chance to choose. Catch you later.

Richard Cook

jovial as a Hallowe'en pumpkin. Just as he appears conventionally humane the savage bark of his voice pulls him back.

This tug between orders and feelings, which reverberates through levels of social conduct, military duty and family loyalty, is the argument meant to sustain the film. Yonoi, one of the 'shining young officers' disgraced by the rebellion of 1936 and left to this routine posting, watches Celliers from a distance (they hardly ever meet), notes his indomitable strength after beatings that would destroy a weaker man, recognises a defiance and mistrust of ancient stigmata; while he himself engages in a private debate with his warrior legacies.

Lawrence is an unwitting go-between for this dialogue. He is made to watch an attempted hari-kiri by a guard caught raping a Dutch prisoner and then attend a funeral service which he wrecks in anguish, as if kicking against historical and religious taboos he half comprehends. It's at that moment that we grasp the role Oshima has set aside for us: the Westerner led into a situation he is permitted to know only so much of.

But the director has gone awry in balancing his film. He hints at a mysticism that the production gloss of a prestige film hardly accommodates. The eventual execution of the guard is recorded with a (habitual) lucid formality, yet an overtone of communion between the Dutchman and his assailant seems a crudely inserted precursor of the film's climax. The memory which Celliers relates to Lawrence, telling of the betrayal of his deformed brother in a school ritual, is the heart of the book; in the film it's reduced to a golden flashback that sites awkwardly in the crook of the story.

And the Western performers cannot strike the right note in Oshima's design. Bowie looks so concerned to underplay a role ripe for the grand flourish that he's finally stranded between stools, half staunchless young blade, half embittered figure of destiny: too actorly, and too easily competent.

Tom Conti makes a sympathetic Lawrence, and his scenes with Hara have a chemistry beyond professionalism about them; but his heavenward glances over every atrocity grow stilted, and when partnered with the makeshift jingoism of Hicksley-Ellis the British contingent starts to look lame.

Disappointing, perhaps, because Oshima is so good with actors — his masterpiece, *Diary Of A Shinjuku Thief*, operates mostly through brilliant performances — and from Takeshi and Sakamoto he draws riveting work. Takeshi's screen presence is so magnetic as to overpower the screen. Perhaps he is almost too likable, with that head like a Melies moon always capturing the frame's attention. Sakamoto, though, establishes precisely the turmoil of emotions in a terribly strict man: from the stencilled, breathtakingly handsome features through the viperous rasp of his English he seems like a man permanently clenched, shackled to contradictions he is reluctant to face.

The conflict between this responsiveness and the other, stylised playing damages the movie instead of tightening it. That and a certain uncaring dryness in Oshima's shooting, which only muddles the reflections on brutality and homosexuality instead of illuminating them.

Nevertheless, the film exerts a fascination and a life which two viewings made me realise was constant; and it is down to the director's faith in our intelligence. This is that rarity, a mainstream film which assumes our wisdom in participation. We are carefully guided, not shoved along by a circus of effects and commonplace thrills. Elements are concealed because our powers of interpretation are not insulted.

Something to be grateful for. What Oshima has attempted is, after all, unattainable: to recreate the movement of gods in men. "An ancient light, refuelled, quickened and brightly burning . . ." **Richard Cook**

ON THE BOX

Featuring the return of **IAN PENMAN!**

THURSDAY AUGUST 25

Car 54, Bewitched and **Soap (C4)** for American set-piece family comedy: actors whose names maybe never turn(ed) into star signs, but whose ensemble playing is always exemplary. In terms of secrets, skeletons and weird sex is there really a world of difference between Munsters, Addams, Tates and Campbells? **Tom & Jerry (BBC 1)** – in **Purrchance To Dream** – for American cat and meeces suppertime surrealism. Tom Bell simmers in **Out (C4)** – is Frank Ross mad or criminally moral? Whatever, the series has a Brit Mean Streets tension our drip-dry Film Industry could sure use. **What The Papers Say (C4)**: all too brief (too often flip and incestuous) armchair self-deconstruct – what the writers say the papers *should have* written; clashes with **1984 (BBC1)** – CBS News Correspondent Walter Cronkite saying what he sees 'our' Orwell foresaw for us (numerologists note: it adds up to 22). More newspeak or notspeak: **Lou Grant (Thames)** – just like Ed – gets blacklisted. The USA may have more shame to write about, but they've also got a higher quota of papers doing it less than shamefully – would that we could say the same.

FRIDAY AUGUST 26

The Monkees (BBC1 9.00 am) are at the movies: human cartoons. **Switch (C4)** = The The, The Special AKA, The Stray Cats. My supper shall be *False Hare* – **Bugs Bunny** (Bugs Bunny Corp 1) followed by more human cartoons: **The Spy In The Green Hat** (Joseph Sargent 1966); as a boy with full U.N.C.L.E. kit I saw David McCallum in the mirror, but Robert Vaughn is a hero in any role these days. If you think my Monkees (and) Uncle are in dubious taste, catch **Young Doctors (ITV)** – a purgative experience. **W.R.K.P. (C4)** is touching USA comedy, but no replacement for **Cheers**; boy, we miss Coach and Norm around here. Never mind, new **Taxi** season soon.

I Married A Witch (Rene Clair 1942). Veronica Lake a pre-*Bewitched* Samantha, Frederick March is her suitor, Robert Benchley is verbally hirsute. Was it "Women's Lib", we ask? Between burning heretics and burning bras (ha ha) our Witch went from evil Hag to soft-centred comedienne. **(C4).**

The Cheaters. Boris Karloff Presents 18th Century alchemy, looking glass violence and the horror of Truth. Let's hear it for the stoned philosopher. Versus part two of Tobe's TV **Salem's Lot (BBC1).**

Republic of Sin (Luis Bunuel 1959) Slice two of the season: South American political nightmares **(BBC2).**

SATURDAY AUGUST 27

Cram and Ovett stew in Brussels **(Grandstand, BBC1)**; Dickie Davies sports blinding new colour "hair" on the other side of Saturday afternoon. **Match of The Day (BBC1)** returns to put any remaining "soccer fans" off the game with Jimmy 'Call me Kissinger' Hill, and the rodent-like Barry Davies. Punters assure me of the Beeb's superior coverage, but I always preferred ITV's commentators. I'd much rather tune into Brian Moore, Ian St John and Jimmy Greaves. **When Comedy Was King** (Robert Youngson 1959) compiles everyone bar Rupert Pupkin. Repeat of the Day? **Blake's Seven** – the last (ever?) episode – beats **Catweazle (ITV)** on points. Man of the Match? **The Rockford Files (BBC1)** – in off the *post*-last orders line.

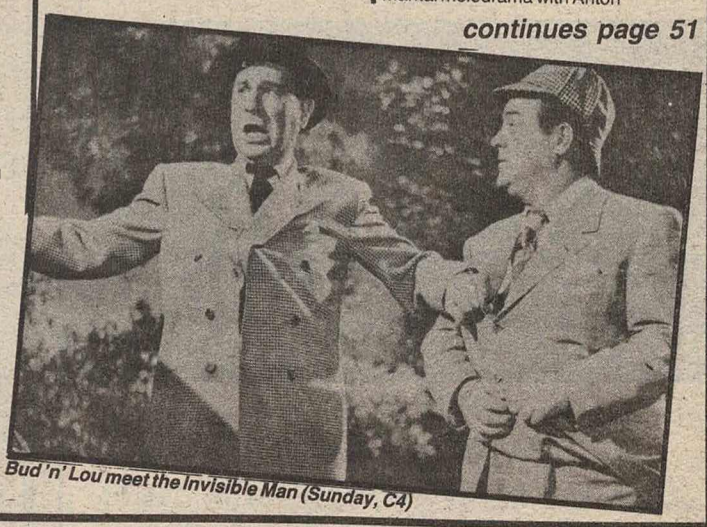
Rock Around The Clock (BBC2). Fifteen continuous hours of *anything* on TV – come to think of it, 15 continuous hours of anything, awake – is an unbearable thought. Fifteen continuous hours of BBC2's soporific-liberal Popular Music programming . . . forget it. At least C4 have rough edges (if not always diamonds) in their 'coverage' – they are getting close to *not* treating Rock/Pop as some kind of microcosmological bargain basement. But this – "David Hepworth, Mark Ellen, Anne Nightingale, Steve Blacknell and friends" (that "friends" is ominous) – would you choose to rock around the clock with those people? Some measure, some MADNESS, please, BBC. Forty-five minutes of Hendrix; a Marley documentary – if he wasn't being over-canonized at the moment; after this . . . after all, what binds such delicacies together with Roman Holliday or Spandau Ballet? Only a sociologist's dream. Basically this 'Rockathon' is just a rag bag of what's available: a bit of worthy (is Randy Newman a visually dynamic figure?) a bit of repeat, a bit of nostalgia, a bit of Live = What's Happening. No risk, no register.

SUNDAY AUGUST 28

Breadline Britain (ITV) and **The Bottom Line (C4)** survey this scuppered isle; have a nice Sunday! Edge of the seat for the conclusion of **The Fugitive**: will David Janssen get to smile? Buy a new anorak? **(ITV-Thames).**

Gaslight (Thorold Dickinson 1939) Marital melodrama with Anton

continues page 51



Bud 'n' Lou meet the Invisible Man (Sunday, C4)

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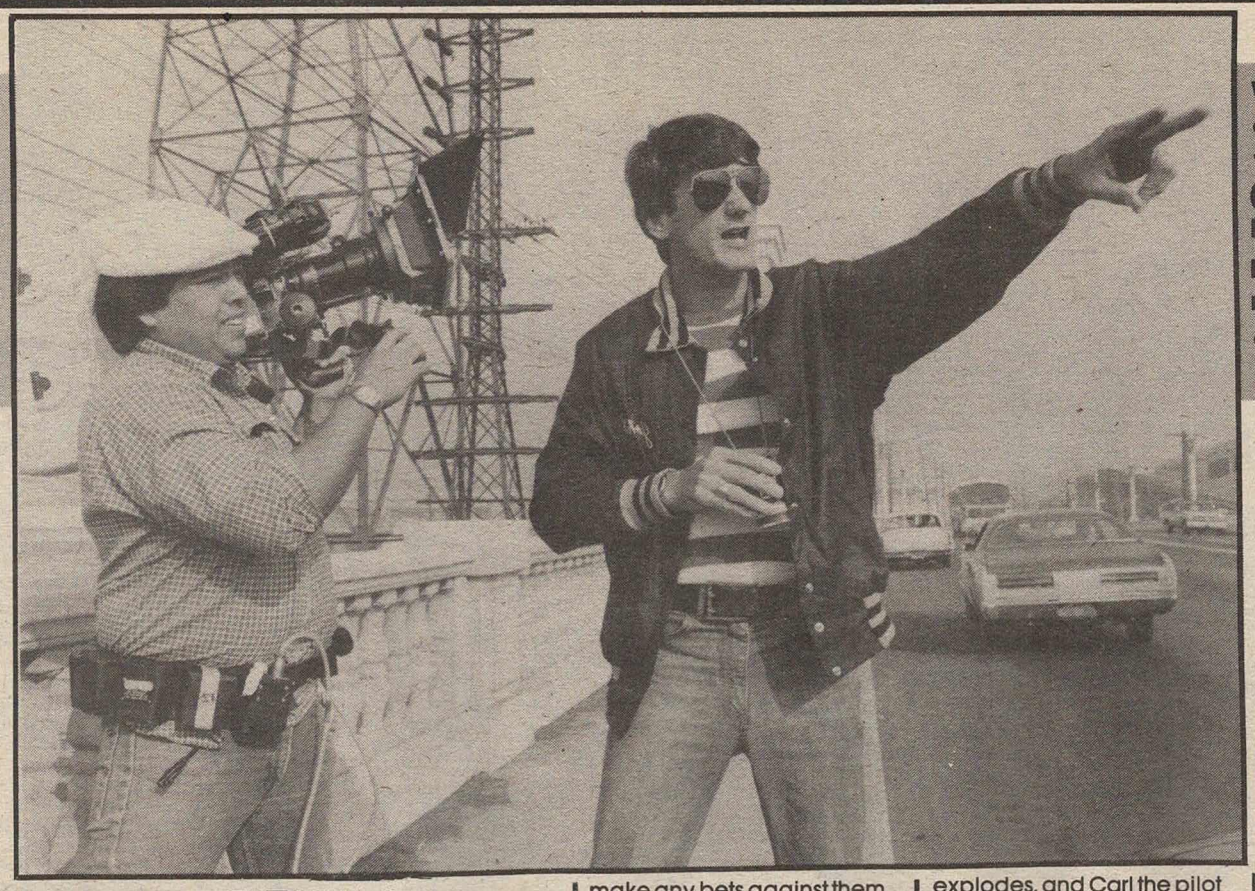
+ CREEPING TERROR 3.55, 8.10
Thursday 1st
THUNDERCRACK 2.15, 6.45
+ Curt McDowell's GAY SHORTS
4.45, 9.15



With two hit movies opening in as many weeks, JOHN BADHAM (arm aloft, left) is one of Hollywood's hottest properties. ANDY GILL meets the man they're calling the next Spielberg.

IN AN otherwise deserted street somewhere in downtown LA, a film crew is busily preparing for a shot.

Cameras and mikes are in place, stunt drivers are primed for action, and gigantic cranes suspend six huge hoppers over the street. A man wearing an outsize fake chicken head holds a big white flag in readiness. A cameraman consults his lightmeter and makes worried noises. It's winter in LA, and though there's no snow, good light is pretty hard to come by. If they don't get this shot soon, they'll have to call it off.

Finally, they're ready. Spools silently start turning, and a squad of cop cars roars down the street, each sliding neatly into its appointed place. The man with the chicken head waves his flag, and ... what should have been a torrent of roast chickens is reduced to a fine drizzle of poultry. There's 3000 of the farm-fresh, force-fed, fingerlickin' little beasties in those hoppers overhead, and only one of the damn things has spilled its load on cue.

When the groans subside, they decide to lower the hoppers, check their mechanisms and replace the fallen chickens. But before the hoppers reach the ground, something goes right at just the wrong moment, and the remaining five unleash a shower of fat and fowl.

It's a tough business, making movies.

The completed scene is one of the most surreal and funny to come out of Hollywood in some time, a brief tension-relieving moment of laughter in the final nail-biting chase sequence of *Blue Thunder*, an everyday story of an impregnable helicopter and corruption in high places.

The man with the chicken head is its director, John Badham.

Thus far, Badham's best known for *Saturday Night Fever*, though that state of affairs is liable to have changed by the end of the year. In the past two weeks, two Badham films have been released — *Blue Thunder* and *War Games* — and I wouldn't make any bets against them both being monster hits. For the time being, at least, no one has their finger as firmly on the pulse of film as he.

Most of the action — and I do mean *action* — in *Blue Thunder* takes place in the sky over Los Angeles, with Roy Scheider (good goodie) and Malcolm McDowell (great baddie) shooting it out in a full-blown chopper dogfight, taking out sizeable chunks of the city along the way. Wishful thinking, some would say. Filming over the metropolis, of course, presented extra problems for the director, besides the basic task of getting good aerial footage.

"When you get under 500 feet," explains Badham, "you have to clear out all pedestrians, motorists, everything — you can't go below that unless you're in a safe area like a landing field. So we had to make downtown Los Angeles like a landing field, and you can only do that on a Sunday, when everyone's home in bed, or in church, or out in the country. It was very expensive, because the crew was on double time, and to add insult to injury, as it was November or December, it didn't get light till late and got dark very early, so we had a very short amount of time to do a lot of work each Sunday.

"It'd be terrible to make a movie where you injured or killed someone, as happened last year on *The Twilight Zone*. We were working before that, but we knew we were doing very *very* dangerous things, and had to discuss with the City, the Police and with our own pilots about how we could do it safely. Everybody had to agree on the procedures to be taken, mostly a great deal of care and a great deal of constant communication like 'I'm flying the helicopter around the building; I'm now going to turn it right ...' — *everybody* knew what was going on.

"And you've *got* to have the best pilots in the world, otherwise all the discussing in the world won't get you anything."

Even so, things aren't always as smooth as synchromesh...

"We were 40 or 50 storeys above the ground, filming the scene where McDowell's helicopter sneaks up on Scheider's and is about to ambush him. As we're lining up the shot, the engine explodes, and Carl the pilot says 'Whoops! I'm going down!', in the calmest fashion.

"One of the things any helicopter pilot has to learn to do is auto-rotate, which means that even though the engine is shut off, there's still some lift in the rotor blades. Not much — it's not like a feather dropping to the ground, more like a rock — but the drop is cut a little bit by this. And because we had the parking lots below clear, and police blocking off pedestrians and traffic, we were safe, and he was able to set it down in the parking lot without incident. *Thank God!*'

This can't have been too reassuring for poor Malcolm McDowell, who's so terrified of flying he had a clause in his contract stating he didn't have to go in the air. No one, however, thought to tell Badham about this, and when the time came to do a simple take-off shot — chopper touches down, McDowell runs over, jumps in, chopper lifts off — McDowell couldn't pluck up enough courage to tell Badham whilst Roy Scheider was present.

He did the shot, and as soon as the chopper touched down again, he jumped out, ran into a corner and threw up. What with this and the several sets of aerial close-up shots he had to do, it's hardly surprising McDowell looks prematurely aged and ashen in the film. It's a tough business, making movies.

BADHAM HIMSELF was airborne "several hundred times", there being no effective substitute for the first-hand view. He did try out a remote video playback system, but it kept breaking down. There's a certain irony in this, both of his current movies using new technology as a central theme. For Badham, this is only to be expected:

"Part of the theme of both of these pictures is that all this technology is all well and good, but you have to know you're still responsible for how things go, that the technology *will* break down, and if you've put all your trust in it, you're in deep water. You have to depend on yourself more than on technology. We used to want to put all our faith in religion, or in our psychiatrist, or in technology — various things that are going to take our problems off our shoulders. And of course they never do.

"I personally love gadgets, I think they're great. They're more fun, y'know? Tell me a new video machine has some new things in it, or that a new tape recorder is smaller, and I'm looking at it and wanting to play with it. But I spend so much time taking them all to the store to be repaired!"

In *WarGames*, most of the plot unfolds on TV screens and other visual display units. How did he manage to extract action from something which takes place on screens?

"That's very tricky. You have to keep asking yourself, 'What's going on in the story? Does the audience understand what's going on?', because if they don't, you're totally lost. There's all kinds of information on those screens, but part of my job is to point up the key bits of information.

"There are 12 motion picture screens in the set, and 70 or 80 video screens, each one with its own separate pieces of information — a huge quantity of information going on, because we wanted it to look very real. But you only have so much tolerance for absorbing information, you can only catch so much in a fast-paced film, so it's important to be clear about what you're doing. Also, you're making it for an audience who don't necessarily understand that much about computers, so you have to give them a few hand-holds along the way, touchstones and things to help them know where they are and what's going on.

"Which is why Matthew Broderick (the teen hero of the movie), as he types things into his computer, is verbally repeating them. Nobody minds it, because they're absorbing the information. *Reading* it would be a bore. If we wanted people to read it, we'd put it out in the form of a book."

Badham was actually the second director on the *WarGames* project, the first, Martin Brest, being fired by MGM/UA for several reasons: "When the studio started to see footage, they were getting a much darker film than they wanted, the attitudes of the characters were much more depressed and blacker, there wasn't much humour in it." Besides which, it was going fearfully over budget.

"They called me up, said 'read the script, see the film, see what you think'. Once I read the script, I said 'This is great, this is a lot of fun!'. When I saw the film, I said 'Whoops! This *isn't* a lot of fun!'"

Badham went back to the early drafts of the script, which were much funnier, added a lot of humour himself, rewrote it in four or five days in collaboration with the original writers, and was on set directing within ten days of first hearing about it.

It's this ability to work quickly under pressure, in partnership with others, that makes Badham such a valuable director in these big-budget days. The notion

CONTINUES PAGE 53

HOLLYWOOD CHICKENHEAD!

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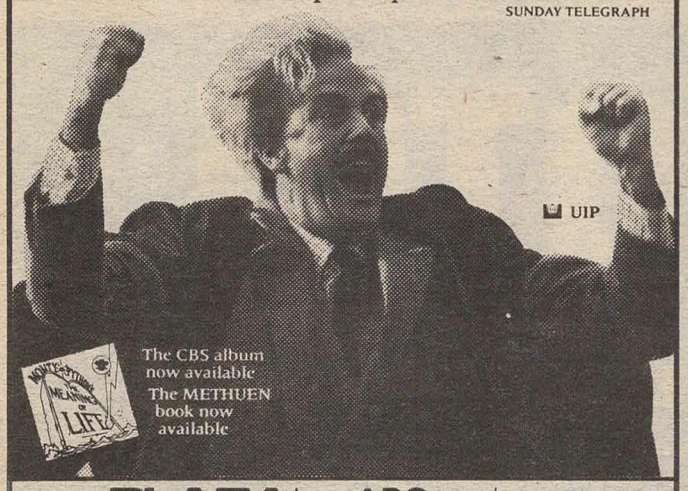
SUNDAY TELEGRAPH



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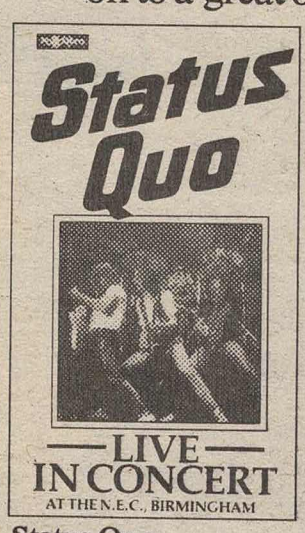

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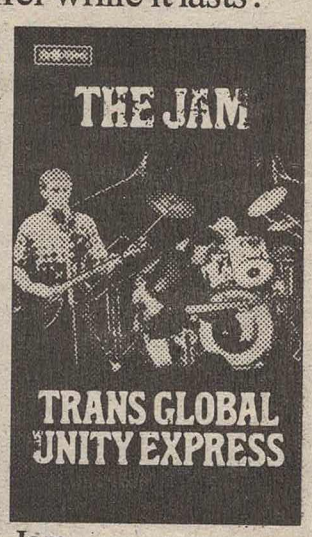

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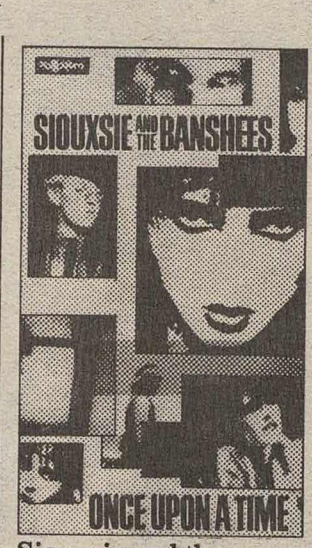

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WHSMITH

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**From the mists of Geordieland t
Prefab Sprout, The Daintees an
the sound of Kitchenware Reco
where does Martin Luther King
THRILLS (bonny words) and BL
find out just what is cooking in T**

THE PHOTOS Right: Head cook at the Kitchen, KEVIN ARMSTRONG. Below: TAFFY of HURRAH! Main pic: PAUL & MARTIN of THE KANE GANG. Far right: MARTIN, MARTIN & CHRIS of THE DAINTEES. Over the page: MARTIN, PADDY & WENDY of PREFAB SPROUT.

ON THE TOP floor of a high-rise council block with a stunning panoramic view of Newcastle's dockland skyline, a young man sits with his nose buried in a book. On an adjacent stereo system, the Donny Hathaway version of Bob And Marcia's anthemic '69 reggae hit 'Young, Gifted And Black' is spinning softly.

The young man is Keith Armstrong, head chef at the city's ambitious, aggressive independent record label Kitchenware.

He is reading about the life of Martin Luther King and reflecting to himself how the pride and self-respect that King helped instil in a generation of black Americans during the late '60s was in sharp contrast with the mood of hopeless resignation that exists in Britain now.

King's creed was hardly ever intended for a fiercely idealistic upstart bent on chanting down the plastic walls of shallow pap that pass as modern music, but Armstrong nonetheless takes inspiration from his example.

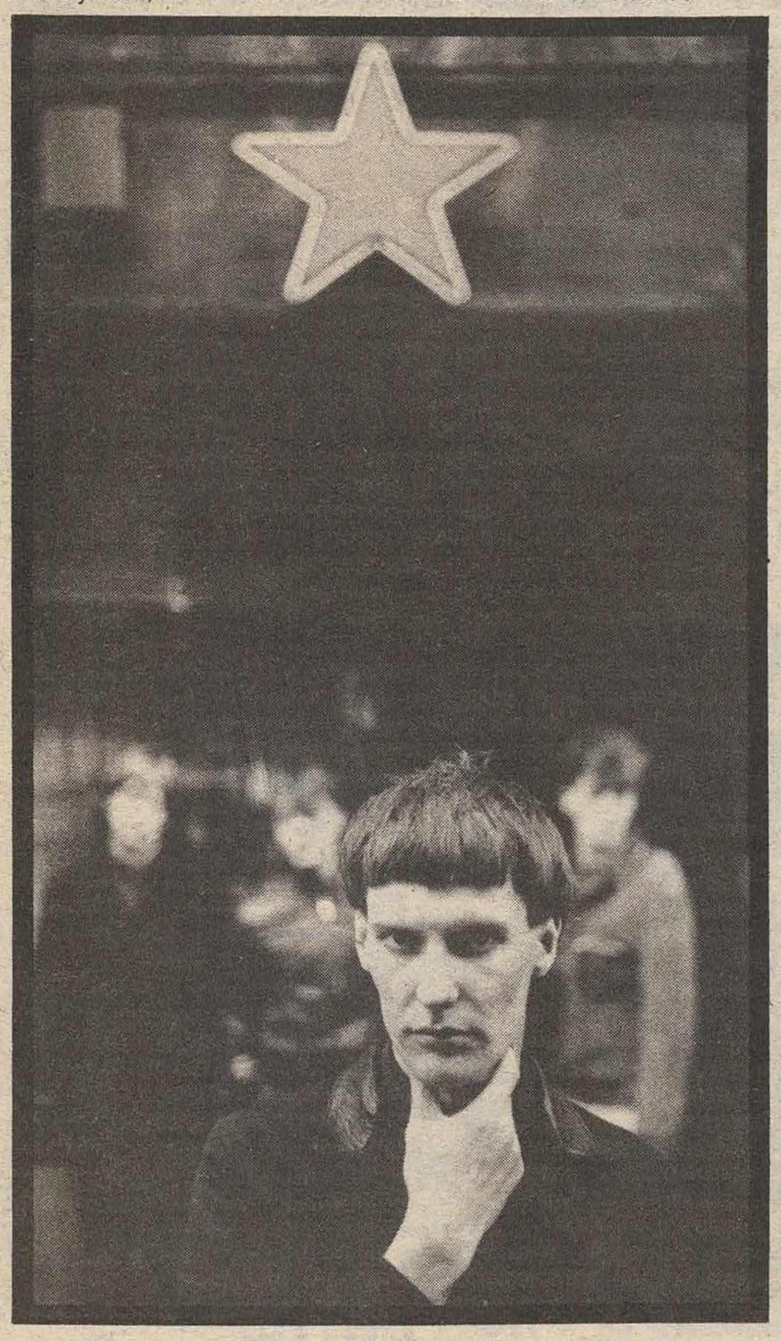
Looking across the room towards the stereo, his spirits are lifted by the sentiments seeping from the speakers: "*To be young, gifted and black is where it's at . . .*" His gaze drifts to a couple of smartly packaged singles in his record rack. They are the debut singles by two local groups, Hurrah! and The Daintees, released last summer on Kitchenware.

If his label is to make a mark, he vows, it will be with a similar brand of loud, passionate optimisim.

THE SUN SHINES HERE

THREE MONTHS later, fire in his eyes and a tremor of impatience in his soft voice, Keith is sitting in the same room with a view.

With disarming directness, he is talking about Kitchenware. Over in the vinyl rack, the Hurrah! and Daintees records are now stacked beside two more singles on the label, the debuts by Prefab Sprout and The Kane Gang.



"Everyone involved with Kitchenware is positive about what we are doing. It's important to us to have pride, even when things seem to be going against us. We are searching for the spirit that you found on records like 'Young, Gifted And Black', 'Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy' and 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud'. It's not only the spirit that is lacking in most music today, it's the spirit that was missing in the election, the spirit that is missing in this country."

As a symbol of the pride and dignity he is striving for, Keith put a portrait of Martin Luther King on the sleeves of the Kane Gang single and used the phrase "young, gifted and black" on the label. It seems preposterous, of course, to draw a parallel between the aims of an independent record label on which all the musicians are white and the struggles of the civil rights movement.

It could easily be taken as a presumptious, patronising affront – but Keith is at least aware of the torrent of criticism he could be inviting.

"It certainly is not racist," he says. "I completely detest all forms of racism, even down to the issue of any national passport, and I know that I could justify using that slogan to anyone who came up to me. It's just that the phrase 'young, gifted and black' totally encapsulates the spirit that we are striving for, that pride in yourself.

"A slogan like that is important to how we regard ourselves. We share the sentiments expressed in the song, feeling proud even when people are trying to shit on you from a great height. It expresses our refusal to be kept down by the recession. So many people have just accepted the recession and use it as an excuse to justify being miserable and depressed, but it doesn't have to be like that.

"You have to be positive about things."

THE SOUL KITCHEN

KITCHENWARE grew out of a club run by Keith, his partner Paul Ludford and Phil Mitchell called The Soul Kitchen. Thoroughly frustrated by the lack of an adventurous live venue in the city, the three of them threw open the Kitchen doors at the Casablanca Club in the summer of '81.

The first group they booked were The Fire Engines, with Keith personally leafleting every pub and bar in the locality to ensure that the evening was a sold-out success. Subsequent shows by Orange Juice, Josef K, The Jazzateers, New Order and Blue Rondo established The Soul Kitchen as something special and gave an ailing, reactionary local scene a sorely needed shot of adrenalin.

The Soul Kitchen – "It's not sarcastic, all great music is soulful" – was a great success. It was only an occasional club, switching its location regularly with the kind of hit-and-run nomadism of London's Dirtbox, but it spawned a healthy activism.

Dancers were invited to bring their own records and groups encouraged to cut out the rip-off middle men by promoting their own dates. The club also branched out beyond the usual confines of a live show by incorporating slides, videos and photographic exhibitions into an evening's entertainment.

More importantly, The Soul Kitchen acted as a focal point: it brought together local groups, designers and artists and fired Keith Armstrong's imagination. When it closed in August '82 after being open exactly one year, the next steps had already been mapped out.

The last two shows at The Soul Kitchen featured The Bluebells and Aztec Camera, the former supported by Hurrah! and the latter by The Daintees, the two bands whose debut singles were to mark the start of Kitchenware as a label.

KITCHENWARE

AS INDEPENDENT labels go in 1983, Kitchenware is virtually unique. Smart, colourful, uncompromising and idealistic, it builds on a tradition that dates back to post-punk labels like Fast, Zoo and Postcard, but shuns the inverted snobbery that characterises the independent scene. Its quality control standards would shame any of the majors while its horizons extend far further afield than the cottage labels that occupy the grubby ghetto of the weekly indies chart.

Though he is a slightly reluctant catalyst, Keith is essential to the character and credibility of the label. At the age of 24, he is very much the man behind the men behind the music.

Newcastle born and bred, he works by day as manager of the large HMV record shop in the city centre. He was previously in charge of the company's Derby branch, where he became their youngest ever manager after taking an EMI-sponsored course in marketing. The course entailed spending weeks on the road with sales reps and radio pluggers, vital experience that has served him well in setting up Kitchenware. An idealist at heart, he is far from naive, his enthusiasm being matched by an acute understanding of the seedier side of the music business.

He sees Kitchenware as more than just a record label. It is also a management company, looking after the interests of all four of the bands, and a focus for local artists, designers and film-makers. The first Kitchenware product – SK1 – was actually a video made for Tyne-Tees TV of Hurrah!, Orange Juice and The Fire Engines at The Soul Kitchen. Additional activities extend to cassette compilations of otherwise-unavailable material and even an occasional magazine that is sent to all those writing to the label.

Armstrong is prepared to seek outside help from time to time, but only on his own terms. He has turned down offers from WEA for Prefab Sprout and Phonogram for Hurrah! and The Daintees, but recently signed a distribution deal with London Records for the Kane Gang single 'Brother Brother'. A publishing advance received from April Music for Hurrah!, The Daintees and Prefab Sprout has already been put to use improving the label's rehearsal and office facilities in Newcastle.

One label with which Kitchenware is often compared is Postcard, although there are marked differences between the two set-ups, not least in Armstrong's greater understanding of business matters. But as someone who booked every Postcard band into The Soul Kitchen and became a friend of the label's Scottish *svengali* Alan Horne, he doesn't deny that they were an influence. His respect and affection for the now-defunct Glaswegian independent, however, is tempered with criticism.

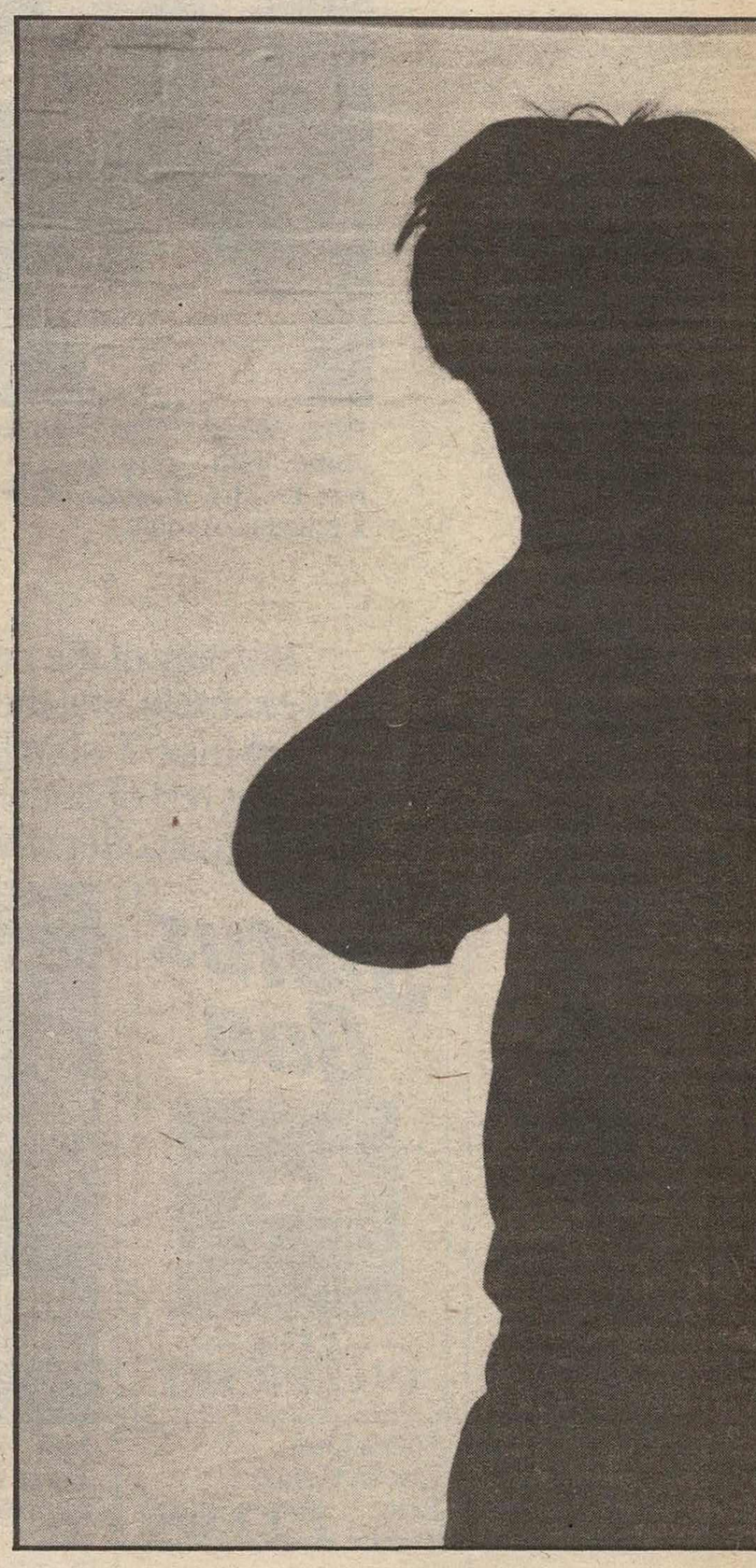
"One of the problems with Postcard was that Alan wanted to be as big a star as Edwyn Collins. He also tried to impose his own musical tastes on his bands too much. He'd get them to do cover versions of his favourite songs, which was too close to manipulation for my liking. If anything, I try and get them to bring out and exaggerate what is already there."

He claims his approach is closer to a McLarenesque mode of operation, though a more acute analogy might be with the combination of philosophy and propaganda with which Steve Dagger initially attracted media attention to Spandau Ballet.

Armstrong's most obvious attention grabber is his sloganeering. The label was launched on a wave of catchphrases, many of them lifted from the lyrics of Hurrah! songs, and the trait has continued, his current favourite being the accusatory "*are you scared to get happy*?"

As long as they are not taken too seriously, the slogans are fine. There is a danger, though, that the theory could become so over-stated that it starts to over-shadow the groups themselves. Again, Keith seems aware of the pitfalls.

"In a way, it's just playing the media at their own game. To a lot of people, music is secondary these days to image and we're just making fun of that with the slogans. You have to get noticed, even if it means kicking people in the bollocks to do so, which is why we sometimes



YOUNG, GIFTED

hey came . . . The Kane Gang, d Hurrah! Newcastle is calling with rds. But does it taste good? And come into all this? ADRIAN EDDYN BUTCHER (canny snaps) The Soul Kitchen.

come up with preposterous slogans."

The Kitchenware story to date can be divided into two phases, the first being the launch of Hurrah! and The Daintees last year, the second the consolidation provided this summer by The Kane Gang and Prefab Sprout. All four bands, however, are treated on an individual basis by the label. So different are all four musically, that it would be pointless in trying to foster any kind of label "sound' or even assume a smug 'family' identity.

"All the bands are there for a different reason," says Keith. "But between the four of them, you've got all the qualities that you look for in music. Hurrah! are the big conscience, the Daintees are the big fun, Sprout are the big songwriting talent and The Kane Gang are the toughness."

HURRAH!

IN A small soundproofed rehearsal room in Clayton Street on the outskirts of Newcastle's main shopping precinct, Hurrah! hold their jangling guitars high on the chest and run through a short, melodic set for the benefit of the *NME*.

The sound is pert and piercing. The Orange Juice shadows that have always haunted the group are hard to sweep totally under the carpet, although their stinging guitars and vicious snare drum cutbacks are closer to a more tuneful version of The Fire Engines.

A quartet, their debut single 'The Sun Shines Here'/'I'll Be Your Surprise' was the first record on the label when it was released a year ago. Their involvement with the collective began long before that, though. They were regulars at The Soul Kitchen and later helped Armstrong and his partners to build the Clayton Street studio.

The three original members of the band, guitarists Paul Handyside and Taffy Hughes and bassist David Porterhouse, have been together for three years, initially as The Green-Eyed Children. Drummer Damien Mahoney is a more recent addition, coming to the group after a series of unhappy experiences in Dick Witts' Mancunian ensemble The Passage.

Their singles – the debut plus the current 'Hip Hip'/'Flowers' - portray Kitchenware's rugged, uncontrived optimism at its purest, although the group are far from happy with either of them.

"They don't really give an accurate impression of what we're like," says Paul. "The new one is a step up, but it's still not quite what we want. We wanted a rougher sound, but it's hard to combine that with the level of quality that we're striving for. We want to get daytime radio play, because it's vital to get this kind of noise onto stations like Radio One. There's got to be room for this kind of thing in a wider arena."

Are they affected at all by the constant Orange Juice comparisons?

"It's not an insult, because we do like a lot of early Orange Juice records," says Taffy. "But I don't think it is really accurate. Maybe we both listen to a few Byrds tracks, but it doesn't go much further than that. Orange Juice were almost deliberately bad at times and we've never gone along with that kind of amateurishness. It is possible to be rough and maintain a certain quality at the same time."

Over tea and cake in the interview cafe, Hurrah! veil their natural buoyancy with a morose shyness. Beneath their reticence, though, lurks a deep desire to do things *their* way without moving too close to the chart mainstream.

"It might take time to become successful without compromising," says Paul. "But we are hopeful. It took daytime radio three years to play New Order and Orange Juice, but they got there in the end. I'm not saying that we're never going to sign with a major record label or anything like that. It's just a question of finding the right label and the right people."

THE DAINTEES

FROM LONNIE Donnegan to Johnny Thunders, Hank Williams to Hank Marvin, The Velvet Underground to The Ventures and Roddy Frame to Roddy Radiation, nobody plays old guitar licks with as much fresness as The Daintees' wide-eyed rosy-faced frontman Martin Stephenson.

On the stage of a graffiti-strewn community centre in their home town of Sunderland, The Daintees refresh the parts of rock'n'roll history that no one under the age of 20 should even know about.

They are playing in this concrete cell known colloquially as The Bunker for the purpose of a live recording, possibly a six-track mini LP for future release on Kitchenware. They had the chance to use a local studio, but felt that the live setting suited their exuberance far better.

Now down to a trio – they were a quartet when they recorded their sole single 'Roll On Summertime'/'Involved With Love' – The Daintees possess an innocence and vibrancy that is, as yet, untainted by the corrupting forces of the beat business.

In trimming their line-up down to just guitarist Martin, bassist Chris and drummer Marty, the group have given their music greater impetus and drive, the softer resonances of the single now detectable only on a couple of the tracks they play live.

"The music is a lot more gutsy now," says Martin. "We probably got a bit bored of being soft all the time. I think we've been influenced a bit by rehearsing in the same place as a lot of the local punk bands. I've always thought we're more of a live band than a studio one anyway. When we go into the studio, we can't always capture the excitement that we feel live. We're not like Paul Weller who can practically live in a studio, so we lack experience.

"I can't get used to the fact that you pick a day, 2 October say and you have to be in the mood to record your song that day. It just doesn't work like that with us."

The one occasion that they did manage to summon up the spontaneity came when they recorded their single. It was made the same day as Hurrah! cut their debut, The Daintees nipping into the

studio and completing their two tracks in single takes while their labelmates were out for lunch.

Though they have toured with Aztec Camera and recorded some unsatisfactory demos for Phonogram, The Daintees treat their music essentially as a hobby, something they are loathe to analyse in an *NME* interview. Influences? Aims? Attitudes? Talking about things like that simply isn't on their list of priorities.

"I don't really care about what people say about us," concludes Martin. "Some will like us and some won't. What's the point of worrying. We'll just keep on playing and whatever happens will happen!"

THE KANE GANG

IF THE first part of the Kitchenware campaign started with the ripples being made by the spiky pop of Hurrah! and The Daintees, then phase two began in the wilds of rural Durham. It was here that Adam raised a Kane, a gang of three bred on gumball machines and inspired largely by the power and purity of gospel music.

The Kane Gang are vocalists Paul Woods and Martin Brammer – the latter no relation to the former Fall person – and versatile multi-instrumentalist Dave Brewis. Despite their lack of a contrived image or the looks necessary to project any kind of snappy photogenic facade, The Kane Gang are currently Kitchenware's great commercial hope. The distribution deal with London is a sign of their willingness to make a shrewd concession without compromising either their ideals or the morals of the label.

As a band, The Kane Gang are linked inextricably with their environment. They sing of pain and neglect, their music a perfect soundtrack to the decay and desolation wrecked by the recession on the small valley towns and mining villages of their native north-east. In songs like 'Amusement Park' and 'Mighty Day', they angrily acknowledge the wrongs, but never lose sight of the hope and humour that still survives the suffering.

This is the small town creed, expressed with a gritty, demented vocal passion rooted in gospel and set to a blistering white funk score that acknowledges the influence of George Clinton, Sly Stone and The Gap Band without being overtly copyist.

Apart from the drumming – which is provided by Daniel Jones, a guest from Prefab Sprout – all the instruments are played by Dave. If there is a criticism, it is an occasional messiness, the single being one example: it is far from sloppy, but it would certainly benefit from a tighter, more aggressive mix.

The three group members have been together from school, originally as The Reptile House and then as The Kings Of Cotton, the latter playing live around the Sunderland area with the aid of backing tapes. They eventually attracted the attention of Armstrong who, by then, had already started Kitchenware.

The very name of the group was an early indication of their infatuation with American gospel music. It is a genuine influence, but one which reveals certain flaws and contradictions when put under scrutiny. What, for example, have three lads from just outside Sunderland got in common with a music that only makes true sense in the Bible Belt that runs through the states of the Deep South?

CONTINUES OVER

...AND...WHITE?

SOUL KITCHEN

CONTINUED

"We're just trying to create some atmosphere," says the instrumentalist Dave, a little defensively. "I loved the sound of spirituals like 'Oh Happy Day' by The Edwyn Hawkins Singers. I just wanted to try and recreate a bit of that, without ripping anything off."

The obvious comeback is that the Kanes are meddling with something that they can never fully understand, a music that in its most pure forms they can never hope to equal, let alone adapt and better.

"But there is nothing wrong with taking certain elements of a music and utilising it in your own way," argues Martin. "The only reason that Paul and I sing the way we do is because we feel comfortable doing it. We wouldn't feel right singing like the bloke out of Depeche Mode. It suits our voices to sing the way we do.

"We don't do the same thing as groups like the Staple Singers, even though we admire them tremendously. There's no way that a group like the Staples would write about contemporary subjects or about living in a small town just outside Sunderland."

In fact, The Staples, in addition to some of their more spiritual tunes, *did* write some songs of immense social significance, but the general point that the Kanes are trying to make is clear.

"People can say all they like about lads from the north-east soiling their hands with soul and gospel. I think we've got a hell of a lot to do with it, even down to our circumstances. I'm not trying to glamourise the industrial North-East, but living in the back end of beyond like we do probably isn't that different from strumming out the blues on your front porch in one of the Southern states. What's so strange about someone from Sunderland having a similar kind of feel for things?

Are they aware of the flak they could be laying themselves open to by being so blatant about the gospel influences?

"I think we are," says Paul. "That's one of the reasons that the next few songs we do will move away from that slightly. None of us is particularly religious, so there are times when we feel a bit uncomfortable with it, but you can't become too over-conscious of it."

The group place great emphasis on the spontaneity of the singing, Paul and Martin take turns to improvise over a basic vocal line.

"We try to be as natural as we can," says Martin. "You can't decide to stop the mix at a certain point and throw a scream in. We also don't rehearse very much. If we rehearsed three times a week, we'd probably lose some of the anger and feeling. If you rehearsed the screaming, it might become clinical."

Though they are nothing like any of the other Kitchenware bands musically, the Kanes share the uncompromising idealism that is one of the label's hallmarks. They lack a glossy visual image, something that has already caused a few interesting confrontations. They are fond of relating a tale of how a team from Channel Four's *Switch* show travelled up to Newcastle to watch them rehearse and were shocked to find that they did not look like Wham! There was no talk of tarting themselves up for the TV cameras, however, and the group recorded a slot for the show in all their small-town glory last week.

"We're coming up against people who expect us to do things in a certain way," says Paul. "We just tell them that we won't do them, unless we can do them our way. I just don't see the point in doing anything that you don't feel comfortable with."

PREFAB SPROUT

THE NAME, of course, is wilfully awkward.

It is also totally apt for a group who seem to go out of their way to be unconventional rather than straightforward. Their penchant for the unorthodox, however, has not clouded the judgement of the many critics who deem Prefab Sprout the true jewel in the Kitchenware crown.

Among them is no less a commentator than one Elvis Costello who, on a recent edition of Gary Crowley's *Magic Box* radio show, lauded their single 'Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)'/'Radio Love' as one of the best he had heard all year.

Originally issued on the group's own Candle label and then picked up by Kitchenware, 'Lions' is a typical sprout song. The instrumentation is simple enough – acoustic guitar, bass, drums and a smattering of vibes – but the structure completely ignores the conventional verse-chorus pattern, the meandering melody line taking more than a cursory listen before it connects. The lyrics, too, are slightly unusual, almost surreal, the title being something of a puzzle in itself with the first letter of each word combining to spell the name of the French town Limoges, the subject of the song!

So who are Prefab Sprout, and why have they been playing unheralded around the pubs, clubs and colleges of County Durham for almost four years without making any significant impact until now?

Another quartet, the group are singer, guitarist and songwriter supreme Paddy McAloon, his bass-playing brother Martin, second vocalist Wendy Smith and drummer Daniel James, the latter also a part-time member of the Kane Gang. They have actually been together since 1977, while McAloon claims to have had the name since 1974! Patience might be a virtue, but this is taking it to ludicrous extremes!

Now that they have made that all-important Kitchenware connexion, the Prefab Four are all set to make up for lost time. They are currently recording an album, 'Swoon', in an Edinburgh studio for late autumn release, while a second single 'The Devil Has All The Best Tunes'/'Walk On' is already complete.

Despite his unnaturally long apprenticeship, Paddy McAloon, at 24, is still relatively young, and in the interview cafe, he certainly comes across with the vigour and determination of one who still has everything to prove . . . things like being the best songwriter in Britain.

"It might sound a bit pompous, but I really am ambitious to be acknowledged as the best. It's not that I think I'm as good as the real greats – people like Steven Sondheim, Burt Bacharach and Paul McCartney – but when I look at the competition around at the moment, I don't really see anybody to fear."

This guy obviously isn't pulling his punches, something that becomes clearer as he starts to write off one of the more celebrated contenders.

"When you compare some of those great songwriters with people like Paul Weller, you realise just how low the standards have sunk. The sentiments of something like 'Say A Little Prayer' or even 'Alfie' are better expressed, musically and lyrically, than anything Weller has ever done. He talks about emotion and heart, but I don't think I've ever seen anything with less emotion than the Respond package!"

What is it that he admires in the work of someone like Sondheim that makes him so superior to anyone around now?

"What I like about Sondheim is that he can put a set of precise emotions into a song lasting a certain number of minutes. If he had an odd shaped sentiment, he would construct an odd shaped melody to accomodate it. There was never any sense of it being a happy accident."

Asked to come up with a recent song fit to rank alongside the old masters, McAloon racks his brains before coming up with a couple, 'Party Fears Two' by The Associates and 'War Crimes' by The Special AKA.

"Both those songs were great because they broke the mould. In their structure, sound and harmony, they were both revolutionary compared with everything else around. I remember the interview in the *NME* in which Roddy Frame was saying that he'd given up trying to find unconventional structures in favour of a more direct songwriting style. Sometimes there is a pressure on me to do that, but I would rather be more adventurous. There are too many songs in which the writer is being pushed into saying a certain thing just by the shape of the rhythm, like with all the rock dance rhythms around at the moment."

McAloon's desire to elevate the art is admirable, although not always successful. A Prefab song will often get lost in its own complexities or an unorthodox chord change that tries the patience of the listener. Isn't he placing craft about accessiblity and emotion?

"Not really, because all my songs are written straight from the heart. In some ways, it is more contrived to write a song in the verse-chorus-bridge style that most people seem to favour. At the same time, the people who I respect most are those who can combine being adventurous with being commercial. I don't think our songs are clever in the avant-garde sense.

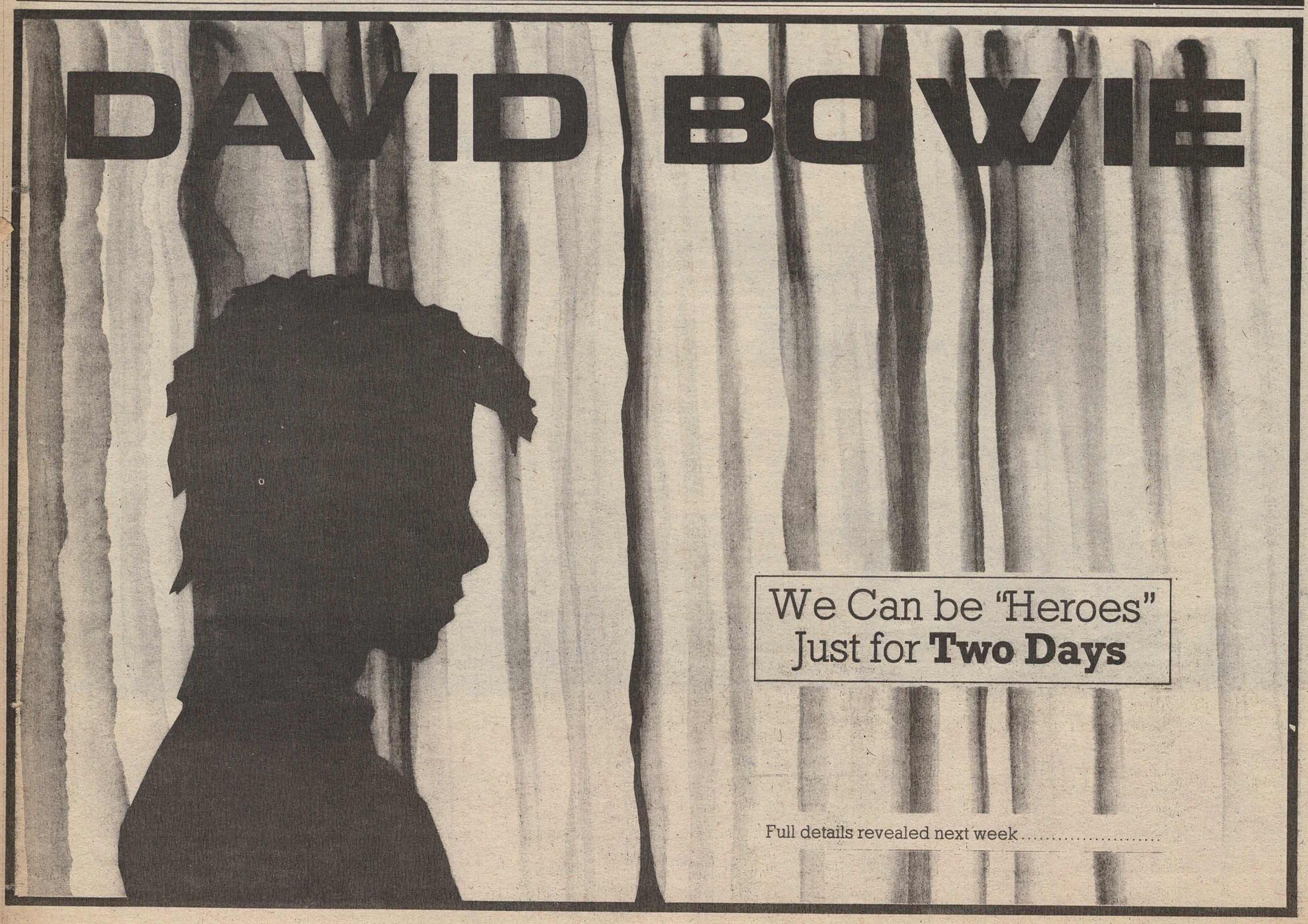
"I like playing around with songs and titles. 'Lions' was written about my girlfiend being away at university in Limoges. I just saw the word Limoges written down on an envelope and tried to see what kind of phrase I could make from the letters.

"One of the best phrases became the title of the song, 'Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)', which might not mean anything literally, but it does convey the sense of someone leaving and another person being vulnerable as a result of that. I hope that doesn't sound too clever-clever, because I still think it is quite an easy song.

"The conservatism of the A&R men is one of the reasons why we're staying on an independent label for the time being. When the LP comes out and people get a chance to really listen to the songs, I'm confident enough that they will see the quality in them. Just because the LP's on Kitchenware and not WEA doesn't mean it will be something that we're going to be ashamed of in five years time. It will be true to what the songs are about and it will be good."

Like the unwavering Paddy McAloon, Kitchenware's Keith Armstrong is confident and determined. The groups on his label might be flawed in places, but in 1983 they are undoubtedly important. With pop currently in an awful rut, both morally and musically, Kitchenware are a beacon of sanity.

Are *you* scared to get happy?



LPs

LONG PLAYERS

VAUGHAN TO BE WILD

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE

Texas Flood (*Epic*)

DAVID BOWIE didn't discover Stevie Ray, the power blues specialist who by the sound of this solo LP was sorely tempered on Bowie's tepid 'Let's Dance'. It was the legendary John Hammond, who previously sponsored Billie Holiday, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen among others. (Hammond has been telling the press that in the ten years *since* Springsteen, Stevie Ray is the first "decent human being" he's run across in the biz).

The executive legend also served as Executive Producer for this debut — which comes across as amazingly powerful considering it involves only three musicians, eight days and two overdubs. Rare of course is the Austin musician of note who can't knock your socks off when he tries: the state that gave us Ornette Coleman, the Legendary Stardust Cowboy, T-Bone Walker, Bobby Blue Bland, Question Mark, Doug Sahm, Junior Parker and Sam The Sham (*you forgot Joe Ely — Ed*) is quite a proving ground. But Vaughan (whose brother plays with The Fabulous Thunderbirds) produces Dixie-fried fireworks that constitute an entire raucous roadhouse of their own. He's abetted by bassist Tommy Shannon and drummer Chris Layton.

Vocally, he sounds more like Johnny Cash after he's had a finger stuck in the wall socket for some hours than he does like a 'real' bluesman: it's those mighty, mightily gutsy gee-tar doodlings that have attracted the attention. They've earned him some obvious Hendrix comparisons (and his cover of the Isley's 'Testify' does recall Hendrix). But neither subtlety or invention are Vaughan's strong suits — this is still real downhome Texas barbeque boogie. Personally the only track I just can't take is his overwhelmingly successful (American) single 'Pride And Joy' (*"She's my sweet lil thang/She's my pride and joy/She's my sweet lil baby/I'm her Little lover boy"*).

But even cloth ears and the most hostile of hearts would have to rate the cantina-rumbler 'Rude Mood', the mean, blue and trembling 'Dirty Pool' and a tranquil closer called 'Lenny' (a serenade to the wife). Undeniable virtuosities aside, though, the LP's sleeve — sort of a desert portrait which evokes those Spanish paintings on black velvet — promises a clearer image than the music inside actually delivers. But that music certainly radiates *ambition* most robustly. Which, I suspect, is why Stevie and the Thin Worried Salesperson came to a parting of the ways.

Cynthia Rose

Depeche's Dave Gahan sails forth to attack capitalism. Pic Anton Corbijn

UPLIFTING NEW BUILDINGS

DEPECHE MODE

Construction Time Again (*Mute*)

"LOTS OF surprises in store/ This isn't a party/ It's a whole lot more," sings Dave Gahan in 'More Than A Party'. It's a song from 'Construction Time Again', Depeche Mode's third album, easily their best yet.

First impressions: the sleeve of last year's 'A Broken Frame' portrayed a peasant woman wielding a sickle over a dauntingly endless steppe of wheat. No big deal, laughed the Basildon boys at the time; it was just a pretty picture. Come the next witch-trials, they won't be able to offer any such flimsy excuse for 'Construction Time Again'. Again beautifully photographed by Brian Griffin, a hero of socialist realism stands poised atop a mountain crag, his hammer raised aloft. And you thought British Leyland had problems: *"There was a time/When all on my mind was love/Now I find/That most of the time/ Love's not enough/ In itself"* ('Love, In Itself').

You'll find no 'Meaning Of Love', 'See You', or even 'Leave In Silence' here; 'Construction Time Again' avoids the personal. It's on its soapbox, thinking aloud about the world and its woes with a voice in equal measure acute, uncertain, naive and gauche. But there's an honesty, almost a shyness, that convinces you that Depeche Mode *aren't* just another bunch of two-bit pop stars sounding off the party line to garner some intellectual credibility.

Indeed, in today's escapism, a right-on attitude stands low in the list of chart cert ingredients. And so it must be to Mode's credit that they have abandoned the evergreen moon-June formula which has brought them thus far so enjoyably in favour of a thought-provoking breach of teen-dream etiquette. Who would have thought it? Would ABC take such a risk? Would Roxy? Would Bowie?

To me 'Everything Counts' is Mode's best ever single, and undeniably one of their biggest hits. Yet the nation didn't clutch it to its bosom to endorse its analysis of how capitalism can only thrive on the most selfish motives. It sold because it combines edgy and poignant melodies held in thrilling tension; a tough, urgent dancebeat; and a gleamingly modern sound with an element of quirkiness to mark it out in the crowd. And the same goes for every other track on the album.

Alan Wilder's 'Two Minute Warning', one of a pair of his compositions here, is a dreamlike anticipation of the Big One, set in a haunting melody whose transition from verse to chorus *explodes* in one of those breathtakingly uplifting moments so beautiful because so rarely heard.

'And Then. . .' is similarly inspired. An Oriental percussion motif, like Chinese water torture or ringing hammer blows (note the symbolism) introduces the song. Variations of this idea, evoking the two linked concepts of the Communist East and tireless industry ('Construction Time Again' — geddit?), thread through the whole LP. 'And Then. . .' continues with a contrapuntal synth-bass line which flexes and drives the song onwards through the verses of weary despair, then *upwards* into a soaring chorus of shimmeringly spacious rapture reminiscent of The Police at their best. At such moments you would believe Mode can fly.

What else? Dave Gahan's voice resounds with unsuspected strength and subtlety, and Martin Gore must now be regarded amongst our premier songwriters. The sounds and textures Mode's Gore, Fletcher and Wilder coax from their synthesisers and associated hardware are so rich and various that Messrs Heaven, League and Clarke appear by comparison somewhat *primitive*. European *tonmeisters* like Kraftwerk and Yello's Blank had better look to their sequencers.

Like one of '83's other great LPs, Soft Cell's 'Art Of Falling Apart', 'Construction Time Again' demonstrates how obsolete the term "electro-pop" has now become. Depeche Mode have made a bold and lovely pop record. Simple as that.

Mat Snow

ZAIRE PEP STEPPERS

FRANCO ET ROCHEREAU

Choc Choc Choc 1983

PABLO LUBADIKA PORTHOS

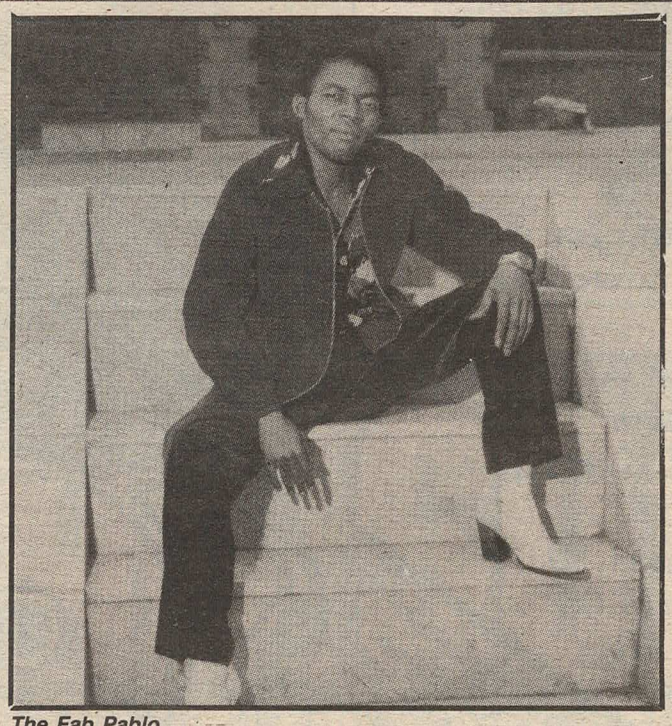
Idie

Revient En Force

(Dist. by Earth Works)

THIS MEETING of Franco and Rochereau, the Kings of Zairean swing, is guaranteed to generate hip-swinging, shoe-shuffling ecstasy among the patrons of the nation's more enlightened dance floors. Swim in that sea of rippling guitars, soar along on those harmonies and wind up your waist to a bassie whose punch is well below the belt.

'Choc Choc Choc 1983' consists of four sides of sublime rhythmic and ambient sensuality. Put together to celebrate the onstage cooperation in Brussels and Paris of 'Le Grande Maitre' Franco and 'Le Seigneur' Rochereau, this set even surpasses last year's irresistible alliance of Franco and Sam Mangwana.



The Fab Pablo

One time singer with Franco's outfit, Rochereau is a superstar in his own right and between them they have dominated the Zairean music scene for two decades.

This time round it's Franco who is the guest. He forsakes his Le T. P. O.K. Jazz for Rochereau's Section Afrisa and I'm not complaining 'cause the band is wicked. Deciphering the sleeve pics it looks like Franco and a young buck called Michelino are responsible for those sweet chattering guitar licks, Matalanza that bubbling sax and Tshaba those succulent basslines.

Franco and Rochereau's vocals inject a tension into the music, lifting it higher and higher. Only on 'Suite Lettre No 1', which I'm told harks back to early Franco, does the pace relax. Dominated by acoustic guitars, this dangerously slow and seductive track could have serious repercussions if spun at any late session.

Attempts to uncover the contents of the 'Lettre A Mr Le Directeur General', around which the whole album is based, have so far been unsuccessful but I can't say I'm heartbroken about it. 'Choc Choc Choc 1983' is as mellow a slice of African jive as you'll find and though it'll cost you around a tenner this is one music lover who wouldn't hesitate to flash the readies.

Hanging on in with the Zairean posse we discover two solo albums from session supremo Pablo Lubadika Porthos. 'Idie' surfaced earlier this year only to vanish as quickly as it had appeared. Now widely available thanks to Earth Works, this Richard Dick-produced album is a serious showcase for the versatile young guitarist. The title track never fails to fill the dance floor, as Dave Hucker's Dancefloor Chart recently testified. Pablo plays bass, rhythm, mi-solo (a complementary solo played slightly below the top-line guitar) and lead guitars and always conjures up a light stepping spacious sound.

'Revient En Force' finds Pablo forsaking the "Direction Artistique" of Richard Dick, to concentrate on writing and arranging. He takes a backseat throughout, relinquishing the solo and mi solo guitar parts to two no less-talented pickers. Add a strident horn section and the result is yet another inspired dance floor selection for those who like pep in their step.

Music for sunworshippers or subterraneans; start with 'Suite Lettre's No 2 and No 3', fling open the windows and play loud.

Paul Bradshaw

Vini Reilly falls asleep while playing. Pic Anton Corbijn

BLUE MOANDAY PEOPLE

DUET EMMO
Or So It Seems (*Mute*)

DURUTTI COLUMN
Another Setting (*Factory*)

IF I *must* forge links between these two — and I must — then it would appear that both 'Another Setting' and 'Or So It Seems' are both prepared purely to *hover* in the distant background. They are precious and protected, never testing or purposeful: they have *merely* arrived before me.

The first chugs out, drags a limping limb, hints at some startling effect but then, or so it seems, broods and grumbles before chugging on some more: Duet Emmo step out of the crash between Mute (Daniel Miller) and Dome (Gilbert & Lewis) and sprawl noisily, bitterly, painlessly into a black, big hole. They are clearly stubborn.

The other, meanwhile, drifts away into grey dejection, suggesting something brushing against beauty or peace or fragile pains, only to drift on by, without touching: Durutti Column remain quiet, crushed, frail beyond praise but still sadly vague and lacking heart. They're freely uncertain.

For what it's worth (as if I could care), Duet Emmo are at least important-*sounding*. Heaving themselves miserably through their metallic mess, boling slowly in the rubble of strange pointless noise and black thuds, they chug and chug, belch and curse and chug on. They grind themselves into this vacant stench of darkness and serve only to conjure the waste of Wire or the neglected promise of Mute-perk.

And while Duet spend their time crashing into thumping tortures, Vini Durutti remains weak and contemplative, still slipping, still *still*, with a peace of mind and sense of peace that is truly perfect. But Reilly's methods of capturing such shimmers and sighs of sorrow are wearing thin.

It's gruelling malevolence against drifting sorrow, a long groaning *chug* against one light breath of regret. It's hard to keep either in mind but Durutti at least hit the soft spot of my heart and with a piece of perfect reflection and elegaic calm, like 'Prayer', they can still capture the quietest moment. And for that I can almost forgive them anything.

Jim Shelley

THE WOLFGANG PRESS
The Burden Of Mules (*4 AD*)

THE WOLFGANG Press are made up of various ex-members of Rema Rema and Mass, those two mid-period, low-running influential avant-garde musical groups. I can remember with a certain amount of awe the Marco Pirroni fuelled 'Wheel In The Roses' Rema Rema 12" that contained the most psychotic piece of feedback ever. Also, with less satisfaction, the more measured strangeness of Mass.

Where the previous two concerns were rather more innovative than imitative, or at least free-thinking rather than overtly derivative, 'The Burden Of Mules' is a mis-mash of such modern sources as PiL, The Birthday Party and A Certain Ratio. Ironically these very groups owe a debt to the 'tense as a trip wire' tumult created by both Rema Rema and Mass. Somewhat embarrassingly, the master becomes the disciple.

Tracks such as 'Complete And Utter' and 'The Burden of Mules' are so akin to PiL *circa* 'Flowers Of Romance' that a smart entrepreneur could, with confidence, put them out as a bootleg of studio out-takes. Here, in evidence, are the crashing, variable rythmns, the spicy synths and the cynical Lydonesque intonations, *"complete and utter boredom / complete and utter ignorance"*.

The rest of the album is a combination of the aforementioned influences. Waves of electronic noise merge with wild sound effects battling with pseudo-ethnic beats. The tone created is very *intelligent*, pleasingly tense but unfortunately directionless.

The difference between that and eclecticism is slight. To their cost The Wolfgang Press seem to have found it well enough.

Richard North

GWEN'S GROOVE THANG

GWEN GUTHRIE
Portrait *(Island)*

FROM JA to New York, from New York to JA, the perfect fusing point between cool reggae running and soul city walking is a spot that many have striven for but precious few actually found. Bob Marley got there on 'Could You Be Loved', Grace Jones went there (and a whole lot further) on parts of 'Nightclubbing' while the mighty Monyaka are passing through right now inna Brooklyn stylee on 'Go Deh Yaka'.

But on a mythical musical map of the Americas, the place where the two genres really clash must be Compass Point Studios in Nassau. It is here that we find three of the true thoroughbreds of the soul/reggae crossover game – Gwen Guthrie, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare – collaborating for the second time in just over a year.

The pedigree of Jamaican rhythm kings Sly and Robbie – who write, play and produce here – is acknowledged universally. Ms Guthrie's credentials, however, are no less impressive: it was she that wrote Ben E King's superb 'Supernatural Thing' single while her credits as a session singer read like a *Who's Who* of black American music from Ray Charles to Quincey Jones and Aretha Franklin to Roberta Flack.

So 'Portrait' is the sound of Gwen as a solo performer, stepping out from behind the curtain and into the limelight, and it is generally agreeable if a little patchy in places. Though the music is a mellow mix of uptown soul arrangements and reggae-wise rhythmic dynamics (Sly still plays snare like a steam hammer crushing a pile of rusting cars), Guthrie's vocals owe just as much to free jazz, the delivery languid and easy with an uncontrived warmth.

Nowhere is the recipe more effective that on 'Hopscotch', over five minutes of sabre-toothed, sinuous hip-hop that avoids the excesses of the South Bronx brigade courtesy of a wonderfully understated, economic arrangement. The opening 'Peanut Butter' is good too, with Gwen coming across as Grace Jones's elder sister on a tough tirade that certainly takes this week's 'Pull Up To The Bumper' award for imaginative sexual metaphor in lines like *"spread yourself over me, like peanut butter . . "*

Elsewhere, the policy of sharing around the compositional credits tends to come unstuck. The album's eight tracks star seven separate writing teams which ensures that all the gang receive a royalty cheque, but sacrifices something in the field of an overall mood and texture. Ironic, really, that the one cover is a version of Sly Stone's 'Family Affair'!

Guthrie herself contributes only two songs, both good enough to suggest she could have written more. The first is the plaintive 'Younger Than Me', – the older woman in love with the fresh young gun – and the second the poignant 'Oh What A Life', an end-of-the-affair ballad fit to rank alongside the great 'For You', the standout cut on the debut album she released last year.

1983 has been far from the classic year that Compass Point – or indeeed Island Records – gave us a couple of summer's ago, but there's enough on 'Portrait' to hint that there is still some goodness in those there grooves.

Adrian Thrills

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19 MAGAZINE *OUT NOW*

Superman in search of Fred Dellar.

KRYPONITE FEVER

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Superman III (*Warner Bros*)
Stayin' Alive (*RSO*)
Doctor Detroit (*MCA/Backstreet*)

ROCK SOUNDTRACK albums are currently very big business indeed. So much so that if *Birth Of A Nation* was ever pushed into the delivery ward for a remake, odds are that Dr Hook would be the name on the obstetrics sheet.

But Giorgio Moroder's the sound-stage mainman right now. Mainly responsible for the success of the *Flashdance* soundtrack — though Phil Ramone was down as that particular flick's musical supervisor — he is also the producer of the rock and pop tracks on 'Superman III', the more mundane, fit-the-action, surroundsound pieces being the responsibility of British arranger and one-hit wonder Ken Thorne. Given Marshall Crenshaw, Chaka Khan and the ever-humorous Roger Miller to work with, Moroder wasn't beset with too many problems. But half an album is still only half an album and even if Warners gave away free chunks of Kryptonite to purchasers, 'Superman III' still wouldn't be much of a bargain.

Likewise, 'Stayin' Alive' comes packed with pop-arama but still fails to ring my particular cash register bell. The toytown rumble of a title track, which had us all Travoltaring into style in '78, serves only to remind us how The Bee Gees' particular brand of bray for today has languished while the threesome have pursued the Holy Grail of a good song in the interim — a search not resolved on the brothers' half of the album. And the remaining portion of the record is even less rewarding, this comprising a collection of songs from the likes of Tommy Faragher, Cynthia Rhodes and Frank Stallone (most definitely a relation!), all of whom present fare fashioned by something less formidable than a Sinclair ZX80. Consequently 'Stayin' Alive' makes staying awake a difficult task indeed.

Finally, in our trip round Barry Norman's underpants, there's the 'Doctor Detroit' soundtrack, on which surviving Blues Brother Dan Ackroyd receives a set of valuable assists from James Brown, who donates a brace of healthy get-on-ups; T.K. Carter, the provider of a nutty shufflebum called 'Yo Skidilow'; the perpetually dotty Devo; and Patti Brooks, a singer whose mix of torrid and tender excursions into souldom ensures that the quality level stays permanently in the 'up' position.

Chartwise, things probably favour the brace. Musically though, it's no contest — 'Detroit' is the doc, the rest just anaesthetic.

Ready when you are, Mr De Mille!

Fred Dellar

SWINGIN' ON THE GATEMOUTH

CLARENCE 'GATEMOUTH' BROWN
One More Mile (*Demon*)

JAMES BOOKER
Classified (*Demon*)

Gatemouth keepts it shut. Pic Milt Claydon

SIXTY YEARS old and Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown's sense of adventure and cross-fertilisation is stronger than it could ever have been. With his nine-man band, often sounding more like 29, he glides through a cornucopia of sheer delight – cajun carouses with be-bop, big band swing bustles with the blues and crosses into country.

The great thing is that Brown and his cohorts make everything sound so natural. Why not mix up these cultures? Country laments and soul ballads, punchy goodtime be-bop and slick-backed swing – they all search for the same effect. These irresistible combinations, these tangiest of musical flavours should make Brown massive. In his way he is undoubtably something of a genius, and it's his music that Americans should be turning to – not bamstick fodder like Toto or Donna Summer – to appreciate their culture and the intrinsic values that are worth salvaging.

There are many moments to savour – the hilarity of Brown's sibilant violin on 'Song For Renee', the reckless hungry spirit of 'Ain't It Dandy' and the daredevil magic of 'Big Yard'. From Tommy Dorsey to Louis Jordan, from Jimmie Rodgers to Flaco Jimenez, from the country to the city and back, there is very little in popular American folk music that isn't included in Gatemouth's (like the name) broad sweep.

In New Orleans they breed piano players who reinvent the instrument, developing a whole new vocabulary as they cast a scintillating spell over the ivories. Along with Professor Longhair Allen Toussaint and Doctor John, James Booker is one of the most entrancing players the city has produced. For many years his idiosyncratic style was moulded behind an impressive array of names – Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex, B. B. King and even ole Gatemouth. Coming five years after his first solo LP, 'Classified' fashions his past work and classical childhood training into an embarrassment of riches.

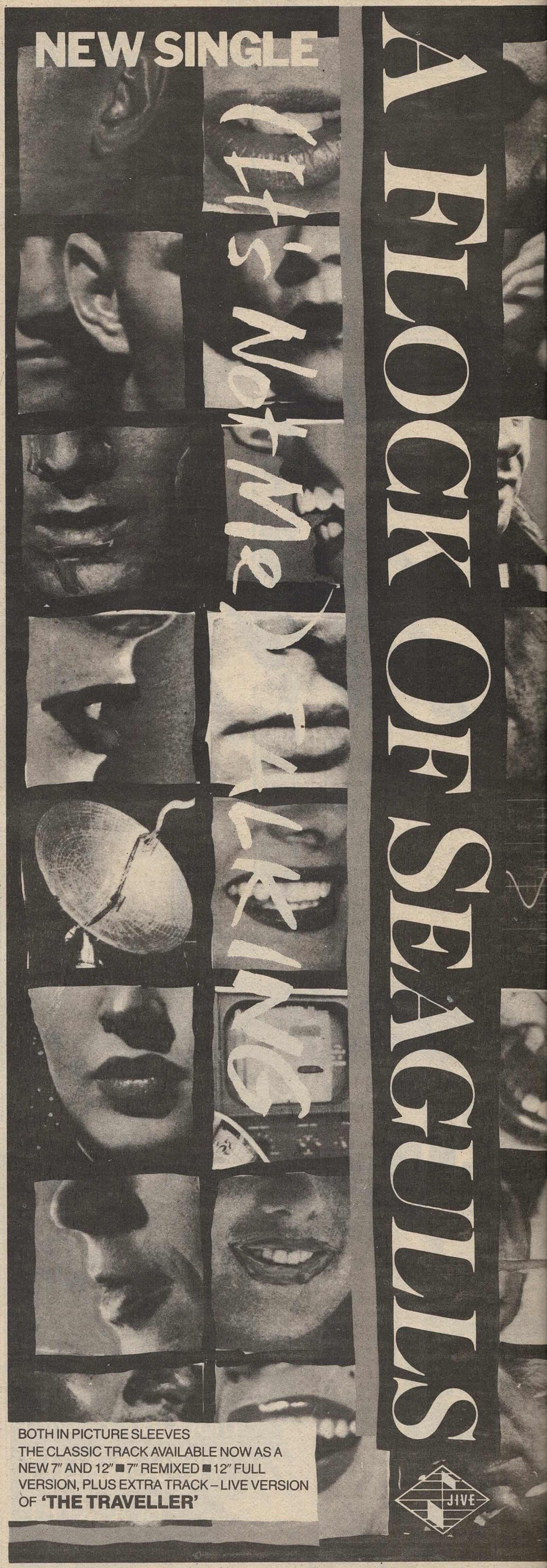
Variety is the spice of his record's life, that and a gifted motivation to renew and overhaul old standards. Booker never allows himself the luxury of repetition in either style or song – check the bumptious spine-knotted funk of 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy', the dazzling rainstorms he showers over 'Hound Dog' and 'King Of The Road'. And you'll see – he *owns* those songs.

To Gatemouth's catholic embrace Booker brings a sense of the sublime and ridiculous. The title track is a self-testimony for the man who blames his drug problem on being hit by an ambulance when he was 10 and receiving his first shot of morphine. Like everything else, it bears the trademark of mad philosopher and a wizard with golden fingers.

His musical set-up is basically simple but the playing is bewitching – rolling bass, majestic arpeggios, tumbling cadences and an extended flow on 'Angel Eyes' that carries the ineffable mark of elusive beauty. His performances are like that – from sheer artistry to comic cut crack-up.

I've been told to keep this review short. You know the way it's really hip to like all 'that old soul stuff'? Well – screw that! This marvellous music is here and now, bringing the tributaries that run through America's REALLY PROUD HERITAGE smack up to date. Booker and Gatemouth are two of the most accessible and under-publicised mavericks around. Don't miss out any longer.

Gavin Martin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THE DIXIE HUMMINGBIRDS
Best Of
THE FIVE BLIND BOYS
Best Of
Best Of Volume Two
THE MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY
Best Of
Best Of Volume Two
THE SENSATIONAL NIGHTINGALES
Best Of
(MCA – US imports)

The Five Blind Boys — a six-man Gospel quartet. Figures? Pic · Jean-Pierre Leloir

FROM 19TH century slave revolts and the Underground Railroad to the Voter Registration drives in the South during the 1960s, the church was the place where American Blacks planned resistance and revolution. The music that came out of that church is some of the deepest to touch the ear, something that is not accidental for it is in itself a survival technique.

This notion confuses some political theorists because they are unable to recognise the varied forms resistance rituals take. What is clear is that the African-American spiritual encapsulates not just the hope of better days ahead but a determination to shake off oppression.

To capture on record the atmosphere of a determined congregation is impossible. The hand-clapping alone can be deafening, the unbridled expression of emotion shattering to even the non-believer. But these albums convey something of the range and excitement of the music, even if they are confined to male quartets. Available here on import only (though a UK release is being mooted), they originate from the Houston-based Peacock catalogue. No recording dates or other information are given, but apart from some tracks by the younger Mighty Clouds, most of the music seems to come from the '50s and '60s.

Some of the music can actually be quite unnerving for someone unfamiliar with the genre, although Gospel's raw emotions have become commonplace through Soul music. The men on these records were, in fact, the role-models for some of the great stars of soul. Wilson Pickett, for

TAMLA O...

DeBARGE
All This Love (*Motown*)

WELL TAILORED, competent and ultimately dull production line LP from the company who once promised all and now simply follow fashion. It's not a case of Motown setting the standard anymore. It's more a question of how successfully they can keep pace. At present their track record is hardly startling.

It's taken them at least four years after the event to latch onto rap, *circa* Gary Byrd, a year to even start matching Prince (Rick James) or his all-girl outfit Vanity Six in the form of the tacky Mary Jane Girls.

Their new crop of artists, Finis Henderson, Michael Lovesmith etc, aren't likely to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors either. Where Motown once excelled in glorious pop music, they now tread water with numbing efficiency and this, the debut LP from DeBarge, characterises Motown's Malaise.

Another all family group, DeBarge specialise in competent funk and lovesick ballads that mirror exactly everything that has gone before them. There is no attempt here at forging new ground or establishing some kind of solid identity. Instead 'All This Love' borrows from the obvious sources and parodies modern soul to a tee. We should be grateful for *this*?

Paolo Hewitt

16 and 17 year olds . . .

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HOTLINES

example, copied his singing and stage-movements from The Sensational Nightingales' Julius Cheeks; Ray Charles was inspired by the phrasing and screams of Archie Brownlee, lead with The Five Blind Boys. (Note 'Lord You've Been Good To Me' on Vol. One where Brownlee uses the phrase *"why-a-why"* to break up a riff and add intensity. Charles did exactly the same thing in the middle of 'I Got A Woman', itself taken from 'I Got A God', and so on . . .)

Dominant though women have been in the church, the tradition of *a cappella* male quartets goes back to the start of modern gospel 50 years ago. Some of this music breaks with that tradition, but there are echoes of those early quartets – confusingly, the term also embraces five and six-piece groups – wherever gospel music is sung. What, after all, were groups like The Temptations other than an extension of it?

The music takes a bit of getting into, but there are plenty of familiar handholds to help the adventurous listener. The Blind Boys' 'No Need To Cry', for example, is pure doowop, and the Mighty Clouds with Joe Ligon in charge feature guitar extensively, the introduction of which actually heralded the end of an era in gospel. Ligon is a full-throated baritone shouter. His rasping intakes of breath on the passionate intro to 'None But The Righteous' give some indication of the emotions that go into this music. Behind him the street-corner harmonies, sopranos and all, echo everyone from Frankie Lymon And The Teenagers on down.

The Clouds also do gospel version of two songs familiar in their secular recordings: 'Stand By Me' made famous by Ben E. King and 'Man Can't Get No Satisfaction' made famous by you-know-who. It is tempting to suggest that the latter, credited to the Rev. Lee Wallace, was the Stones' actual source, another reason why the lack of informative liner-notes is infuriating.

Throughout these 12 sides there are moments to take your breath away – if you will let them – though a more judicious selection of releases might have included more by the 'bird' groups, less of the Clouds, some of whose material is unexceptional.

Ira Tucker of the Hummingbirds is a key-figure in the history of gospel, not least for introducing the uninhibited dancing of the Sanctified Church into his stage act. His is a beautiful tenor voice like Bobby Bland's, fractionally deeper, and he testifies with the bluesman's debonair coaxing. Hardly surprising, as Tucker actually coached Bland in the early days of his career. 'What A Friend' is pure Bland, squall and all.

Two Nightingales tracks are truly spellbinding 'I Want To Go' which features Julius Cheeks roaring near the edge of hysteria as the singers create unbelievable polyrhythms around him in tandem with a rocking drummer, and 'Prayed Too Late' which raised my goose-pimples. The harmonies are dramatic and dense and the falsetto singers sound just like women as the mighty Cheeks works at his story, moving towards the edge of pain.

To American documenter Tony Heilbut, gospel is "our greatest national music", and there is a sense in which it goes even deeper than blues. Where the blues musician was essentially an entertainer who relieved the communal burden, the church singer, whether a star of the 'programmes', an angry domestic or fieldworker, was dealing with something bigger than the individual experience. For them, it was often a case of 'Nearer, My God, To Thee'. For secular listeners, it may well be a case of coming nearer to ourselves by sharing a tiny part of that experience.

Val Wilmer

A church in Mississippi. Home of Black resistance and some of the world's deepest music. Pic Val Wilmer/Format

MOTOWN 0

FINIS HENDERSON

Finis *(Motown)*

TODAY'S SUCCESSFUL young man! Finis Henderson – formerly a promising young comedian discovered and encouraged by no less a personage than Richard Pryor – appears on the front of his album lounging in leathers and on the back cutting a nifty step in neat jazz-funk threads.

Similarly, the music within boogies ever nearer to that disco/heavy metal fusion utilised by Michael Jackson on 'Beat It', with an increasing reliance on a guitar and drum sound more reminiscent of Journey than Chic.

The album's premier single 'Skip To My Lou' sets a standard not maintained too successfully throughout, with only 'Call Me' and Stevie Wonder's ballad 'Crush On You' leaving any real aftertaste. Henderson himself is a slick and skilful if not particularly distinctive singer; more than able to sound either butch or insinuating depending on producer/guitarist Al McKay's demands.

Finis Henderson cannot be much more than a holding operation for Motown: if The Corp is to maintain a commanding position it has to do so with singers and grooves as irresistible – in contemporary terms – as the ones who got them there in the first place. Somebody better sharpen up their act.

Charles Shaar Murray

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After Talking Heads' 'Speaking In Tongues', album sleeves will never be the same!

To coincide with their new studio LP, Talking Heads commissioned internationally celebrated graphic artist Robert Rauschenberg to create a unique presentation for a limited edition pressing.

Quite different to David Byrne's artwork for the regular priced copies, this special edition comprises an all-plastic container holding a clear vinyl pressing of 'Speaking In Tongues'.

Three plastic wheels, each imprinted with a different stage of the four colour separation process and depicting an original Robert Rauschenburg photo-montage are affixed to the package. The top wheel rotates and, when turned, resolves separate aspects of the montage in full colour. As designed by Rauschenberg, the revolving wheel will clarify only one segment of the cover at a time, abstracting the rest into simple colour and shape.

The music pressed into 'Speaking In Tongues' is also pretty nifty.

With our usual flair for arm-twisting, we've managed to 'liberate' 20 copies the Rauschenberg limited edition from WEA/Sire Records and these and other prizes are on offer to those 20 *NME* readers who supply the best captions to the Talking Heads photo printed here.

The outright winner will not only receive one of Rauschenberg's graphic packages but also a complete set of Talking Heads' WEA/Sire LPs. That's copies of: 'More Songs About Buildings & Food', 'Talking Heads '77', 'Fear Of Music', 'Remain In Light' and 'The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads'. Add to that, solo LPs from David Byrne ('The Catherine Wheel') and Jerry Harrison ('The Red And The Black').

That's not all, a video cassette of Talking Heads' new single 'Burning Down The House' is also yours together with a limited edition shirt-of-the-single with a picture of the BBC ablaze emblazoned on the back. Wishful thinking, eh!

Well, that's what the outright winner of our picture caption contest cops! The 19 runners-up will each received one of Rauschenberg's limited edition 'Speaking In Tongues' packages.

THE RULES

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of WEA/Sire Records, The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of *NME*.

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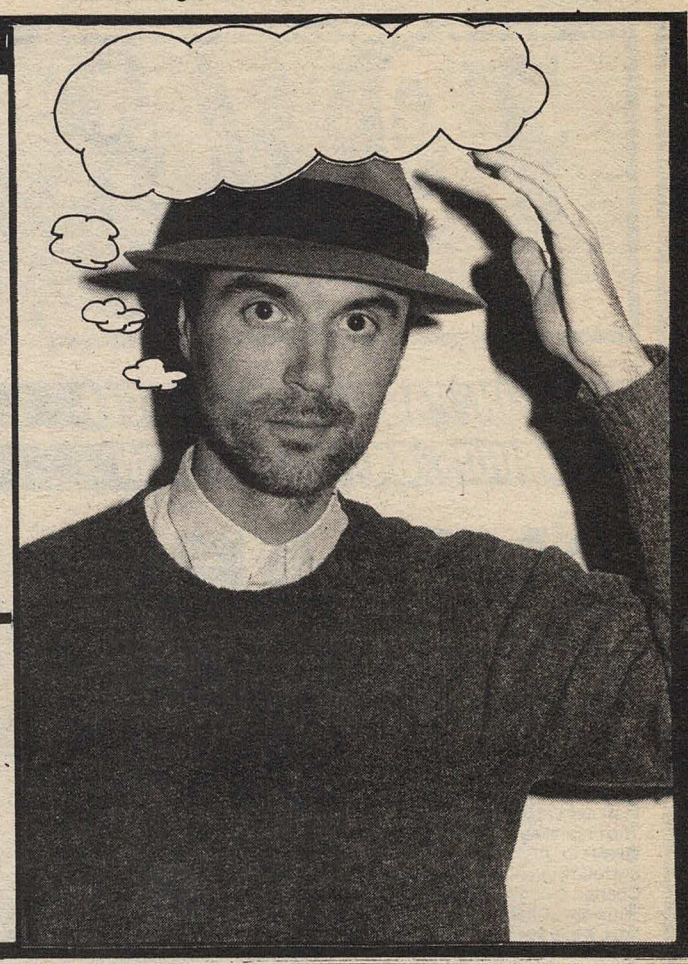


BUNNY FUNNIES

WELL, WHAT *did* the rabbit say to the pop star? This was the riddle we asked you to fiddle, by filling in the caption bubbles. And you did – mainly along somewhat obscene lines concerning the whereabouts of Ian McCulloch's right hand.

However, we've extracted ten winners from this pile of filth and innuendo, and they'll each receive a copy of the Echo And The Bunnymen video *'Porcupine'*, (Oh yeah, and we dumped all those 'prick' gags as well.)

Here are the terrible ten . . . Tim Spencer (no relation), Petersfield, Hants; Paul Schofield, Hull; Jonathan Harrison, Barnsley, S. Yorks; Tony Murphy, Dublin; Ian Oakes, Twyford, Berks; Clive Davies, Guildford, Surrey; Stephe Vowles, Bristol; Gary Barham, Hounslow, Midd'x; Steven Wren, Gt Baddon, Chelmsford; Rafael Galili, London N13.

And here's a few of the winning entries (to spare their shame we won't tell you who came up with what) . . .

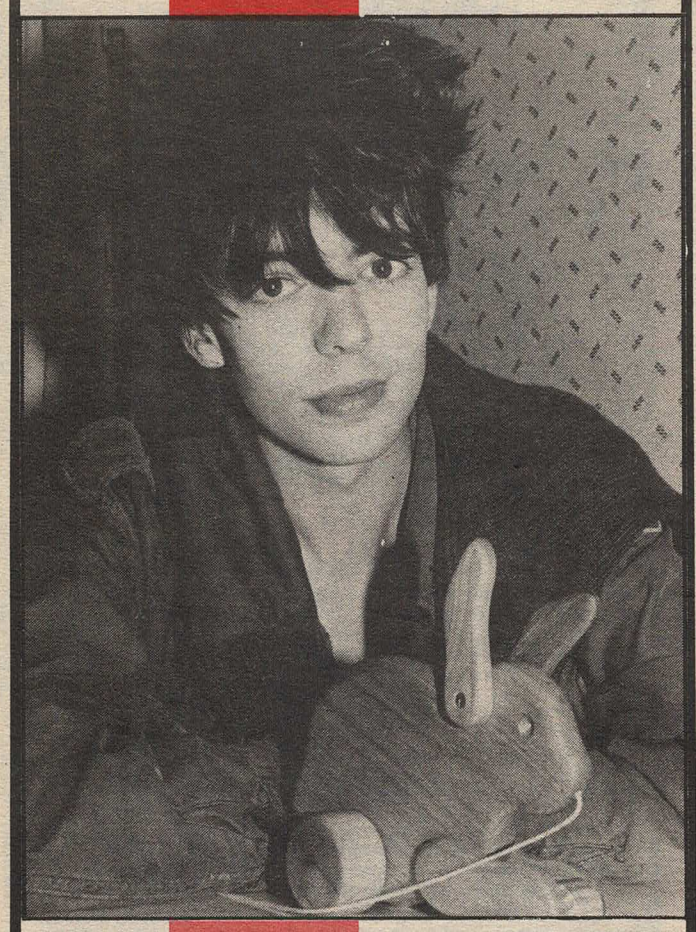
MAC: What can we call our group? RABBIT: I don't know. I'm only a bunny, man!

MAC: Stop worrying, Will, think of all the free publicity. RABBIT: I knew we shouldn't have started messing round in that friggin' mystical stone circle of Callanish!

MAC: Pretty useless wedding present aren't you? RABBIT: Look pal, what did you expect from Julian Cope?

MAC: Right, here's the plan. We hide inside the rabbit and when we get inside the *NME* office we leap out and bash 'em up while they're sleeping. RABBIT: Er, shouldn't I be a horse?

MAC: Mmm, rabbit stew for dinner tonight, I think. RABBIT: Spare us the cutter, Mac!



Mac and pal *Pic Joe Stevens*

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TOUR NEWS

CLAPTON, PAGE, BECK ONE-OFF
YARDBIRDS, ANIMALS RETURN

GUITARS TO ARMS

ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK and **JIMMY PAGE,** arguably the three most influential guitarists to emerge from the British rock scene, wield their axes at two charity concerts to be held at London's Royal Albert Hall. The first takes place on Tuesday, 20 September in aid of the Ronnie Lane appeal for ARMS (Action for Research into Multiple Sclerosis), while on the following night (21), the same musicians appear in aid of the Prince Charles Trust. Among those who have also agreed to appear are Steve Winwood, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, Kenny Jones and Andy Fairweather-Low, while several other major talents, some of superstar proportions, are likely to be added to the bill within the next few weeks. Tickets for the concerts go on sale from Saturday, 20 August, priced £25.00, £20.00, £12.50 and £8.50 and these can be obtained from the RAH booking office, usual agencies and also by means of instant credit card reservations (phone 01-836-2184).

Ronnie Lane, the instigator of the ARMS concert is a a musician who has first hand knowledge of the problems which face sufferers from multiple sclerosis — a virtually incurable disease — and it's typical of Lane that he wishes to aid others and help them to receive the hyperbaric oxygen treatment which has aided him.

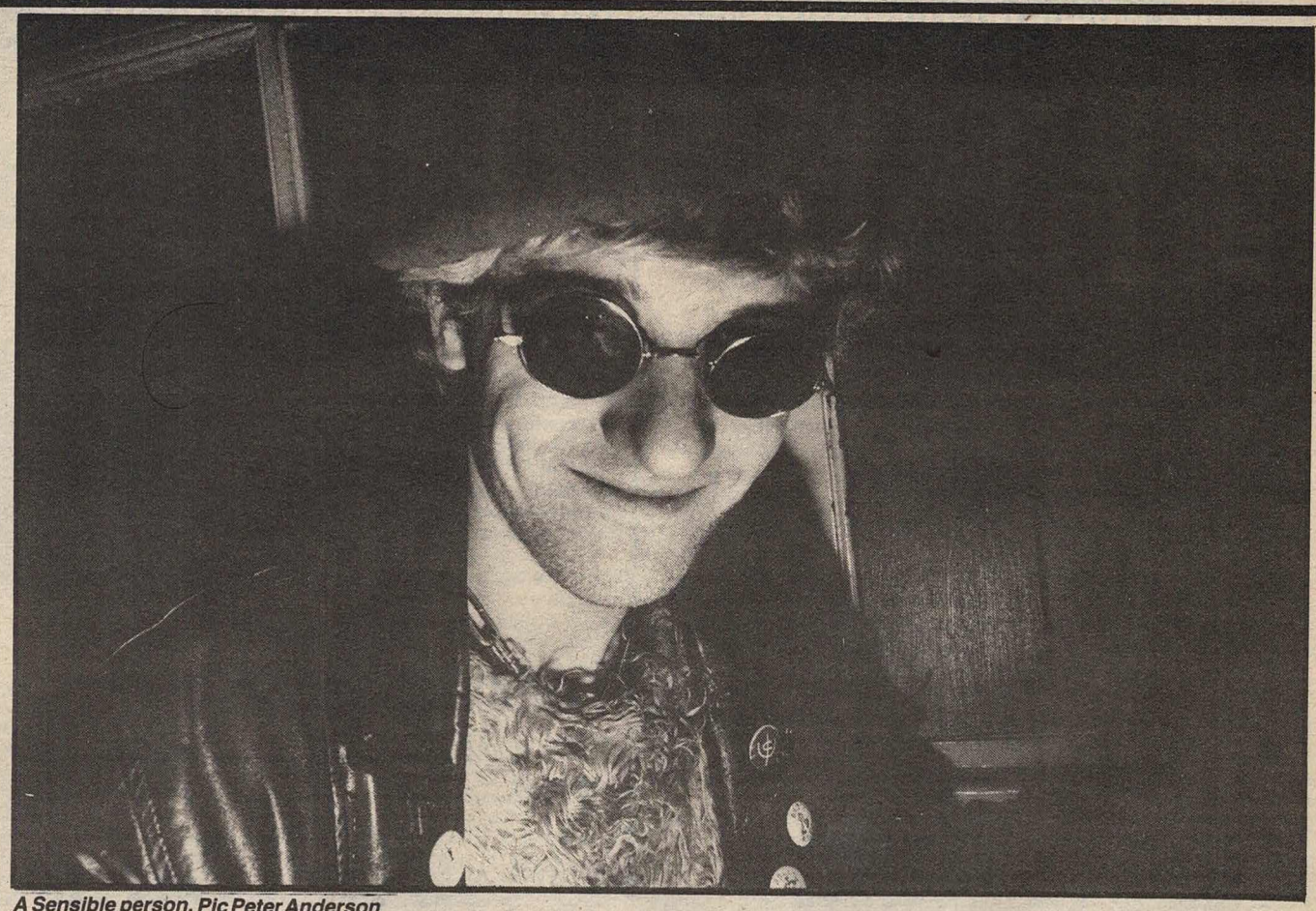
These concerts are the first this year by Eric Clapton, who will be announcing further dates shortly.

THE YARDBIRDS, who recently reformed for a gig at The Marquee, appear at a special charity gig at a new venue, The Ritz, in Surbiton, on Sunday, September 18. Support act on the gig, which is in aid of a local children's hospital, is The Steve Warley Band, a Jive Records act. Doors open at 8 p.m. and tickets are £2.00.

The original **ANIMALS** – Eric Burdon, Alan Price, Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine and John Steel – are to appear in concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on 17 October. Tickets, priced £15.00, £12.50, £10.00, £7.50 and £5.00 are available from 'The Animals Box Office', 215 St John's Hill, London S.W.11 and from all branches of Keith Prowse but *not* from the Albert Hall itself. The group, who reformed earlier this year, are currently touring the States and have recorded an album, 'Ark', for Miles Copeland's IRS label, which gains a UK release on 9 September. A single, 'The Night' / 'No John No' also appears that same day and this release will also be available as a 12-inch containing an extra track in 'Melt Down'.

JUDAS PRIEST, whose recent exploits include a sell-out concert at New York's Madison Square Gardens, have announced a series of pre-Christmas UK dates, these being: Manchester Apollo (15 December), London Hammersmith Odeon (16 and 17), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20) and Birmingham Odeon (21 and 22). Tickets for all gigs are £5.00, £4.50 and £4.00 and go on sale immediately. Currently Judas Priest are recording a new album in Ibiza and hope to have it in the shops by 4 November.

DANIELLE DAX, the Medusa-tressed half of the now-defunct Lemon Kittens, unveils her new stage act (visually bizarre, she claims) at Soho's Sunset Strip on 26 August, when the sleaze joint gets taken over by the residents of the Bat Cave. Further Dax-attacks are planned for Heds, in London's Stratford Place on 2 September and at Battersea's Latchmere on 12 September.



A Sensible person. Pic Peter Anderson

EXCLUSIVE DAMNED DATES, KILLING JOKE FOR FUTURAMA

YOU'LL BE DAMNED

THE DAMNED, who sold out their Hammersmith Palais gig in July, have now lined up a short tour that plays Nottingham's Sherwood Rooms on Wednesday, 7 September before moving on to Birmingham Tower Ballroom (8), Manchester Metro (9) and the already announced date at London's Hammersmith Palais on 11 September.

Revealing their plans exclusively to *NME*, the band claimed: "There's been a great resurgence of interest in our music of late but things have been difficult because we have had no one to organise the business side of things. We've lost our manager, our agent and our record label – which means we haven't managed to get tours organised and which accounts for the debacle at Knebworth recently, where the date was suddenly cancelled!"

Support band at all the dates is Beast, the band headed by ex-Cramps man Bryan Gregory, while at Hammersmith, The Damned and Beast will be joined by Playdead and Flesh For Lulu. Tickets for the Nottingham, Birmingham and Manchester dates are £3.00 in advance and £3.50 on the door, while those at Hammersmith are set at £3.50 in advance or on the door.

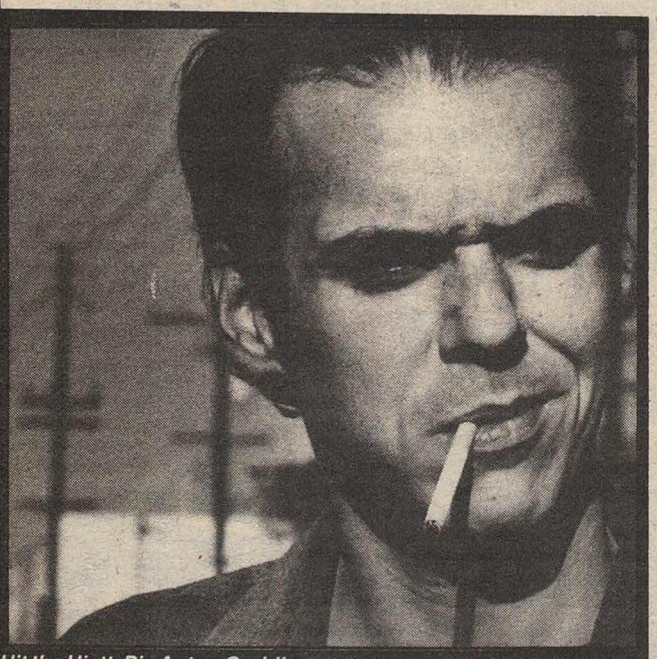
KILLING JOKE have been confirmed as headliners on the second day at the Futurama Festival, which takes place at Leeds Queens Hall on September 17 and 18.

"It'll be a jet set sort of thing for the band," explained promoter John Keenan. "They play Berlin on the 16th, fly to Britain for the Futurama date on the 18th, then fly off again to appear at Milan just two days later."

Other bands added to the 18 September bill at Futurama are Poison Girls, Pink Peg Slax and Mark My Words plus the Ekome dancers. But Keenan faced another problem this week when **WAH,** who were planned to headline the festival's opening day were forced to pull out due to recording commitments. It's expected that another major band will be signed during the next few days in order to strengthen the now weakened Saturday bill.

NOTTING HILL LINE UP

ASWAD, Red Beat, Farenji Warriors and Winston Reedy are among the acts appearing on stage at this year's London Notting Hill Carnival, which takes place over the holiday weekend. Although no actual running order had been supplied at press time, the full line-up of acts appearing on Saturday 28 August and Monday, 29, reads:
(At the Portobello Green stage) Rapp, Red Eye, Urban Warriors, Peaches, Abacush, Farenji Warriors, Persons Unknown, Oshamar, Hard Rock, Renegades, Sons of Jah, Winston Reedy, Spartacus R and, possibly, Les Enfants Terribles, the refugees from Rip, Rig and Panic.
(At the Meanwhile Gardens Stage) Curfew, Sweet Distortion, Black Nights, Red Beat, Aswad, King Sounds and The Israelites, African Woman, Ricky and The Mutations, Wisdau, Crucial Music, Impossible Dreamers.
Also various other musical events are planned, one involving Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers, a band headed by John Mayall's son, that appears outside Risk, the Portobello Road clothes stores, on both days.



Hit the Hiatt. Pic Anton Corbijn

HIATT SNEAKERS

JOHN HIATT, the singer-songwriter-guitarist who built up a cult following in the wake of his appearances with Ry Cooder, provides a special one-off show at London's Putney Half Moon, on Wednesday, 7 September. Hiatt has been touring Europe with Nick Lowe and Paul Carrack and completing work on an album 'Riding With The King', part-produced by Lowe, which should see a Geffen release at the end of September. The Half Moon show will be a solo outing, with no bands and heralds a series of tasty dates at the Putney venue, these particular gigs involving appearances by Country Joe McDonald (12 September) and Clarence 'Frogman' Henry (24).

JIMMY C NEWMAN and Cajun Country appear at London's Harlesden Mean Fiddler tonight (25). Newman's a cajun hero from Louisana and best known for his US hit 'Alligator Man'.

FESTIVAL ROUND-UP: ROTTERDAM,
TOM ROBINSON, STEEL PULSE

ROCKIN' BERRY

CHUCK BERRY is confirmed as the headliner at the Rock'n'Roll Spectacular which is being held in a giant, 500 capacity circus Big Top sited on the banks of the River Nene, at Peterborough. The show, which takes place on Saturday, 3 September, is being presented by Hereward Radio in association with the organisers of The Peterborough Country Festival and features such '60s stars as Billy J. Kramer, Billie Davis, Screaming London Sutch, Tommy Bruce, plus The Glitter Band. Another feature of the event will be the floodlit dance floor areas which will enable fans to indulge in tersichorean activities should the spirit move them. Tickets for the Spectacular, which runs from 7 p.m. till midnight, are priced at £8.50 and are available from Hereward Radio, Bridge Street, Peterborough, or The Chuck Berry Concert Office, Folksworth Manor, Folksworth, Peterborough. All cheques should be made payable to 'Chuck Berry Concert'.

Many British Rock Acts are included on the bill at Rotterdam's **PANDORA'S MUSIC BOX FESTIVAL,** which is being held on 2 and 3 September in the city's Dedoelen Concert Hall. The line-up for Friday, 2 September reads: Peter Hammill, Skeleton Crew, Force 10, Nick Cave with Die Haus, Niewhip Sillin, Slouxsie And The Banshees, Howard Devoto, Durutti Column and Jah Wobble with invaders Of The Heart. And on the Saturday (3) bill there's: Armoury Show, Violent Femmes, Danse Society, Death Cult, Fad Gadget, Big Country, X-Mal Deutschiand, Spear Of Destiny, Kowaiski D.C. Matic and Virgin Prunes.

TOM ROBINSON, John Cooper Clarke, Basking Sharks, Radiation, The Cherry Boys, Radar Angels, Steve Womack and DJ Janice Long appear at Wakefield's Nostell Priory Music Festival on Sunday, 28 August. The Festival begins on Friday (26) with a country music show, headed by George Hamilton IV, Pete Sayers, and Raymond Froggatt, while David Essex is the eleventh hour headliner on Saturday (27) – the result of another Essex venue not now being available. Tickets for the event are £6.00 each day or just £8.00 for a weekender.

STEEL PULSE appear at Birmingham's Tower Ballroom on Tuesday, 13 September, as part of that city's International Festival of Music, which runs from 10-17 September. Magnum also play the Tower Ballroom on 12 September as part of the event while Ekome, Ruby Turner and Weapon Of Peace appear at the Cannon Hill Park Marquee on Sunday, 11 September, tickets for this all day show being £4.50 (or £3.00 for Weapon Of Peace's evening concert).

KING, Perry Haines protegees from Coventry, play a one-off date at Manchester's Hacienda tonight (25). And DJ for the evening will be Gary Crowley, dulcet-toned pilot of the airwaves.

Slimline Tonic

VICEROY OF VOUT

SLIM GAILLARD, viceroy of vout, jazz jester and purveyor of sea soup symphonies appears at London's 100 Club, in Oxford Street, on Friday, 26 August, in the first of a series of shows promoted by Honest Jon's Records. Gaillard will be supported by the Tommy Chase Quartet, featuring alto star Alan Barnes, an outfit that has an album due out on Ace's Boplicity label in October. Other forthcoming Honest Jon promotions at the 100 club include: The Art Farmer Quartet (19 September), Diz'n' 'The Doormen and The Chevalier Brother (3 October) and **THE CHET BAKER QUARTET** (10 October). Baker is the legendary trumpet-player and singer who recently guested on Elvis Costello's 'Punch The Clock' album.

CARMEN MCRAE, GEORGE SHEARING and **MEL TORME** appear together for the first time on a British stage when they present a series of concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall from Monday, 12 September, to Friday 16 September. Torme will be backed by a British orchestra, while McRae, one of America's finest jazz vocalists, will be bringing her quartet. Tickets are available now, priced from £3.50 to £12.50.

WHAM have added an extra date to their forthcoming trip round these hallowed isles and now begin their tour on Sunday, 9 October at Aberdeen's Capitol venue. Tickets range from £4.00 to £5.00 and are on sale now.

RECORD NEWS

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL and FELT are unlikely to leave Cherry Red, despite the rumours quoted in last week's *T-Zers*.

"We're not letting them go for any amount of money or under any circumstances," the record label phoned to say. But The Monochrome Set and Fantastic Something will be moving to join supie-indie Blanco-Y-Negro, a company run by Mike Alway of Cherry Red, Geoff Travis of Rough Trade and Michelle Duval of Crepescule.

"It's untrue too, that there'll be any Beggars Banquet involvement," claimed one gang of three member, adding that Blanco-Y-Negro won't merely be a rock label but will encompass, classical music, jazz, pop and "every shade in-between."

STEVIE NICKS ▼ BILL NELSON

● **Stevie Nicks**' 'Stand Back' single is being re-launched by WEA on 26 August to herald a live TV special by the Fleetwood Mac singer. The single will be available in both seven-inch and 12-inch versions both releases containing a previously unissued track in 'Garbo', while the 12-inch contains a full-length rendition of 'Stand Back' along with the now obligatory bonus track, which in this case is 'The Wild Heart'. The TV special, featuring Stevie onstage in America, is being screened by BBC 1 on Thursday, 29 September at 10.40 pm.

● **Bill Nelson** is currently in Japan recording a single with Yukihiro Takahashi, of Yellow Magic Orchestra, which is to be released under their joint names. Nelson, who has just completed producing San Francisco's The Unit for CBS, has also announced that he is no longer contracted to Phonogram Records for any of his releases.

● **The Sinister Ducks**, a Northampton band rumoured to include David Jay bass-player with the recently bowed-out Bauhaus, have a double B-side single 'The March Of The Sinister Ducks'/'Old Gangsters Never Die', available for inspection through Beggars Banquet this Friday (26). This one's packaged in a double-sided fold-out poster sleeves.

THIS EBENEZER GEEZER, XTC

Chief but no Caesar, that's Ebenezer.

I OBEY

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY, who's made over 80 albums in his native Nigeria during the past decade, has now lined up a single and album for UK Virgin release. His new single, or seven-inch and 12-inch, is 'Jeje/Page', with the 12-inch bearing an extended version of the A-side. Both cuts come from the Chief's 'Jekajo' album which breaks from cover on 19th September. The single will be available on 30 August.

XTC, who now qualify for the description 'a Swindon-based trio', emerge from their slumbers with 'Mummer', their seventh Virgin album, which comes out on 30 August. But there are no plans for Partridge and Co to appear live, the trio seemingly being happy to write and generally potter in their studio.

● The Original Soundtrack to *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* is released through Virgin on 30 August. All the music to the film, which stars David Bowie and Tom Conti, has been composed by **Ryuichi Sakamoto,** who also has a lead role in the movie. The album will feature the voice of **David Sylvian** on an extra track, the recent hit 'Forbidden Colours', though this vocal version does not get an airing in the film itself

● **Kool And The Gang, Leon Hayward, Steve Harvey, Tania Maria, Cameo, Ingram, Central Line** and **Booker Newbury III** are the acts that are lined up on Phonogram's 'Come With Club' compilation due out this Friday (26).

● **A Flock of Seagulls,** currently touring the States, have a Bill Nelson-produced single '(It's Not Me) Talking' released by Jive Records on 26 August. The B-side's titled 'Tanglimara', both tracks also appearing on a 12" edition which also includes a live version of 'The Traveller'. Upon their return to Britain, the band are to record an album masterminded by Robert Palmer.

● **Junior** has a new single 'Runnin', out through Phonogram on 26 August. Available both as a seven-inch and as a 12-inch, it features a common-to-both B-side called 'Women Say It', while the 12" includes an extended remix of 'Runnin', along with an instrumental rendition of the same number.

● **Randy Crawford**, whose Warner Bros single 'Nightline' comes out on 2 September, will whisper in your shell-like anytime you care to pick up the phone and dial 01-388-5188. But should you wish to merely lash out on the 12-inch version of the single, then you gain an instrumental version of 'Nightline' plus an extra track in 'Last Night In Danceland'. Incidentally, the seven-inch is backed with 'This Night Won't Last Forever'.

17 WHEELS

HEAVEN 17, currently planning their third album, have a new single released on 30 August. The seven-inch version comprises a special remix of 'Crushed By The Wheels Of Industry' (from 'The Luxury Gap' album) which is split into two separate halves, the B-side of the disc continuing where the A-side leaves off. All in best Gary Glitter tradition, claims Martin Ware. Also there's a 12-inch which boasts the original album version of 'Crushed', plus a funky meaga-mix rendition of the same number, the latter giving free rein to the bass-playing of John Wilson. Meanwhile Martin Ware's being completing work on a couple of tracks with Tina Turner, both of which are likely to surface on Tina's forthcoming album for Capitol.

He's In Heaven. Pic Anton Corbijn

MERRY CHRISTMAS ▲ CLUB FUNK

THE THE release a new single on Some Bizarre Records on 2 September, this particular item being in not two but *three* different formats.

The A-side of all three is 'This In The Day', which lines-up alongside 'Mental Healing Process' on the 'normal' seven-inch. Next there'a limited edition, seven-inch double single in a gatefold sleeves, the incentive here being a free single comprising 'Leap Into The Wind' and 'Absolute Liberation'. Finally there's the 12-inch, the reverse of which is 'I've Been Waitin' For Tomorrow (All Of My Life).' An album's the next thing on The The agenda, Matt Johnson — who is The The — promising one called 'Soul Mining' which CBS have scheduled for October.

COMMODORES, 10cc TOURS

READING: LATEST CHANGES

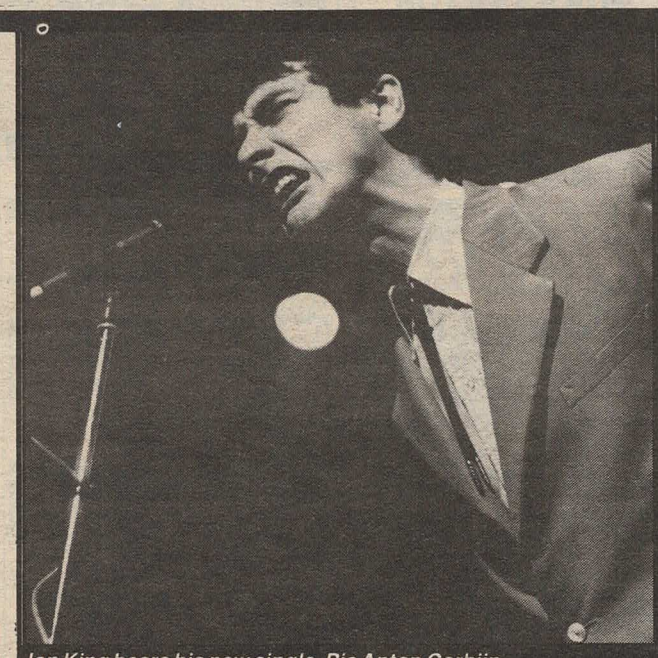
GUN SPIKED

Following *NME*'s exclusive interview with Jeffrey Lee Pierce last week — in which he expressed doubt about playing the London Lyceum gig on 8 September following a split within **THE GUN CLUB's** ranks — it's been officially announced that the proposed show will not now take place.

Following the news of their London dates, **THE COMMODORES** have now released full details of their September UK tour. The first gig's at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on Saturday 17 September, after which comes shows at Cardiff St David's Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Batley Frontier Club (20), Newcastle City Hall (22), Birmingham Nite Out (23 and 24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28), Windsor Blazers (29) and Southport, Southport Theatre (30). For the Cardiff, Bristol, Newcastle and Nottingham concerts, tickets are priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. At St Austell, Birmingham, London, Croydon, Windsor and Southport they're set at £6.00, £5.00 and £4.00. For Batley, consult local press for ticket details. Tickets are available from the respective box offices or usual agencies. Gary Byrd and The GB Experience have now been confirmed as the supporting act at all shows.

IOCC start their October 1983 tour at Northampton's new Derngate Centre on Monday, 3 October, before moving onto to appear at Reading Hexagon (4), Norwich Theatre Royal (5), Halifax Civic (6), Warrington Spectrum (7), Boston Haven (8), Llandudno Astra (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (10), Southport, Southport Theatre (11), York University (12), Derby Assembly Rooms (13), Crawley Leisure Centre (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Chippenham Goldiggers (16), London Hammersmith Odeon (17), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (18), Worthing Assembly Hall (19) and Margate Winter Gardens (20). Ticket prices vary from venue to venue but generally range between £4.00 and £6.50, though those at Reading and Boston are slightly higher. Tickets are now on sale from the box offices and usual agents. Support band throughout will be The Park, a Phonogram singing.

SURVIVOR the 'Eye Of The Tiger' band, have pulled out of the Reading Festival along with Australia's Wendy And The Rocketts and Germany's Kowalski. But there are some last minute additions to the bill, these being Lee Aaron, a heavy metallist from Canada, who appears on Saturday (27) plus Pendragon and Auto Dafe, an outfit currently being recorded by Phil Lynott, who now augment the Friday (26) bill.



Jon King hears his new single. Pic Anton Corbijn

ONE FOR FOUR

GANG OF FOUR have now confirmed their London date, which is at the Lyceum on 25 September. Tickets are priced £3.50, these being available from the Lyceum box-office and all usual agents.

CAROL GRIMES AND THE CROCODILES are doing a special gig on behalf of London's Whittington Park Community Association at the Whittington Centre on 3 September at 9 p.m. The nearest tube is Archway and the price of admission is £2.00 or £1.50 for the unwaged.

THE TOM ALLEN Community Arts Centre in Grove Crescent Road, Stratford, London E15, is putting on an 'East End Showcase' on Friday, 9 September, from 7pm–11pm. Any local bands who feel they would like to contribute a short set should contact Anna Jones on 01-555 7289.

NEW ORDER's 'Confusion' video, shot in New York by Charles Sturridge, gets a special preview at Manchester's Hacienda this Friday (26) at midnight.

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The MILKSHAKES
SUPPORTED BY The PRISONERS
FRI 26
THE CHAMELEONS
SUPPORTED BY JUST A HA HA
SAT 27
CHEVALIER BROS
PLUS SUPPORT
MON 29
CLOSED BANK HOLIDAY

TUES 30
The SMITHS
SUPPORTED BY IN EASTERHOUSE
WED 31 FROM USA
THE DUKE OF EARL! GENE CHANDLER
PLUS SUPPORT
THUR 1
SCRUMPY HAY DOWN TENPOLE TUDOR
LAST NITE OF FRASIDONCY
PLUS SUPPORT ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
FRI 2
HANK WANGFORD
SAT 3
TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS
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Thursday 25th August — £1.50
JOHNNY G
Friday 26th August — £2.50
JOHN OTWAY
Saturday 27th August — £1.50
DOUBLE TROUBLE
Sunday 28th August — £1.00
THE ROCKETS
Rock'n'Roll/rockabilly
Monday 29th August — £1.00
SPACE STUDIO
Tuesday 30th August — £1.00
THE ODD
Wednesday 31st August — £1.50
THE DUNN/ JOHNSON GROUP

The Rockgarden entertainment

SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Thu Aug 25
Use the standard line-up of gtr/vcls, buss, drms, K-boards to good effect, generating the sort of atmosphere and strength no androidal microchip could muster in any medium.

High speed pop
HURRAH
Fri. Aug. 26
Northern band reminiscent of the Doors or Joseph K on speed.
Plus TELEPHONE BOXES

Breezy, accomplished jazz-funk
THE COLAHS
Sat Aug 27
Three brothers who are also identical triplets sounding not unlike the Jacksons at times but blessed with extraordinary composing and playing talents. Record for CBS/Epic. 2 sets @ 10 and 11.45pm

Sun Aug 28: Two Chances + 1926

Mon Aug 29: A Bigger Mercedes + Drunk On Cake

"Joseph K meets Morrissey Mullen"
the REMARKABLE FAMILY
Tue Aug 30
"Yearning melodies of the Postcard era cranked up into a Talking Head-case anxiety ...definitely worth a look." NME.

DOCTOR and the MEDICS
Wed Aug 31 "Forget the acid and pass along the asprin and coke" N.M.E.

Special, for one night only:
kevin coyne
Thu Sep 1

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28th August – LE BEAT ROUTE, W1
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Band Enquiries 0272 25954

CROC'S

19/23 HIGH STREET
RAYLEIGH, ESSEX

Friday 26th August
"U.K. SUBS"
+ Beers in Brothers
8.30–2.00 a.m + DJ

Saturday 27th August
"JAYNE COUNTY"
+ Electric Disco
8.30–2.00 a.m DJ Fatman

Thursday 1st September
Heavy Rock Night
"SEDUCER"
8.30–1.00 a.m + rock DJ

Friday 2nd September
"APOCALYPSE"
+ Rhythm Method
8.30–2.00 a.m + DJ

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175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

Thursday 25th August — **THE OPPOSITION** + True Colours — £1.50
Friday 26th August — **THE GYMSLIPS** + Killer Koala — £1.50
Saturday 27th August — **NAKED LUNCH** + Thirteen At Midnight — £1.50
Sunday 28th August — **JAYNE COUNTY** + Support — £2.00
Monday 29th August — **RUTHLESS BLUES** featuring Johnny Mars & Jim McCarthy + Facing West — £1.25
Tuesday 30th August — From Japan: **LOUDNESS** + Rhino Edwards — £1.25
Wednesday 31st August — **THE LEGENDARY LUTON KIPPERS** + Purely By Chance — £1.25

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Friday 26th August
JAYNE COUNTY
Saturday 27th August
SPK
Friday 2nd September
THE BATCAVE
Saturday 3rd September
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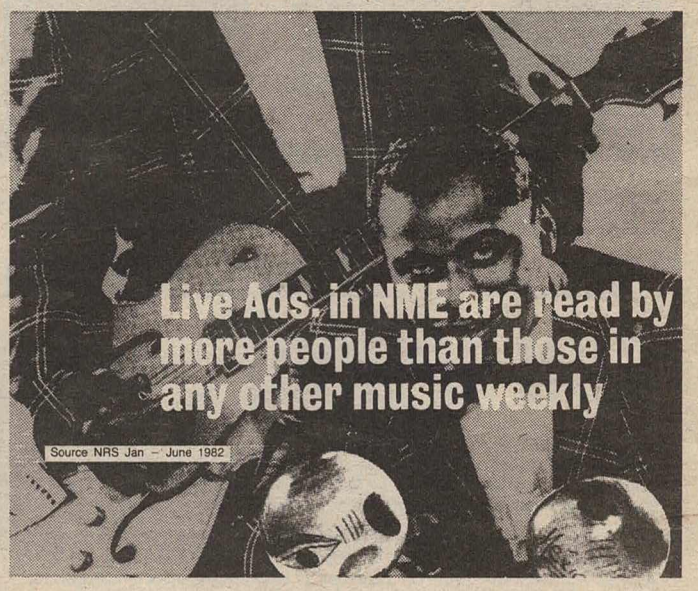
Friday 26th August — £1.50
GUANA BATZ
+ support
Saturday 27th August — £1.50
STINGRAYS
+ Obvious Wigs
Sunday 28th August — Closed
Monday 29th August — Closed
Tuesday 30th August — 50p
THE IDIOT BALLROOM PARTY
Wednesday 31st August — £1.50
SLEEPWALKER
+ Chin Chilla
Real Ale Served 7.30–11.00 pm



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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
2 Mighty Clouds Of Joy
5 Manu Dibango
6 Taj Mahal
7,8 Peter Gabriel
8 The Addicts & The Defects
10,11 Level 42
11 The Damned
17 Death Cult
17 Rainbow
18 Stray Cats
19–25 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
20,21 Eric Clapton Charity Show
22,23 Everley Brothers
23,24 Evelyn King
24 Meatloaf
25 Gang Of Four
26–29 Tom Jones
28 The Commodores
29 Big Country

OCTOBER
2,3 Christopher Cross
6–8 Depeche Mode
7 Murrey Head
11 Judie Tzuke
13 Gary Numan
17 Paul Young
18 The Alarm & Fleshtones
18,19 Elvis Costello
19,20 Smokey Robinson
21 Shakatak
22,23 Michael Schenker Group
27,28 Wham

NOVEMBER
8 Wham
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
19,20 The Eurythmics
20,21 Shakin Stevens
29 Ozzy Osbourne

DECEMBER
9,10 Imagination
13 Robert Plant
16,17 Judas Priest
18 Simple Minds

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

"Hey, Mister DJ!" Notting Hill Carnival pic : Val Wilmer/Format

IF IT'S August Bank Holiday, there must be a festival! And in the glut of holiday gigs, you'll probably find the hottest music *and* the sharpest threads at Notting Hill, where ASWAD, SONS OF JAH, WINSTON REEDY, SPARTACUS R, FARENJI WARRIORS, and IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS will be heading a host of groups, dubsters, DJs, steel bands and toasters galore.

The Reading Festival, like the Queen's Speech, is an institution that's probably better slept through, but this time there's a (slight) move away from Heavy Metal torpor with THE STRANGLERS, STEEL PULSE, BIG COUNTRY (Friday), BLACK SABBATH, MARILLION, SUZI QUATRO (Saturday), THIN LIZZY, STEVE HARLEY and TEN YEARS AFTER (Sunday) among the headliners.

Other weekend festivities include Knebworth Greenbelt with CLIFF RICHARD and MARIA MULDAUR, the St Austell spree on Tuesday with CHUCK BERRY, 10cc and MEATLOAF, and don't forget that the ICA's Actual Music festival with STEVE LACY continues through to Sunday.

THURSDAY 25th

Aberdeen 62 Club: **Subhumans / Faction / Malfunction**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **Virago**
Birmingham Peacocks: **The Copy**
Bognor Regis Pier, Ocean Room: **Gary Brooker / Andy Fairweather-Low / Mickey Jupp / Mel Collins / Henry Spinetti**
Bournemouth The Academy: **The Peech Boys**
Brentford Red Lion: **The Hurters**
Bridgewater Huntworth Boat & Anchor: **Scarlet Downs / India / Alkaloids / System Beat**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **O'Hara's Playboys**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon Cartoon: **Dr Feelgood**
Canterbury Alberrys: **Emotional Play**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Sidewinder**
Ferryhill King's Head: **Crucified By Christians**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Odin**
Leeds Warehouse: **SPK**
Liverpool Cleopatras: **Change To The East**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Shout Records Night**
London (Bond Street) Embassy Club: **Separate Energy**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Coherents**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Apocalypse / The Playn Jayn**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **The Milk Shakes / The Prisoners**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Childs Hill Castle Club: **Dizzy Lizard and The Nolan Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Elephant And Castle The Butt: **Anthrax / Naked**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Opposition / True Colours**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Heartbeats / Laughing Sams Dice**
London Greenwich Mitre: **The Greatest Show On Legs / Barflies**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Jimmy C Newman**
London Holland Park World Music Village: **Primitive Society / Spartacus R / Persons Unknown**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **El Trains**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Red Cloud**
London Kennington Sunset Club: **The Screaming Lobsters**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Dill Jones & Tony Lee**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London The Mall ICA — Actual Festival: **Keith Tippet Project**
London N7 The Favourite: **Jans Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Suja**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Decorators**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Stockwell Plough: **Chicago Sunsets**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Wardour St Marquee: **Magnum**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London WC1 Margery St. The Cave: **National Gold**
London W1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Gothique**
London W1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Hacienda: **King**
Margate Winter Gardens: (3 days) **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Aquavita**
Reading Target: **Larry Miller**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Cairo / Protocol / Baroque / Crime Of Passion**
South Croydon Swan & Sugar Loaf: **The Misfits**
Torquay Town Hall: **Chapter 29 / The Golgotha Boys / The Calling**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Joker**
Wokingham Angie's: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 26th

Bath Moles Club: **Farenji Warriors**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Jayne County**
Brentford Red Lion: **Mick Ralphs / Mixed Blood**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Ghost Shirts**
Bristol Upstairs: **Brilliant Corners**
Coventry Rhyton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Digbeth Fantasy: **Jayne County**
Edinburgh Minto Hotel: **The Story So Far**
Feltham Middx Football Club: **The Pests / Black Easter**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Rose**
Glasgow Nite Moves: **Under Two Flags**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Static Activity**
Hertford Shire Hall: **Helium Brothers**
Norwich (Lancs) Rivington Barn: **Acker Bilk Band**
Kendal Folk Festival at Brewart Arts Centre (until Sunday): **Stocktons Wing / Alistair Anderson / Bob Fox & Stu Luckley / Ray Laidlow & Rod Clements / Strawhead / Johnny Coppin / plus more**
Kings Lyn Fairstead: **Rendezvous**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Laughing Sam's Dice / Peacock Parade**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Second Image**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Fractured Nerve**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller Band**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **The Chameleons / Just A Ha Ha**
London Camden Palace: **Out**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Gothique**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gymslips / Killer Koala**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Otway**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Gothique**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Killer Queen**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Guana Batz**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **The Breakfast Band**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Jimmy C. Newman**
London Holland Park World Music Village: **Osibisa**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **Turkey Bones and The Wild Dogs**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Caroline Davidson**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Gillie McPherson Duo & Guests**
London The Mall ICA Actual Festival: **(at 3 pm) The Tippett Project / Spontaneous Music Ensemble (at 8 pm) Talisker with Frankie Armstrong**
London New Cross Goldsmith's Tavern: **The Famous Five**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Slim Galliard / Tommy Chase Quartet**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo Rose**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London SE8 Creek Road Duke: **Missing Airmen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters Quartet**
London Southbank National Theatre: **(6.30 pm) Ipso Facto / They Must Be Russians**
London Stockwell Plough: **Brendan Hoban and Al MacLean**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Wardour St Marquee: **Magnum**
London Woolwich Thames Poly: **Vex / Blood Fetish**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Glitter Band / Facing West**
Lyng (Norfolk) Summer Dream Fair: **Donovan / Ground Zero / Bedside Manners / Jah Warrior / Vital Disorders / Original Mixture / Wooden Forge / plus folk dancing**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Karamojos / Jump'n'Grunt**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Peterborough Nene Embankment: **Country Festival — Hank Locklin / Cathy Stewart**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **No Surrender**
Queensborough (Isle of Sheppey) Queen Phillipa: **The Misfits**
Rayleigh Crocs: **UK Subs / Beer's In Brothers**
Reading Festival (3 days): **The Stranglers / Big Country / Steel Pulse / Pallas / Haboi Rocks / Man**
Sheffield University: **Total Institution / Hula**
Tyldesley George & Dragon: **Ex-Directory**
Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **David Essex**
Worthing Pavilion (until Sunday): **British Country Music Festival with Little Ginny Band / Kevin Henderson / Emerald / Frank Jennings Show / Patsy Powell / Pinkertons Colours / Colt 45 / Yellowstone Picnic Band / plus more**

SATURDAY 27th

Birmingham Mermaid: **Whitehouse**
Birmingham Stratford Road Mermaid: **Whitehouse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Johnny & Barbara Ley**
Brenford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Playn Jayn / Saving Face**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **Flying Saucers**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Liquorice Allsorts**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **SPK**
Cardiff Casablanca: **Farenji Warriors**
Cheriton White Lion: **Zip Culture**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **English Rogues**
Corby Boating Lake: **10 am to 11 pm — Energy / Syndromes, Deuce, Skating For Cover**
Croydon Cartoon: **Freehand**
Digbeth Fantasy: **SPK**
Dudley JB's Club: **High Climate**
Garstang Festival: **David Essex**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Chasar**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Tredegar**
Great Yarmouth Big Apple: **Innocent**
Hanley The Place: **Eddie Burke**
Henley The Jolly Waterman: **Fair Exchange**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Banque**
Leicester Nags Head: **Rockin' Bastards / Clockwork Soldiers / HMS Herpes**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Luton Kippers / Purely By Chance**
London Bond St. Embassy: **Moose The Mooche / Mistaken Identity**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers / Seconds Of Pleasure**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **The Chevalier Brothers / Eastern Alliance**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Childs Hill Castle Club: **Innamanna**
London Finchley Rd. Castle Club: **Innamanna**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Naked Lunch / Thirteen At Midnight**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Double Trouble**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Chickenshack**
London Hammersmith Claredon: **Stingrays / Obvious Wigs**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Dance Trance**
London Homerton Chats Palace: **Inspiration / Frederick Williams / Blackheart**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Paz**
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Gillie McPherson & Guests**
London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at the Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London The Mall ICA; Actual Festival: **(at 3 pm) Steve Lacy and Brion Gysin (at 8 pm) The Tippet Project / Peter Kowald and Joelle Leandre (midnight) Cassiber**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Eggy Ley's Jam Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters Quartet**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30 pm): **The Decorators**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell Plough: **Borderline**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Sonny King & The Song Of Swing**
London Woolwich Thames Poly: **The Untouchables / Taming The Outback**
London WC1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Dr And The Medics / Out To Lunch and others**
Maidstone Maids: **The Searchers**
Manchester Morrisey's: **The Enemy**
Newcastle (Cowgate) Ord Arms: **Freak Electric / The End**
Oxfordshire Blenheim Palace: **Barry Manilow**
Peterborough Nene Embankment: **Country Festival — Stu Stevens / Colorado / Raymond Froggatt / Kelvin Henderson**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Jayne County**
Reading Festival: **Black Sabbath / Marillion / Suzi Quatro / Stevie Ray Vaughan / Magnum / Mama's Boys / Heavy Pettin' / Lee Aaron**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Gaumont: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Sunderland Bunker: **Subhumans / Faction / Instigators / Reality Control**
Telford Travellers Joy: **Ion Age**
Tunbridge Wells Sherwood Park Community Centre: **The Misfits**
Wakefield Nostell Priory: **The Nerve**
Wingham Well (Kent) 8 Bells: **Denigh**
Wishow Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**

SUNDAY 28th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
Bristol Hippodrome: **David Essex**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cromer Pavilion Threatre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Croydon Cartoon: **Dave Kelly Band**
Derby The Garrick: **Duo Nova**
Dudley JB's Club: **The DT's**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Harrow Willow Beauty Club: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Big Jay McNeely / Chuck Higgins / Young Jesse / Willie Egans / Red Beans & Rice / Juice On The Loose**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Common Bandstand (lunchtime): **Nellie The Elephant / Aurtzaka**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jayne County**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Rockets**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley / Zodiacs**
London Greenwick Theatre Bar: **Brian Abrahams' District Six**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylites**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **The Milkshakes**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Roland Perrin Quartet**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Zybra (lunchtime) / Jazz Sluts (evening)**
London The Mall ICA: Actual Festival (at 3 pm): **Fred Frith's Duck And Cover / (at 8 pm) Steve Lacy and Steve Potts**
London Notting Hill Carnival (over two days): **acts at Portobello Green include Rapp, Red Eye, Urban Warriors, Peaches, Farenji Warriors, Sons Of Jah, Winston Reedy, Spartacus R (at Meanwhile Gardens), Curfew, Sweet Distortion, Red Beat, Black Nights, Aswad, King Sounds And The Israelites, Rudy And The Mutations, Impossible Dreamers, African Woman etc.**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Taylor Band**
London Stockwell Plough: **Brendan Hoban**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Cayenne**
London Strand Lyceum: **GBH / Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Wild Ones**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Digby Fairweather Quintet**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Newquay Cosy Nook Theatre: **The Searchers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Palais (all-nighter): **Winston Reedy / Carroll Thompson**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Low Profile**
Peterborough Nene Embankment: **Country Festival — Joe Brown / Poacher / Tom T. Hall / Frank Ifield / Mel Hague**
Peterborough Glasshouse: **European Tourists**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gentleman Soldier / Charlie Watts**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **Innocent**
Reading Festival: **Thin Lizzy / Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul / Steve Harley / Climax Blues Band / The Enid / One The Juggler / Sad Cafe / The Opposition / Ten Years After**
Sheffield The Manor: **The Nerve**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co.**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

MONDAY 29th

Birmingham The Hummingbird: **Marcia Griffiths**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Los Me Sombreros**
Croydon Cartoon: **Laslo And The Leopards**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **David Essex (2 days)**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Innocent**
Derby Football Tavern: **Duo Nova**
Eastbourne Tivoli Arts Centre: **The Hip Troop /**

Big Jay McNeely and friends.

Carroll Thompson. Pic David Corio

Lovers Rock star CARROLL THOMPSON teams up with WINSTON REEDY for an all-nighter at Nottingham Palais on Sunday, the same day that BIG JAY McNEELY, CHUCK HIGGINS, WILLIE EGANS and YOUNG JESSIE head a '50s "R&B jamboree" at London's Electric Ballroom. Two more offbeat visitors to the capital are bebop singer/pianist SLIM GAILLARD at London's 100 Club on Friday, and Louisianna cajun star JIMMY C. NEWMAN, of 'Alligator Man' fame, who hits Harlesden's Mean Fiddler, also on Friday. Meanwhile, KID CREOLE and LEVEL 42 have national tours underway this week.

The Young Americans / Sub-Terraneans
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **Joolz (until Thursday)**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Fear / Circle Of Sin**
Harrow Wealdstone Football Club: **The Shillalagh Sisters**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Knebworth Park Greenbelt Festival: **Cliff Richard / Maria Muldaur / The Mighty Clouds Of Joy / Lloyd Blue / Andy Pratt / Robin Lane / Randy Stonehill / Kenny Marks / Mac & The Bees / Mark Williamson / Garth Hewitt / 100% Proof / Sheila Walsh / Clarity / The Fat Band / June Osbourne / Early Warning**
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: **Era / Satska Latta**
London Brixton The Fridge: **King Kurt**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Childs Hill Castle Club: **The 2nd Great Buffalo Pool Contest**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ruthless Blues / Facing West**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Space Studio**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Toucan Trolls**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Sleepwalker / Xtrax**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hubbard's Cupboard**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Blowzabella**
London NW2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Big Fun**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's African Drummers / Timbuktu**
London Putney Half Moon: **Sammy Mitchell Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Malc Murphy Stompers**
London Soho Le Beat Route: **Playne Jayne**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30 pm): **Phil May Band**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Rock'n'Roll Alldayer (noon till midnight) with Sonny King / Blackcat / Screaming Lord Sutch**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Strand Dixieland Cafe: **Acker Bilk Band**
London WC1 Pindar Of Wakefield: **Suppose I Laugh**
London W1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Level 42**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Newcastle-Under-Lyme Tiffanys: **Tobruk**
Peterborough Nene Embankment: Country Festival: **Jimmy C Newman / Barron Knights / Karl Denver Trio / Frank Jennings / Brian Golbey**
Poole Arts Centre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts (2 days)**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Improvised Music Ensemble**
Starcross Atmospheric Railway: **Mustang**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**

TUESDAY 30th

Croydon Cartoon: **Jamboree Band**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Gothique**
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: **A Scanner Darkly / Monomix**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Bonanza Bros**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **The Smiths**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Childs Hill Castle Club: **Satska Latta**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Remarkable Family**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Loudness / Rhino Edwards**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Odd**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **Solstice**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Driving South / 17 Fish**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **Telephone Boxes**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Chasers / Two Heroes**
London Marquee Club: **Anvil**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Travelling Shoes**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **UK Subs / State Victims**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete King / Dave Suttle Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London W1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Stop**
Luton Blockers Arms: **Fractured Nerve**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Syd Warren Quintet**
Newton Aycliffe (Durham) The Turbinia: **Occidental Artbeat**
Nottingham Ad Lib: **Subhumans / Faction / Verbal Warning**
Oxford Apollo: **Level 42**
Sheffiled The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Tyrion / Tadge / Thief / The Word**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Chas & Dave (2 days)**
St. Ives (Cornwall): **Meatloaf / 10 cc / Renaissance / Aswad / The Opposition**

WEDNESDAY 31st

Aberdeen Valhalla: **D. F. Dance**
Batley Frontier Club: **The Searchers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Tickles: **Curia Veritas**
Buxton Harper Hill Social Club: **Roaring Jelly**
Croydon Cartoon: **Trimmer And Jenkins / Bromley Blues Band**
Derby The Birdhouse: **Insane Pagola**
Dover Louis Armstrong: **Innocent**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Level 42**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Lurkers / Cult Maniax**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Ad Lib At The Kensington: **Just A Ha Ha / The Coup**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Frantix**
London Brixton Frontline: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Lock Dingwalls: **Gene Chandler**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Legendary Luton Kippers / Purely By Chance**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Geoff Dunn / Ronnie Johnson Group**
London Fulham New Golden Lion: **The Cavern / The Models**
London Grays Inn Road Pindar Of Wakefield: **Garage**
London Greenwich Mitre: **Red Brick House / Key Club**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Sleepwalker / Chinchilla**
London Islington Hope'n'Anchor: **Yes Lets**
London Kilburn National Club: **Dave Berry**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Mike Daniels Big Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Committee**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Opposition**
London Victoria Venue: **The Farmers Boys**
Manchester Jilly's: **Jayne County**
Margate Winter Gardens: **David Essex**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **Tredegar**

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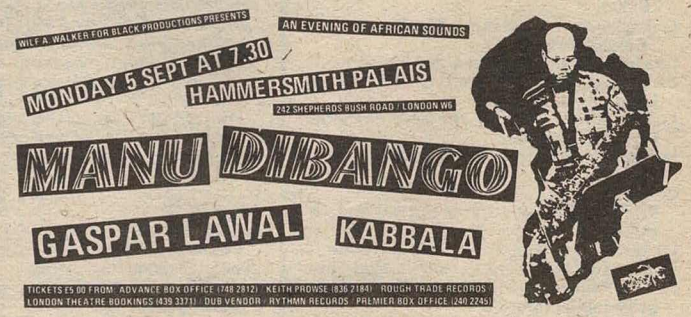
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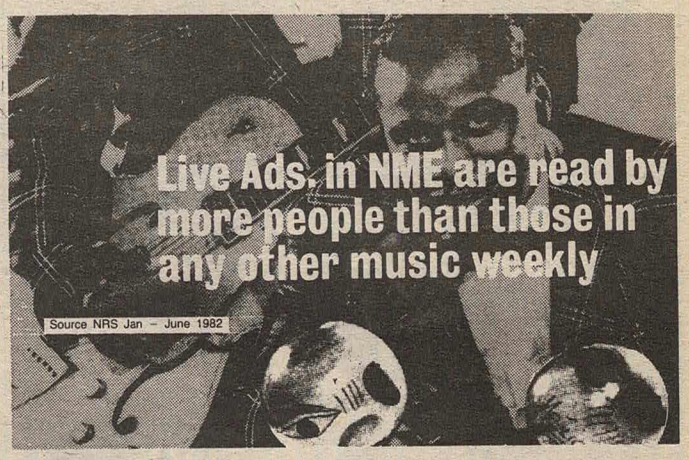

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CAMBRIDGE	Parrot Records	HANLEY	Mike Lloyd		Cleveland Studios,	SHEFFIELD	Cavendish Travel, Virgin
CARDIFF	Virgin, Spillers	HOUNSLOW	Lowes		Cavendish Travel	SOUTHEND	Parrot
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CHELMSFORD	Parrot Records	KING'S LYNN	Bayes	NEWARK	Pride Records, Wayahead	STAFFORD	Lotus Records
COLCHESTER	Parrot Records	LEEDS	Barker, Cavendish Travel	NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE	Virgin	STEVENAGE	F.L. Moore
COVENTRY	Apollo Theatre, HMV	LEICESTER	Midland Red	NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME	Mike Lloyd	SWANSEA	HMV Derricks
CRAWLEY	H. R. Cloake	LEIGHTON BUZZARD	F. L. Moore	NORWICH	George Wortley	SWINDON	Kempster
CROYDON	H. R. Cloake	LINCOLN	Pride Records, The Box Office	NOTTINGHAM	Wayahead	TONBRIDGE	Music Room
DERBY	Wayahead	LIVERPOOL	T.L.C.A.	OXFORD	Russell Acott, Apollo Theatre	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	Music Room
DUNSTABLE	F. L. Moore	LONDON	Marquee, 90 Wardour St, W1, Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse,	PARKSTONE	Setchfields	WORCESTER	Music Centre
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LIVE ADS

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LIVE

DEE SNIDER
'MAD' DORRELL
'SLIDE IT IN' RAI.
& EVEN SOME BANDS

Wild Man Of Rock and Bermondsey goldfish aficionado, Danny 'Turkey Bones' Baker
Pic: Lawrence Watson

CRAZEEEE ...AS IN GOLDFISH

TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS
London Hope And Anchor

IF YOU awaited sweet subtlety, forget it – Turkey Bones And The Wild Dogs are fucking beserk and you'll probably hate them. But who cares? They probably hate you.

Still, come in (if you must) you pale and inconsequential bastards. Come in and see the true face of our mad age – for it is Turkey Bones' own, and it is uglier then you think.

Thankfully this hirsute grotesquerie doesn't smile at you. It scowls because it hardly cares for your fads and your quirks, your stance and your whine. So come in fools and all – there are no bars in this show. If you're lucky the Turkey will only flap and the Dogs merely howl. I dread to think of you being unlucky at a Turkey Bones Thanksgiving . . .

. . .ask yourself, where does he get his bones from?

Ah, yes! They are uglier than you'd think and their madness is fresher than you'd expect – it is a celebration with the mental lights out. If the Birthday Party had refused cunnilingus with the cannibals then maybe they too would have sunk this low, this deep into depravity. I would dare Nick Cave to wrassle with these swamp *things* – but I am a compassionate soul.

Turkey Bones are the utter debris of a band. Once there may well have been some structure, some semblance of unity. Now there is only the shuddering wreck of a musical format manned by wasted hulks. Wasted.

Crawling from this wreckage comes the fowl protagonist hisself, the squawking. strutting Turkey; his eyes stem from gouged pits and saliva flies onto his matted locks. At his worn heels bay the Wild Dogs, tugging at their instruments as if enacting some rude, forgotten ritual. Dishevelled, drawn and demented, they lead into an aural attack of DT's; this is 'Helicopter Man' and from here things can only spiral into bedlam and insanity.

As Turkey screams through the set – losing his glasses, his cool and his voice – the audience lose their mind. To his left, the bass player loses his strings one by one. Turkey hits him on the head with his mike. Hard. Arab (for it is he) strikes for the groan. Harder. On stage the gnarled veneer of civilisation is being worn away. In the crowd weird things are starting up . . .

Then it happens. Turkey cries in a whisper at some vision; he cries out twice, a cry that is no more than a breath – "The Goldfish! The Goldfish!" In a mess of Doors riffs and Warsaw drums they subject themselves to some fiendish demon muse. And teeter on the very edge of a song . . .

Hurtling themselves from one pit to another, they reach the blood curdling tale of patricide that is 'Raymond'. Between one frenzy and another, Turkey retreats to the toilets. He is suffering from fever and if he dies we are ordered to pick him up – and continue. The few straight jackets in the audience take this as an excuse to leave the sty.

Turkey freaks. Clawing at the air he turns and leaves. This man is very sick . . .

For that we should give Thanksgiving. It could have been a Birthday Party but someone had ground the cake into the carpet and set the curtains on fire with the candles. So go to it, crazies. Go gobble with the Turkey and lick with the Wild Dogs . . . because this is not the worst, the worst is yet to come . . .

David 'Mad' Dorrell

ONE THE JUGGLER
London Marquee

EVEN FOR the most ordinary set, perverse circumstance can sometimes turn suspicion inside out. Another time, any other place, and perhaps I'd have come home yelling that these five 'young' men were artfully reworking a tradition, that they triumphed over their drawbacks, and deserved their soon-come stardom.

Not this time, not here. The tradition they work is worked out, too ancient and parochial, an early '70s aesthetic barely lightened with occasional punky speed. Their handout image is a hack's godsend, where 'Romany' and 'Tarot' can be uncritically translated as 'Passionate' and 'Strange'; but on this showing, Romanies are neither as wild or as weird as rumour had it. I was left hoping desperately for a little Tzigane-madness, even the most clichéd horror film gypsy mannerism, just something to surprise or amuse, to challenge my preconception of Marquee Macho.

Indeed, they worked hard, but the longer they played, the more like a time capsule this evil place seemed.

One The Juggler were men out of time, but what matters is that in this faery castle *no one noticed*.

Mark Sinker

DICK GAUGHAN
ALY BAIN
CILLA & ARTIE
London Purcell Rooms

FROM THE sublime to the ridiculous. In the red corner, Dick Gaughan and Aly Bain (sublime) and, in the blue corner, Cilla and Artie, resplendent in contagious skirt and cacophonous trousers respectivety (ridiculous).

The Ridiculous duo went for all the cheap shots: folk winking at sex à la Benny Hill, and impolite singalongs for eight year olds. Cilla is all set to be the next Isla St Clair, but what Artie will be doing in five years time, I can't imagine. Hanging round public toilets probably.

It may have been a Scottish evening but Dick Gaughan and Aly Bain came from a different country entirely. Aly Bain is *the* master of Shetland fiddle music. One moment he throws out a whirlygig of notes chattering like a machine gun playing scales, the next, grating violin chords that hang like jagged glass in a broken window.

Dick Gaughan's songs are drawn from a Scottish urban folk tradition, one that confronts head on the social and political conditions of our time. In 'Workers Song' Gaughan combines anger, compassion, lyricism and insight, never falling prey to the kind of smug and sluggish platitudes that such songs all too often wallow in.

Dick Gaughan's music resonates with the same mixture of earthy power and honest diffidence as that of the great bluesmen.

Abe Smith

METAL!

METAL PICS: LAWRENCE WATSON

MEATLOAF, SNIDER, DIO, ZZ TOP . . . MONSTERS OF ROCK

Castle Donington

THIS BIG!

SMALL RONNIE tells tall stories – ten inch scarlet fever purple platforms raised on scaffolding and he still falls short of the bass player's shoulders! Bullied at school – surrendered his dinner money before registration most days – this pocket sized legend has wormed his way into favour by backtracking into his very own saga-stacked Camelot.

Dio is the mouse that's learnt to roar, parrot-fashion! Where his predecessors on the stage, Diamond Head, had floundered – elephants with water wings! – Dio's Holy Divers snatch Excalibur from the lake with a succession of epic constructions – vacuuming organ sweeps and monolithic melody, the primary flames of braggard rock. Second division rock 'n' roll but climbing.

"Jeez, if those two guys ain't talkin' outta their ass, I'm a bearded Dutchman . . ."

THAT MOUTH!

Dee Snider has two peculiarly gross and extraordinary red lips. They hang off his face like giblets: dripping profanity. A full frontal labia! Lip glossed lip service to an ascetic denim and leather etiquiette; a bump 'n' grind, lumpen barrage of cliche propelled .44 calibre rack 'n' rawl pouring out from a maw of gory geranium – broiling magenta would have been tastier but not quite Snider! Dee's mouth comprehends what the Rolling Stones mean.

His band – and his fans – have swapped the mundane tassels of life for the glad rags of glam heavy metal: they've given up on their choices, resigned themselves to going blind making others deaf! Dee's Twisted Sisters live in a claustrophobic bedsit in an ivory tower at the edge of the world; a precarious perch, an eyrie which the entire world is apparently hell-bent on evicting them from.

But Dee's rocksteady, armed and ready. Twisted Sister are nothing if not a stoic resistance – prepared to lay down their wives, their lives, almost anything but their chequebooks to quash the massive forces of conservatism out to stop rock 'n' roll. (And occasionally, the lips breaking through the ululation: "Stop throwing stones. Sick motherfuckers!") Cinderella's ugly sisters are the biggest fun at the ballroom blitz.

THAT'S HAIRY!

PHENOMENAL PILOSITY! ZZ Top's beards are staggering but false – two foot gonzoid goatees surplus to requirements from the *Deliverance* artistes' wardrobe! They came, these wise men from the west, in a candy-apple scarlet jalopy – a '32 Ford Coupe with a 4.7 litre Mustang engine, and Jaguar independent rear suspension – trailing facial thatches from the windows, to play some grizzly Texan boojie.

Three cowpoke funnies fanning Donnington's flames with a showstealing rapid–fire bear-garden blues 'n' grate guitar technique and a line in off the cuff sarcasm. ZZ Top: a whole new concept in shag carpet advertising!

HIS GROIN!

DAVID COVERDALE has obviously got a very small willy and several pairs of freshly laundered, towelled socks in his trousers! A prurient purveyor of the priapic principle – continuous erection of the penis without sexual excitement – David pumps his microphone (his personalised electronic fecundity) in ecstatic simulation. Cosy Powell thumps rhythm method overtures and David straddles and thrusts in Sunday best baritone without ever attaining ejaculation point as he wrist-hops through a litany of sexual conquests – the phallus/snake peels back his coils and rubs around in a dream parade of subjugation: tails of lions and maids made for male heaven. The aesthetique du schlock!

David bellows first person do's and dareisms – AHVE BEN MESTREETERED, YEAH BAH-BEE, AH BEN AHBOOZED – of bars where women with a lot of thigh and garter strap are lured, seduced, hooked and shanghaied as call girls by leering red devils in silk toppers. And a bespectacled vicar (not God!) watches in helpless, voyeuristic dismay.

Lost for words, Meatloaf struggles to reply.

THOSE SONGS!

Children Of The Sea Man On The Silver Mountain Holy Diver You Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll Destroyer I Am (I'm Me) Eliminator Gimme All Your Lovin' Bat Out Of Hell Fool For Your Lovin' Would I Lie To You?

Amrik 'Slide It In' Rai

Shooting from, er, somewhere around the hip . . . Snider lets loose a rush of verbals.

THAT FAT!

What an interesting situation this is – the slandered getting his chance to be a slanderer. Well, instead of proving that I am just as big an asshole as some of the critics in this business, I think I'll show them how it should be done.

When critiquing a show there is one question above all others that should be answered, and that is, 'Did the artist do what he set out to do?' That's it. No other bullshit. Just did they get the job done. The answer in Meatloaf's case is an overwhelming YES! He was fantastic. He was powerful, commanding, aggressive, exciting and all those other adjectives that make rock 'n' roll the thing it is . . .

By the way, for the rest of this piece, all jokes, puns and innuendos about fatness are to be eliminated – this man deserves more than cheap shots like "FAT OUT OF HELL".

I must admit I was surprised to see Meatloaf on the Castle Donnington bill because in America he is not regarded as a heavy rock act. He is considered more of an MOR artist. But he certainly proved that you don't need to have Marshall amps and thunderous drums to be heavy. (I said no puns!)

He took the stage with authority, grabbed the 'overly enthusiastic' crowd by the throat and dragged them through a 90 minute set filled with true rock 'n' roll vaudeville! Great singing, playing and acting. The crowd's reaction was tremendous, yet different from the reaction to any of the other bands that graced the stage that day. They seemed more polite and enthralled, like they were watching a Broadway show not a rock 'n' roll concert. Except for the constant throwing of things at the stage, which I can't understand considering how well Meatloaf was going over – is there such a thing as positive bottle throwing in the UK? – the audience was enraptured by his performance.

There may be some complaints about Meatloaf's recordings but this man has lost nothing when it comes to live performances. Well done Meat, you definitely kicked some ass. You are truly a SICK MUTHA' FUCKER! (Well, at lest I held out till the end.)

Dee Snider

"Trashing instruments is hopelessly outré."
"Trivial stunts at gigs will not suffice. The only way to substantialize urban decay in a cultural vacuum, reverse futurism and beat Test Dept to a CBS advance is transparent. We must annex the Sudetenland." Pic: Jeremy Bannister

BASHING!

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Notting Hill Acklam Hall

IT IS the professed aim of Einsturzende Neubauten to exhaust music, to drain it until it implodes into a single catastrophic moment. This, however, is not enough to stop them first draining the physical resources of their audience.

Having on this most unbearably humid of nights actually turned the boilers UP, Neubauten threw in a free sauna and trapped its spectators in a claustrophobic test department of stamina. Our sweat was their spectacle.

Industrialism only starts to make sense with these low-tech delinquent dilettantes. In complete contrast to the sober constructivism of the real Test Dept., Neubauten have fun at our expense while offering their own bodies as objects, utensils to be played and if necessary assaulted. They are punks of sorts.

Like some renegade heretic inciting a slaves' rebellion, Blixa Bargeld oversees the mad callisthenics of Mufti and Unruh wearing a neatly pressed dog collar. SPK want "this industrial thing" to build into a propagandist guerilla movement, but like Nick Cave, Blixa is an addict only of desire, and his *sehnsucht*, sung tonight with almost Hitlerian sterness, is for *Kollaps*.

I've not been to Berlin so cannot vouch for its urban decay being different from urban decay anywhere else, but Einsturzende Neubauten's approach to sounding out their cracked, ravaged environment is one of indisputably Germanic glee. Their collecting of garbage is, like Holly Woodlawn's in *Trash*, absurdist, rather than methodical, like Test Department's. There is a randomness in their sound, a chaotic spree of noise which sets them away from parallel entities, Unlike Z'ev, they are not interested in pursuing "the performance of pure form". They have a total *dis*respect for rhythm that disqualifies them from trappings of primal or hypnotic beat, but if they are not elemental, neither are they bothered, as are SPK or Cabaret Voltaire, with altering the technological channels of information.

Neubauten's bashing of objects, if in bursts and free runs highly syncopated, is rarely an accompaniment, always a sheer beating of surface. Their attack on urban debris takes the form of savage copulation, a frenzied caress of man on metal. They are the sound of compression, of things driven into each other and into human skin. They are also the noise of man himself as an object (hence the miking of BLixa's bones for 'Thirsty Animal'.)

The end of this is that Neubauten treat cities not within civic parameters, as spaces to be cleaned up, *organised*, but as battlefields, human constructions that have lost their use, their meaning. They reverse futurism. And they are right to say their music goes beyond tone. They excite through a kind of balletic brutality, concentrating and exhausting themselves as a mass: a sonic meltdown, a black whole. It won't collapse on itself but will continue to expand and contract like a Möbius strip.

Neubauten drill the ears, their gristle throbs. They are on the verge.

Barney Hoskyns

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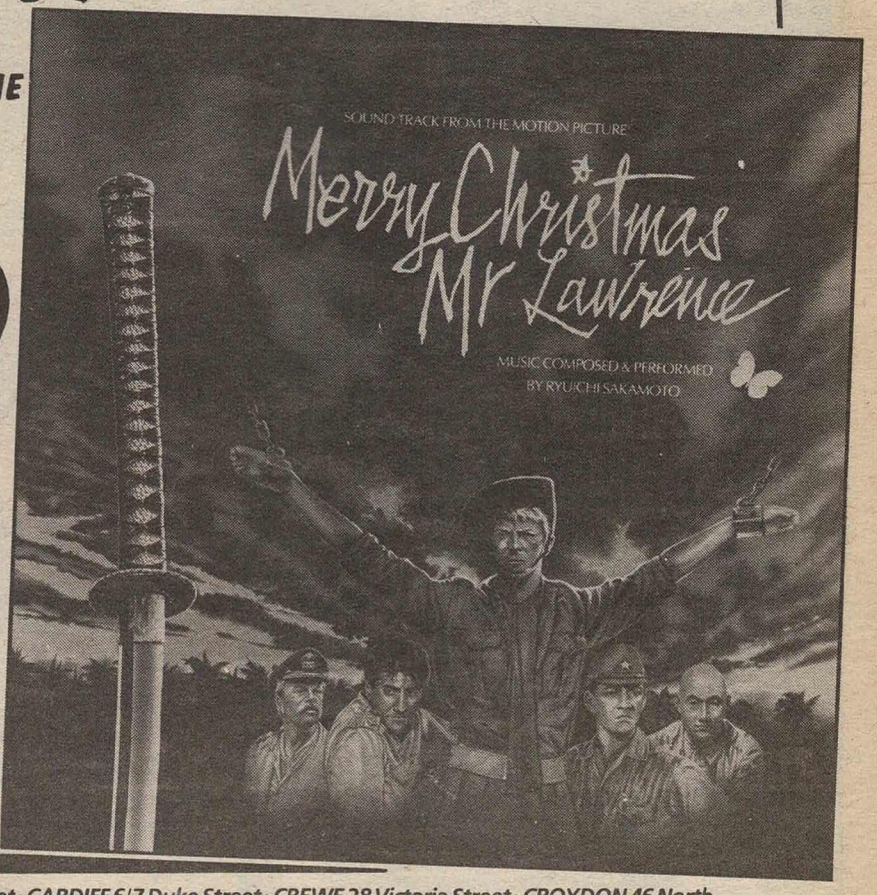

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LIVE

CABBA CABBA HEY

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Leeds Warehouse
London Electric Ballroom

FOR A band that have always seemed so *ahead,* there's something strangely old fashioned about the current Cabaret, working as it does with the values of dance and derision. Just at the time when the bop seemed to have stopped, Voltaire make their first (almost) straight dancefloor disc and now that the guitar is making a certain return, Voltaire have almost excised it from their act. Most importantly, when attention turns towards the underground, the archetypal musical guerillas have chosen to move into the central spotlight. There's a curious perversity at work here.

In the claustrophobic confines of 'Crackdown' the hues of oppression and oppressive humour work their magic through a delicate nuance of sound, indicating the finely honed skill of the studio which the pair have developed. In the living cinema of their live performance it's an altogether more risky affair, with only isolated bursts of passion substituting for the understated threat of the LP.

Compared with the previous confrontational display, the current show is subliminal in tone, it draws you deep in an echoing repetition, invites you to lose yourself in the speed of a lurid vision of Japanese night-life.

A lumbering beast of a beat builds up into fast-cut flashes of urban clichés and provides an overture to a bewilderingly comprehensible Voltaire scheme. Unlike before, there's a plethora of references floating through the sound, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from 'Love Song' Simple Minds to Blancmange. What they've done is take the juxtaposition of catch-phrases approach to songwriting favoured by Blancmange and their banal bunch and set it against an insistent dance pulse, turning verbal bankruptcy into an insane persistence with obsessive overtones and aggressive undertones.

The fashioning of art from nonsense, though, like driving, is a dangerous game. A repetition of 'That's why some motherfucker's gonna get killed' cutting into the sci-fi sarcasm of '24–24' stops the heart straight, but when the momentum drops the audience attention span snaps.

Cabaret Voltaire continue to dance on a razor's edge, although their medium has moved from conflict and confrontation to the sublime and the subliminal. Ultimately, this was not the clean laceration that we might have hoped for, but I caught a mischievous glint on a sharpened blade.

Don Watson

CHICKENS GO DOWN A STORM AT VENUE WITH NO TOILET! CRITIC STUNNED

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS FRANK CHICKENS

London Musicians Collective

THE WORD 'cabaret' is usually enough to summon the dreadful vision of Frankies S and V strutting their stuff in Las Vegas, yet as soon as Frank Chickens bounced onto the stage, the word took on a whole new meaning.

Their set is built around backing tapes of Japanese cocktail-bar music, over which the two girls sing, dance and mimé — their themes as diverse as men's souls and UFOs — and afford an insight into a world which seems both upside-down and inside-out to us Westerners. Two of the numbers were their own — a haunting one about street vendors in Japan and a lighthearted rap about Ninjas, a comic-strip Samurai.

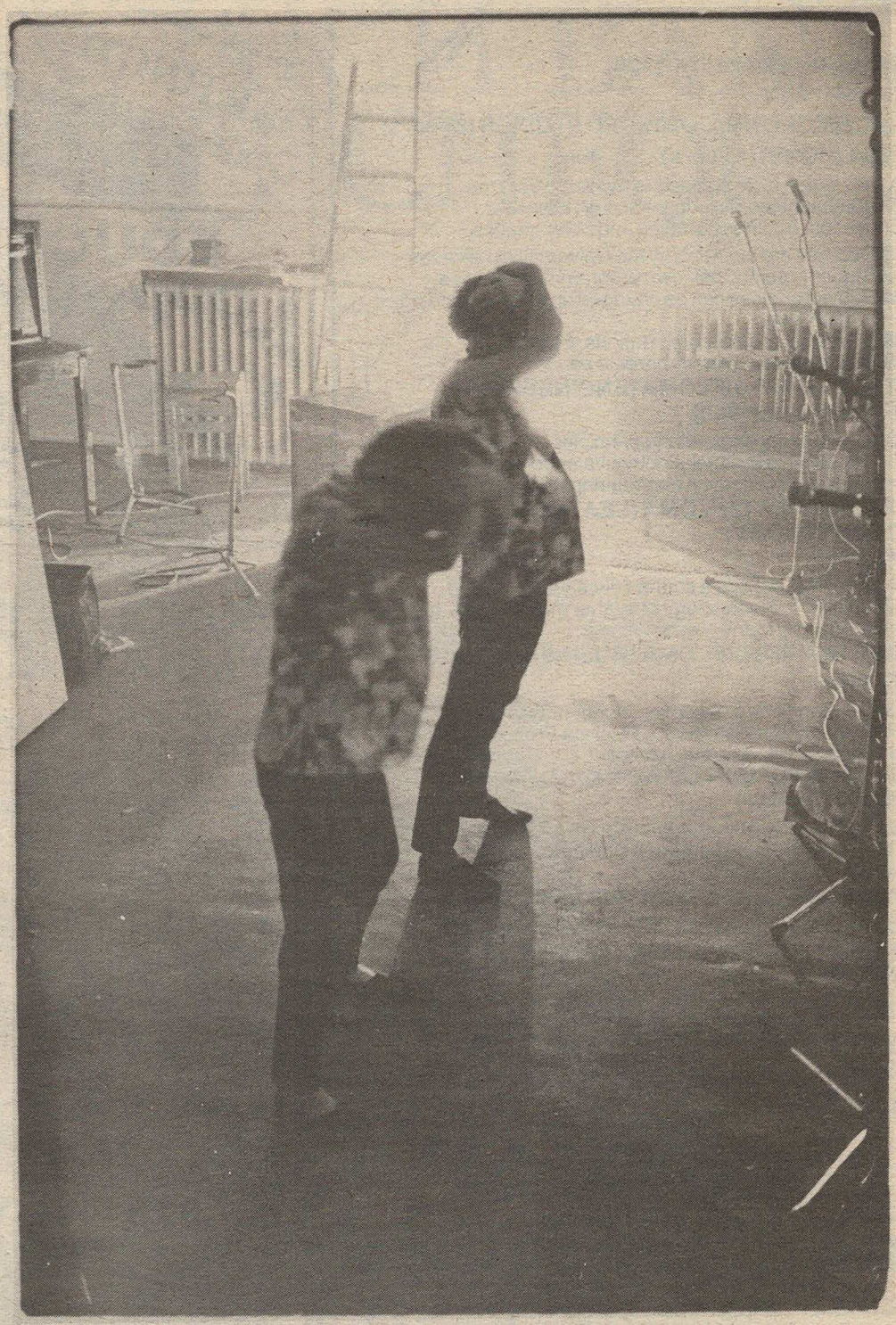
Humour is international and Frank Chickens inject it even into topics like the big mushroom, with witty dialogues and crazy riddums. Some of the songs were in Japanese, and occasionally the stage banter slipped into heavy pidgin, but this couldn't detract from the element of pure entertainment.

Overcoming impossible conditions at the LMC (no toilets or bar, and half the audience stuck outside), Frank Chickens' zest and fun sparkled throughout.

For Impossible Dreamers, it was rather a case of being blown off the stage; most of the audience had left before their set. Comprising trumpet, two guitars, drums, and two female singers in close harmony throughout, this band could be pigeonholed equally jazz/funk/ska/reggae, so eclectic was the music. The set started sloppily, but by 'In the Army', which had a great trumpet melody, things were tightening up.

Perfect for a free festival, I found them old-fashioned and uninspiring — back to the days of '74/'75, and easy to believe that '77 never happened.

Lindsay Shapero



Frank Chicklets overcoming impossible conditions at LMC gig – no stage, no bar, no instruments, no Perrier, no soft bog paper in toilets which aren't there anyroad . . . no friggin' audience – just a row of microphones left over from last week by some Visual Media Studies student recording the proceedings for a thesis on rad fem silo dancing. Hot stuff. ***Pic: Andrew Catlin***

FLASHES

SENSE

London Lyceum

SENSE BEGIN with 'Discriminators', which is punchy Depeche Mode (or maybe it's live disco-pop), and people start dancing. Two songs later, a sax, trumpet and slap-happy bass are added and the field is clear for an assault on an electronic world of whiter-than-white funk. It's guitarless and melodic, all edges are smoothed, but Sense have a kick which others in the same field lack and they manage to inject some life into a genre which we all thought had been sequenced to death.

In the wake of Limahl and the Kajas doing a Heyward/Haircut schism, if I was a record exec I'd go see Sense. They're not as pretty as the Kajas, but meat and potatoes might last longer than empty vol au vent cases.

I. Jones

OUT

Deptford Youth Club

ALIX SHARKEY, ex-Stimulin mainman, is back. And his new five-piece Out are, quite simply, the best group I've seen in years.

Including ex-Squeeze man Don Snow on keyboards and the excellent Phil Butcher on bass and synthesiser, and augmented in the vocals department by Mike and Jeff from 7th Heaven, they play a brand of funk that combines the best of mod New York with a distinctive British feel.

Don't miss Out, go see them as soon as you can!

Jo-Anne Smith

LOST LOVED ONES

London Marquee

NOWADAYS, prospective guitar hereos don't want to be Ritchie Blackmore, they want to be The Edge. As a result, echo chamber melodies and riffs based on harmonics clutter the sound of the Lost Loved Ones until it gets like some jam in a garage where the geezer with the new Fender and matching FX pedal can't stop showing off. The Marquee's ambience suits the band to a T.

The Lost Loved Ones are a power trio who manage, despite the aforementioned richness, to inject some young and dynamic life into their branch of rock. And granted their addiction to the whole 'Here comes the new dark age and we don't care' scam, they possess a certain winning naivety.

I. Jones

Ruby Turner ***Pic: Mark Rusher***

BUM BLUES FOR MRS TURNER

RUBY TURNER

Camden Dublin Castle

FUNNY HOW things turn out, isn't it? In a pub in London's Camden Town, which regularly features such acts as Diz And The Doormen, The Mickey Jupp Band and The Dana Gillespie Band, The Ruby Turner Band begin their set with a slickish version of Van Morrison's 'Checkin' It Out'. A competent groove is thus established and maintained through the first three numbers.

I'm woken up by a performance of the Etta James song 'I'd Rather Go Blind' and am reminded that this must be similar scenery to that inhabited by Alison Moyet before the day her Vince did come.

Ruby Turner's band (She — black, a big young girl. They — five pale and skinny, a rather weary looking assortment of old mods and rockers) are from Birmingham, and they play clean, if rather pedestrian blues and soul in mid-tempo accompaniment to Ruby's slightly rougher Soul Shout.

It is accurate to think of them, and theirs, as more of a continuation than a revival, but this evening saw pub-rock head up its ugly rear — stirring, for me, little more than the aroma of reawakened sweat.

Simon Says

LIGOTAGE

London Marquee

THE STORY so far . . . Beki Bondage, former singer with top EMI punk act Vice Squad, opts for a solo career with ex-members of Chelsea and The UK Subs. Meanwhile, the nation's youth assembles in London's Marquee Club to see the rightful queen of new wave punk rock reclaim her crown.

1981, I think it was, when bad punk stopped sounding like Eddie And The Hot Rods and began to acquire new boundries and clichés. Behind every gelatined Mohican was a drummer who never played one part of his kit when all of it would do, and a bass player and guitarist who had redefined 'energy' as how fast you could play without slicing your fingers off on the strings. The object seemed to be to compete against Ramones records, and doubtless the up and coming leaders of he new punk would put 'Rocket To Russia' on at 45 rpm and try to beat the clock. Then they'd go on about how punk wasn't dead and get in *Sounds* . . .

So two years on, nothing has changed – the DJ at the Marquee mumbling incoherently all night through a selection of records by The Lurkers, Cock Sparrer, and the likes of The Anti-Nowhere League. A delightful mix of Scandinavian students, punks and Charlie Harper strolled about (my friend was right, Charlie *does* look like Lionel Blair). Then Ligotage (or, as they are often called, Beki Bondage's Ligotage) came on. And they were just like all the things I said above. Except the guitarist looked a bit like Ron Wood. Or maybe Rod Stewart.

David Quantick

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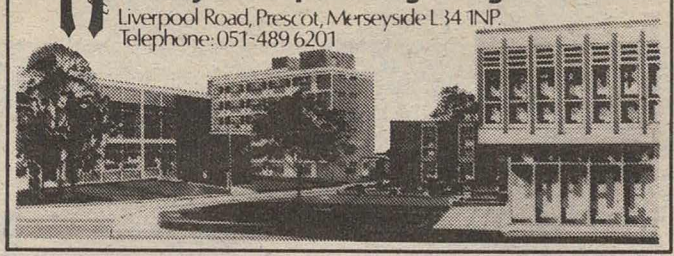

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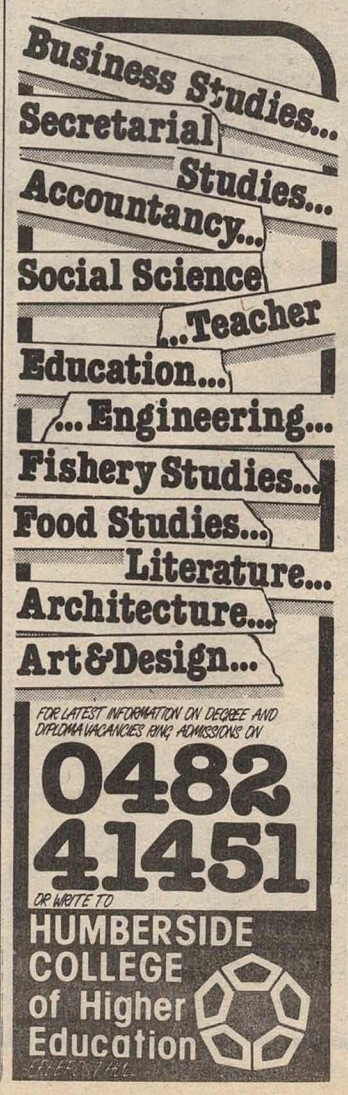
LONDON EHE Ealing College of Higher Education



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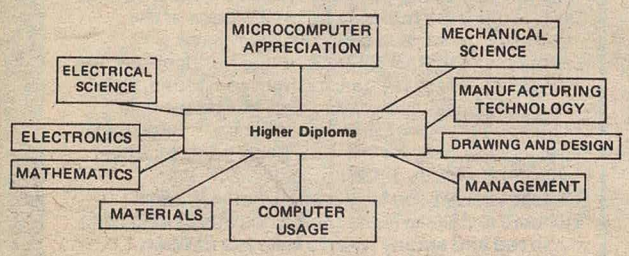

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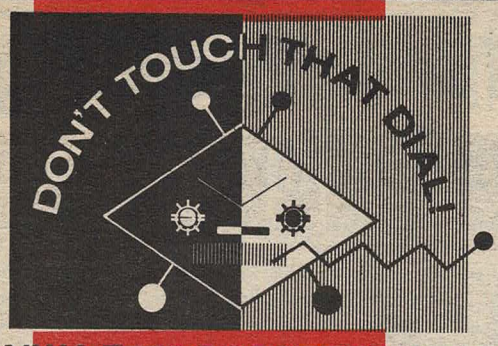

Illustration Catherine Denvir

THE AIWA F770 CASSETTE DECK – NOT ONLY DOES IT LOOK DEAD FLASH BUT THE GADGETRY IS ACTUALLY USEFUL! TONY BACON TWIDDLES THE KNOBS AND FINDS THIS JAPANESE MACHINE A WINNER.

NOW here's a clever one. The Aiwa F770 is a relatively expensive cassette deck — around £270 — but one that nevertheless gives you plenty of useful gadgetry with which to while away those spare moments.

I've always had a feeling that Aiwa, Japanese maker though they may be, have had something of an air of quality about them and, more importantly perhaps, a precise *sound* quality to their credit. A friend has had an Aiwa 6800 model which has given years of good service, and this new 770 seems based to some extent on the older 6800.

The Aiwa 770 will flash and wink its many LEDs at you as you turn the power switch on. This naturally gives the owner a satisfied feeling that this must, after all, be the 1980s in which we are living, and that technological expertise isn't reserved solely these days for plastering on the insides of submarines.

No, here lights tell you whether you've chosen such harmless things as Tape or Source to listen to — what's on a pre-recorded cassette, or what's coming into the 770 from your vast battery of ancillary sound equipment.

Another light next to the four-digit counter tells what mode this read out is in — it doubles as a time-still-to-go counter, telling the lucky user roughly how much time is left on the cassette running. It's by no means a totally accurate counter, but can be a helpful guide, especially when recording.

To the right of this are the level indicators, bargraph types for each channel which, strangely enough, measure signal levels as well as their more important task of looking dead flash.

Below these are yet more lights, set into the clear black plastic frontage which needs the occasional wipe to rid it of those inevitable sticky paw marks. Soon as you stick a tape in the little flap that conveniently opens at the merest tap of the eject button, lights tell you what sort of tape it is: normal (ferric); CR02 (chrome): or Metal. In fact there seem to be two virtually identical sets of lights to tell you this — in case you miss one lot in the Blackpool-like onslaught, no doubt.

This tape-type indication works by checking the cut-out slots on the top of the cassette housing, so if you've got any older metal tapes knocking around (like an old Agfa C60 of mine) without the two central holes, the Aiwa will happily insist that this is a Chrome tape. Tsk tsk.

Another light tells you whether you've selected no noise reduction, Dolby-B, or Dolby-C. Thus you can choose pure, hissy non-Dolby if you're a Doubting Thomas; you can play back that stack of old tapes recorded with Dolby-B; or you can enjoy the even less noisy environment enjoyed with the recent Dolby-C system fitted to this Aiwa and most new cassette decks.

The 770 also has a new Dolby system fitted called HX – this is *not* a noise reduction system, rather a complex-sounding way of constantly varying the bias signal to allow more accurate recording of high-frquency sounds. It seems a welcome addition.

Next to the noise reduction lights is one of the better features of the 770, the so-called DATA system (an Aiwa acronym for Digital Automatic Tape Adaptation, apparently — wonder what it is in Japanese?) At the tap of a button, this'll set up an optimum bias, eq and 'sensitivity' level for any tape you care to bung into the machine. So you don't just have a compromised three-position switch giving set levels for ferric, chrome and metal, but can set the machine up as accurately as possible to get the most from each tape you use.

The 770 will remember the contents of the DATA circuits for up to 24 hours after it's been switched off, so if you settle on one regular tape for each of the three types, and turn the machine on once a day, you needn't do much more than press the record button still to get optimum results.

Other features scattered around the plastic include a Timer system that needs a separate timer unit to give time-shift recording à la video. Also, each time you turn the machine on there's a brief couple of seconds inactivity while the head is automatically demagnetised, effectively lessening noise build-up. Worth the wait, in fact.

Underneath the main indicator block on the front is a shelf-like projection which bears the controls. The tape transport buttons are on the left, with all the usual stuff, plus the rather useless Record Mute button. Next to these are a brace of tiny blue buttons which deal with the digital read-out counter, and also give a series of return-to-zero functions so you can replay bits of tape and find the start of certain sections.

There's also an Intro Play function which'll give you the first few bars of recorded tracks, or run through to find a certain track. Useful. There's a level slider, and to the right a few more knobs and buttons for noise-reduction selection, levels, and channel balance.

It would have been useful, if the DATA system had some kind of indication of the level of the settings it silently makes for itself — no matter how foolproof the system is, I somehow don't trust a single flashing LED for each constituent to tell me that everything is just fine. And it would be handy to know how different tapes compare with one another in their setting.

Recommending certain tapes for use with the 770 is a little pointless with the DATA system on-board, but I got good results in my tests with Maxell UL for ferric, TDK SA-X for chrome, and Fuji Metal and TDK MA-R for metal.

On the positive side, the 770 is a good and sensibly developed machine with few obvious frills and lots of practically *useful* features. Setting up tapes with the DATA system and bombarding them with Dolby C and HX enhanced signals gives some exceptional results.

The only problem may be the small matter of 270 notes. You can get a slightly cheaper version, the 660, which doesn't have DATA, for £40 or so less. But if you're already spending over £200 on a cassette deck, DATA is well worth another £40.

AIWA VITAL STATISTICS

MEASURES 420mm (W) × 280mm (D) × 110mm (H).
WEIGHS approx 5½kg
INPUTS Mic jacks; Line-in phonos; (optional) Remote Control DIN.
OUTPUTS Line-out phonos; headphone jack.
FREQUENCY RESPONSE (manufacturer's figures) Metal tape 20Hz-20kHz; chrome tape 20Hz-19kHz; ferric tape 20Hz-18kHz(!)
REWIND TIME (one side) 80 secs (C90); 55secs (C60); 45secs (C46).
PRICE Recommended £270
● ***MORE INFORMATION Aiwa Sales & Service (UK) Ltd 163 Dukes Road, Western Avenue, London W3 0SY. Tel: (01) 993 1672.***

NEXT WEEK IN NME

HOW AGREEABLE to reflect that today, in a topsy-turvy world of hurly-burly, hubble, bubble, toil and, indeed, trouble, certain of our great national institutions remain. Bulwark-like, as a mighty rock that withstands the pulverising waves of time's unceasing tide, behold one such in the NEXT WEEK BOX.

Lo! It rises before us! Speak, wizened oracle! What delights await us in our next issue?

"Uh, yeah well. **SIMPLE MINDS** I got **STEVE WALSH** I can give you. And if the mood takes me I might throw in **TURKEY BONES AND THE WILD DOGS** and all."

We gasp, we ponder. We place an order with our newsagents.

What we do best is breed . . . revival session in Leicester this Friday at the Maidstone Club from 8pm with Papa Shifta Hi-Fi (Studio 1) + Mr Blues Hi-Fi (rock steady) + The Vikings (soul and calypso) . . . **August Bank Holiday, whole populations explode** . . . on Saturday takes place an outing to Hastings Pier participating in a grand circus – fun fair with music by the Mighty 7 Warriors from North London. Soca dancers contest. Coaches from Tottenham, Wood Green and Forest Gate at 9am sharp. Tickets from Body Music 01-802 0146 . . . **across the wolds** . . . also on Saturday is an outing to Clacton-on-Sea and dance to the music of Sir Biggs. Coaches leave 9.30am sharp from Hornsey Rise, Tottenham, Finsbury Park and Caledonian Road. Tickets from Burlett Biggs on 01-272 2311 . . . **and in a slot of small cars pullulate by couples** . . . on the lawn at Broadwater Farm, Lordship Lane, Tottenham on Saturday afternoon live onstage Winston Reedy, Winston Fergus, Eli Emmanuel, Instigators, Barry Isaachar, Yaa Asawenta and sounds of Unity, Fatman and First Choice . . . **Millington Meadows flower with campstools** . . . at Popular Civic Centre from 6.30pm to 11.30 Saturday live onstage Spartacus, Carroll Thompson, Sweet Distortion, Gene Rondo and Floyd Lloyd. Admission £3 and £2 (UB40) . . . **at Beverley the font has a cover carved like a goblet** . . . from 7pm until sunrise on Saturday at 14 Peto Place, off Marylebone Road, NW1 is established a great night of carnival bonanza featuring a special tribute to the young girl posse with special guests Sunset Band and Neapolitans Band plus Sugar Dread and Jennifer Bushkamush dancer. Sounds by Stereograph Hi-Fi introducing dynamic duo Speedy Rankin and cousin Captain Starsky under style and culture with a big boucha . . . **the new baby is fed** . . . at Chats Palace in Homerton on Saturday from 7.30pm is a night of jazz, reggae and modern music and dance inviting you to jump, jive, tango, twist, crawl, shout and throw yourselves about with Debbie Baddoo and the Sundance Kids, People's Unlimited, Jamel, Jah Globe, Brian the Lion and others. Adm. £2 and £1 (unwaged) . . . **I stumble back to bed** . . . and sailing from Westminster Pier an hour after midnight on Saturday is a late night cruise on Mayflower Garden with JJ and Barber Roy. Coaches leave Tottenham Town Hall from midnight. Tickets from Body Music . . . **I hear the owls for a long time hunting** . . . on Sunday at Brockwell Park in Brixton is held a festival of arts and culture featuring Cynthia Williams, Brixton Underworld Band, The Ramblers, Osisi-Iku, street poet Markus Jahn etc plus sounds by Stereograph and Saxon from noon until 8pm . . . **or are they never in the winter grey of before dawn** . . . 12 hour session at Lewisham Boys Club, 1–9 Morton St, SE13 on Sunday – from 4pm till 4am – funking and grooving upstairs with Jet sounds and downstairs Saxon International. Flashdancing competition. Raffle. Rollerskating. Food. Drinks. Fruit . . . **those pure long quavers, cries of love?** . . . also on Sunday is a splash out beachwear dance at Westcliff Leisure Centre, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex – from 6pm to 3am – dancing to the sounds of Hawkeye International plus Simeon Super Sound with Noel at the controls alongside Blaka Dread and Spider Ranks. Coaches from Deptford and Harlesden at 4pm. Tickets from Hawkeye 01-961 0866 . . . **I put my arms around you** . . . show and dance at Banqueting Suite, 352 Norwood Road, SE27 on Sunday – 8pm until 4am – with live onstage Norma White and George Williams plus King Tubbys Hi-Fi and Four Star. Licensed bar and food. Tickets 01-737 3906 . . . **small mice freeze among tussocks** . . . the 4th national reggae all-nighter at Nottingham Palais Sunday stars Winston Reedy and Carroll Thompson with sounds by Sir Coxsone and commences from midnight to 8am . . . **the baby wails in the next room** . . . and later on Monday evening at the Mohammad Ali Centre, Icknield Street, Hockley, Birmingham from 8pm Carroll Thompson stars in her own right alongside sounds Studio City and Hytal Hi-Fi. Tickets 021-328 8378 . . . **upstairs Mrs Ramsden dies** . . . all day outing to Weymouth Beach followed by a dance inna Bournemouth Town Hall on Monday with the mighty Jah Observers. Coaches leave Thornton Heath, Brixton and Ladbroke Grove from 9.30am. Dancing from 8pm to midnight. Tickets from Dub Vendor 01-969 3375 . . . **and the house is full of the cries of the newborn** . . . one stop outing to Queensway Community Centre, Wellingborough, Northants on Bank Holiday Monday dancing from 2pm to 2am to Sir Coxsone in the green corner, Unity Hi-Fi in the gold corner and Frontline Int. in the red corner. Live onstage Black Shade, Yvonne Douglas, Sandra Dee plus the fantastic Simplicity. Special guests Black Slate. Coaches leave noon from Brixton, Bethnal Green, Deptford and Stoke Newington. Enquiries 01-980 0762 . . . **in red and smoky wood a follower of Wren carved it at Beverley** . . . from 8pm till 1am at Tottenham Town Hall on Monday is a Bank Holiday rave up with Fatman Hi-Power. Tickets from Shuttle at 23 Turnpike Lane, N8. Tel: 01-341 1080 . . . **the generous womb that drops into the sanctified water immediate fruit** . . . finally at Old Covent Garden, WC2 from 11am to 8pm daily starting Monday through to Saturday September 3 is organised the Black Arts and Crafts Fair with entertainment by Ekome, Mataya, the Young Black Theatre Co-op Workshop, Steel & Skin, demonstrations, sales and displays and more . . . **what we do best is breed** . . .

— Gi

ON THE BOX

from page 25

Walbrook crossing schizophrenia cinema-style, Diana Wynyard his cornered spouse. History signs this a 'classic British film'; look for the signs – the smog of Victorian "morality" – and wonder from whence they came and whither they went. **(C4)**.

Abbott and Costello Meet The Invisible Man (Charles Lamont 1951). Facial, farcical and linguis-tic turmoil. As ever, we see that 'mere' comedy is built on the metaphysical oppositions that haunt us all. Here: fat/thin, flapper/dapper and concrete/ethereal . . . plus C4 *vs.* BBC1 if they let *Bilko* on. How to get in touch with the other side? Your VCR.

MONDAY AUGUST 29

BBC1: Giant sandwiches and caterpillars in **Knockout Star Gala**; Cram, Ovett and Wells in **Bank Holiday Grandstand**; Jimmy Saville OBE and George O'Dowd in **Jim'll Fix It**; Napoleon III and Bob Dylan in **Mastermind International**. A waste of Jean Stapleton in the disappointing **Archie Bunker's Place (C4)**. A waste of airtime featuring the increasingly smug and unfunny Clive James **At The Movies (C4 repeat)**.

Shirin's Wedding (Helma Sanders 1976). The disposal process of immigrant workers in West Germany – living production line, temporary solution. Directed by the notable Sanders **(C4)**.

TUESDAY AUGUST 30

The Dick Van Dyke Show. *The* Dick Van Dyke is right – though there's the brother again tonight; and let's not forget that man Carl Reiner **(C4)**. **The Wine Programme** is essential viewing, no matter what emotions it provokes. This week: the grape's different outlets (I'm not featured?) and some business scandals. Get in a Mouton Cadet **(C4)**.

The Land Of Look Behind. A "documentary fantasy" about Jamaica and its music, directed by one Alan Greenberg – a Herzog acolyte, so be prepared for the worst, or best, that particular camera worldview can unearth. *N.B.* for the wise: Gregory Isaacs footage **(C4)**.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 31

Ovett and Cram still running circles round each other; if this is Wednesday it must be Kobblenz (BBC1). Pregnancy and everglades in **Flamingo Rd (BBC1)**.

The Munsters stop off in Groverville **(C4)**; that man's laugh! Tonight is marathon soaps night – **Coronation St (ITV)** straight into **Brookside (C4)**. The trouble with the latter can be its overstraining for a feeling of "the real"; the lure of the former is that no matter how "real" it tries to get, it still seems like a remote colony from *World About Us*. 'Hip' details in the *St* are miraculous, we remark them aloud – but an Echo And The Bunnymen T-shirt is par for the *Side*. Still, Sheila and Bobby must be the nicest couple on TV – along with Jim and Rocky, of course.

Adrians

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L.P. DURAN Is there something/Girls on film/P. Earth/Anyone out there/To sure/C. Memories/Waiting night boat/ Sound thunder/ Friends mine/Televiv (splendid Jap import + lyric insert 11.95
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12" DEF LEPPARD Rock of ages/Action Not Words (P) 2.25
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12" M. ROMANCE Rain (+ T. Shirt) (This Week Only) (P) 2.99
MINI L.P. P.I.L. (Jap import). We are not allowed to stock this record yet as there is a ban on it. British copies, much cheaper, in soon.
12" TREVOR HERION Betrayed (E)/Fallen Angel + 1 (P) 2.25
12" GIRLS SCHOOL 123 R&R (E)/Tush/Don't call it love/Emergency (P) (Note: The last 3 are new studio versions) 2.25
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JOHN BADHAM

FROM PAGE 26

of directorial autonomy, as advanced by *auteur* theorists, gets short shrift from him:

"It can be done, but it seems folly not to take advantage of all these people around you. It's your responsibility to control all this, to weed out the good ideas from the bad. In *Saturday Night Fever*, some of the funniest dialogue is stuff Travolta made up on the spot, stuff I wouldn't have thought up in a million years. It would have been foolish for me to say 'John, that's not in the script', or 'Norman Wexler won't like it'.

"On the other hand, actors do love to improvise, and they are frustrated writers, think they're cleverer than the writer, and they can really lead you down the garden path, too! There are some embarrassingly bad films where the actor's improvising and you know it's nothing short of masturbation. It's the director's job to slap their wrists, bring them back into line."

As regards the traditional struggle between studios, producers and directors, he invokes historical precedent to justify his pragmatic approach.

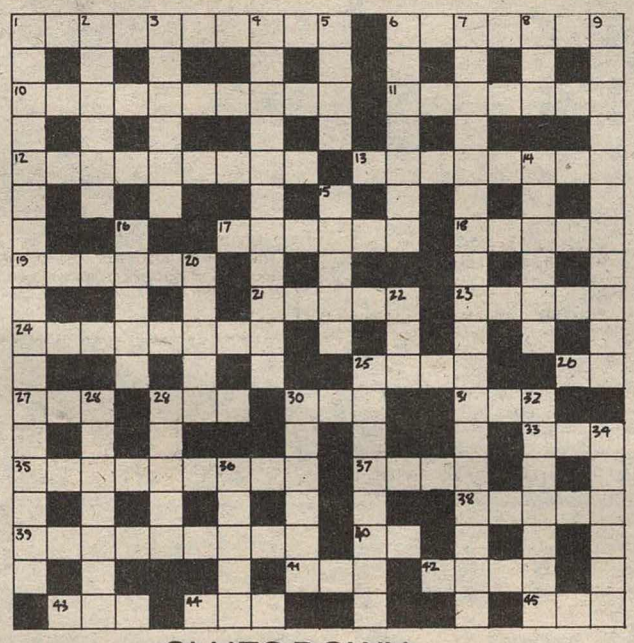
"They (the studios) are in the business of making money, and not just being great patrons of the cinema, dispensing 15 or 20 million dollars just to give you the chance to play. Those times are... I started to say long gone, but I don't know if they were ever here. When you read about the pope giving money to Michelangelo for the Sistine Chapel or the Last Judgement, he bloody well wanted results! He wanted something good, and was annoyed at how long it was taking.

"There was a lovely documentary on Leonardo Da Vinci, which said at the end that nobody would hire Leonardo to do a job, because the fellow never turned up with what you paid him for! You had to give him money up front, and he'd wander off, think about it, and nothing ever happened. One of the popes wrote about it, and said it was so maddening — 'he keeps talking to me about the varnish he's going to use, not the concept of the painting. At least Micheangelo will get in there and chip away; he's slow, but it gets done'.

"So you see, things never change!"

NME PRESSWORD

compiled by Trevor Hungerford



CLUES ACROSS

1. Run off agog, when bewildered by this quartet (4, 2, 4)
6. Not the true story of an indie label? (7)
10. Rinsed wart, and squeezed out a US singer (5, 5)
11. Beatable Roger (7)
12. Cabaret Voltaire's version of Chas And Dave's 'Rabbit'? (3, 3, 3)
13. Dutch group who held the Number One spot for four weeks with 'Mississippi' (8)
17 + 25D + 44A. Dusty Springfield hit from 1968 (3, 2, 1, 8, 3)
18. Jay — of Bucks Fizz (5)
19. Two of their albums were 'On The Border' and 'The Long Run' (6)
21. '—— Fire' 1973 Manfred Mann's Earthband LP (5)
23. Fear of the Judge's ten commandments (5)
24. Sounds like you in mixed fortune – though this indie label suggests nothing will come of it (2, 6)
25. US Country Rock group best known over here for 'Rose Of Cimmaron' (4)
26 + 3D Duran's fourth single back in late 1981 (2, 3, 3)
27. Ay, it's before, and it's after too – from Kevin and the Dexy's (3)
29. King Sunny (3)
30. —— Na Nog British band from the early '70s (3)
31. 'Still I'm —', Yardbirds single (3)
33. Chris, who had a minor hit with 'Fool (If You Think It's Over)' (3)
35 + 34D *"You're cool and hard and if I sound like a lecher, it's probably true but at least there's no lecture"*. 1983 hit (5, 4, 1, 5)
37. Farewell at the corner to Andy Fairweather-Low (4)
38. Sheffield band on Fast Products, they later became The Musical Janeens (5)
39. I'm no roady – but will I get that Top Ten hit from 1979? (2, 2, 5)
40. A quick laugh from Killing Joke as they play live (2)
41. Yep – it could be the old Kinks label! (3)
42. See 1D
43. Just something that kept getting under Adam's feet (3)
44. See 17A
45. Fixx's skies (3)

CLUES DOWN

1. *"Then I awake and look around me, at four grey walls that surround me . . ."* 1966 hit (5, 5, 5, 2, 4)
2. A breath of fresh era from Blitz (3, 3)
3. See 26A
4. So Nora, a clue especially for you to turn up that old Hollies number (2, 1, 8)
5. Hard to find Bowie album still currently available? (4)
6. The maths principle of Magazine and Visage (7)
7. At one time, Sting couldn't bear being away from our company (4, 5, 6, 3)
8 + 15D. Same title, different numbers from David Essex and Julie Felix (2, 1, 5)
9. Round the clock singing from Joe Jackson last year (5, 3, 3)
14. Adge — and the Wurzels (6)
15. See 8D
16. All-girl South African group who had a hit with 'Substitute' (5)
20. Their lead singer is Adrian Borland; one of their albums was 'From The Lion's Mouth' (5)
22. Somewhere far away for Duran to go to (3)
25. See 17A
28. Laden me with a Randy singer (7)
29. Forename of clarinet player who had a hit with 'Stranger On The Shore' (5)
30. Dance Theatre? (3, 3)
32. Dear me, that's wrong, but right after all – yes it's a hit from 1975 (7)
34. See 35A
36. Country in which Cliff Richard was born (5)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Everything, 5 That, 9 Riot Going On, 12 Ann, 13 OMD, 14 Paint Me Down, 18 Eva, 19 PA, 20 Energy, 21 Ex-Pop, 23 Ads (Adverts), 24 Anthem, 26 Saturn, 28 Out, 29 Chords, 31 God Bless, 33 Far, 34 Imposter, 35 And, 37 Gary Gilmore, 38 Two.

DOWN: 1 Europe, 2 Emotion, 3 Hai, 4 Nag, 6 Head Expanded, 7 Tantalise, 8 Anon, 10 Guthrie, 11 Nod, 15 Ely, 16 Operator, 17 Wax, 22 Watching, 25 Trooper, 26 Sugar, 27 Urban, 30 DBs, 32 Stevo, 33 Feel, 35 AOR, 36 GT.

TALKING

FROM PAGE 7

'Red And The Black'.

The group's character is purged, finally as neutral as they always looked.

"YOU SAID *what* to David?!?" Two days later, on the outskirts of Detroit, Chris Frantz is aghast.

"You said there should be more 'Genius Of Love' and less 'Catherine Wheel'?! (Pause) Maybe that's why you got a short interview."

Tina hangs her head. "You see, David was trying so hard on this album to open up and be lighter. And I do think it *is* much happier. I know it doesn't always *sound* happy, but can't you tell when you see the songs live?!"

Her look says 'see here, young man': "Do you know how the lyrics were written? He improvised the vocal melodies on top of the music in the studio, not knowing what he was going to sing before he started. He would just take little bits that sounded good and continue to embellish those things.

"He did it very quickly, and it was all in gibberish, so afterwards, when he went home, he couldn't think of any other tunes to sing, because then he had the improvisations in his mind; he had to actually invent lyrics to fit the gibberish, and some of it was actually used, like when he says *"home!"* at the beginning of 'Naive Melody', that's actually from the very first improvisation.

"It just flowed out, came out of his mouth, and he had to continue doing that, he had no choice but to try to make all the words fit the same sort of vowel sounds or the more percussive kinds of vocalisation. He would have to sit at home for hours at a time and just keep going over basic tracks, and letting lyrics just pop into his head. They do have meaning, because so many phrases came that some had to be chosen over others."

Anyone for speaking in automatic writing? Cut-up gospel?

Chris: "It might not seem quite as *smooth* as some pop music, say Thomas Dolby, but it is. The songs are maybe not as ambitious conceptually as the past couple of albums, maybe they're a little easier to swallow. Probably what David is thinking is pop songs compared to downtown conceptual music — the Philip Glasses and Steve Reichs."

'Tongues' is like a midpoint between the art-garage pop of '77' and the dark, clustered combustion of 'Fear', but I have to say again that I don't find it very successful as "pop music".

Tina: "On the other hand, nobody seemed to think '77' was catchy when that came out. Everybody thought *that* was pretty jarring. It took me a while after this music was written to accept David's lyrics. The vocal melodies on some of the songs don't go with the original music. Now that we've been playing some of them live, they flow more easily for me."

Chris: "I think the reason we feel happier now is that we have two outlets. One is much more serious than the other. We can have our lighter moments with Tom Tom Club."

Tina: "It's pushing it to the extreme, because we're *extremely* light with Tom Tom Club. If Talking Heads wasn't so *extremely* serious on the other side, I don't think we ever could have come up with such light music."

David said 'Remain In Light' and the extended lineup released him from the burden of leadership of the "mythical archetype" rock fans tend to identify with. Has bringing Talking Heads down to size put the emphasis back onto him?

Tina: "I don't know if he wants the burden removed. I very much doubt it."

Chris: "This is the first album where David gave us full credit for what we did in terms of songwriting. Clearly he's unburdening himself somewhat there."

So the individual tangents have helped and tensions aren't smouldering. You can keep the "show on the road" . . .

Chris: "It'll probably continue for a pretty long time, actually. As we get older, we're getting more and more outlets besides the rock'n'roll stage. The Talking Heads will be around for a real long time doing stuff other than so-called 'pop songs'."

THERE'S NO moral lesson here, this is not a parable, but quite honestly 'The Man With The 4-Way Hips' makes a lot more sense to these ears and bones than 'Making Flippy-Floppy'. The way I look at it is that David Byrne can't write black music without Brian Eno's arm round his shoulder. Not even Jellybean Funhouse mixes of 'Flippy' and 'Slippery People' are going to change that.

And this must be the place to end.

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- JAM (Absolute Beginners)
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- MARILYN (Giant Face)
- MARILYN (7 YR Itch)
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- CLASH (Straight To Hell)
- CLASH (Know Your Rights)
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THOSE WE HAVE LOVED

Where is Monty Smith these days? And tiny Ian Penman? Whatever became of Max Bell then? God, we used to boot it around back then. I used to write *T-Zers* y'know. Way back before you were born. "Sorry, who is it we're talking about?" was one that always got a laff. So did phrases like "A frankly exhausted Ben Sidran told us 'I'm frankly exhausted'". And names! Aw, we had names back then, we didn't need stars. Mimsie Weatherwax. Ernst Mountain. Genevieve Pepperfeathers. Fantastic. Whatabout when we made the entire thing up and it got reprinted as fact right across Europe. Great headlines too. Remember that terrible war film in Africa with Rod Steiger. HEADLINE: Touché Duce! (or A Nice Place To Visit But I Wouldn't Wanna Libya). Or when Saatchi & Saatchi were hired by Phonogram and ran 'Every Picture Sells A Tory'. That knocked Phil out. And what ab54@&?⅝3¾(

OK I'll take it.

Danny Baker in the type writer shop in Beak St bored but with a pocketful of 50 pound notes. (Gags — I got'em!)

PS: I still enjoy a handsome, weekly, wrinkled old retainer.

Danny's Greatest Gags — official? Even if it's not you, Danny, we're pleased to hear from you. And as I write the Wee Ghost is sitting pretty as ever on Page 24/25 before *On The Box* — CB.

The *NME* is beginning to whiff of the stale newsprint of 1973. Hardly a week goes by without some article or a reader's letter berating the current climate. All this "where did we go wrong, man?" stuff is rather reminiscent of the attitudes of ten years ago. As someone who is rapidly sliding into his mid-'20s I can sympathise, but isn't all this nostalgia just the '80s equivalent of "Where have all the flowers gone?"

Please, I don't want to be called a boring old punk and if you have any sense neither should you. Music may not be particularly exciting at the moment, but I'm a great believer in what we scientists call "the lull before the storm theory" — cf 1975. So, all you ex kids out there, clap hands for 1986 — the late '80s Epstein/Lambert/McLaren slot is still wide open. Book early.

Paul D. Conaghan, Northern Ireland.

Why wait? It's here! See below . . . — CB.

AVANT. . . LE DELUGE

Einstürzende Neubauten, SPK, Test Department — does this mean that skiffle's back?

Jean Pierre Baudrillard, The Eggbox.

I say huh to Neubauten, Test Dept etc. They might claim to be the first to define a new industrial blues but some of us still recall Captain Beefheart's *Blue Collar* song 'Hard Workin' Man'! Not to mention what Pere Ubu used to get up to with a blacksmith's anvil!

The Foreman, Sheffield Steel, Yorks.

How many more times do we have to read such pretentious drivel about the latest "in" band? I'm referring to your cover story on Test Dept and in particular to the claims that Test Dept make "The most important sound of today, something capable of breaking down the mundane fabric we see around us and building something new from the wreckage. With their new single they're getting there at an alarming rate."

It's all been said before, little has changed. When will these bands and certain journalists ever accept that such people will never change the word nor build something genuinely beautiful from the wreckage? What they possibly can do is offer people the chance to obtain a great deal of pleasure from their music. Isn't this enough? It's certainly a more realistic aim. The integrity of people making great claims is always in doubt. Even with the help of such professional media coverage as Don Watson's article gives, Test Dept offer no threat to anyone. "That's what makes them fascinating. And that's what makes them dangerous" indeed! Maggie must be shaking in her court shoes.

The Cynic, Gravesend.

Once it is accepted that music is unimportant, meaningless, nothing, who's to stop anyone making of it what he wants, filling the available space with an art that excites, stimulates, cheers, drenches or encourages? I find it great that wantonly destructive characters such as Einstürzende Neubauten both physically and symbolically clear so much ground. Test Dept's drumming up of punishing rhythm is as impulsive as anything by Sunny Ade. I doubt Test Dept are pleased with the ill-chosen application of a word like dangerous, but if you wanna check out early effects of the metal workers on the mainstream I suggest you try Depeche Mode's 'Construction Time Again' — CB.

Gee — now that Chris Bohn's German reports from the front are being ripped off right left and centre (witness this week's *City Limits* who appropriate a phrase he used to describe Die Toter Hosen as what their name *means*; it doesn't translate as 'old tat', that's part of Bohn's old *review*. . . even a non O-level holder like me can tell ya it's DEAD TROUSERS (and it was worth taking Bohn's tip on 'em too). While *City Limits* gets even the title of their record wrong, YOU — employers of Mr Bohn — get Einstürzende Neubauten's name consistently wrong. Hands across the Channel or just more *NME* finds for Channel Four, CL, and all that lot to pilfer?

Max Schreck, Finchley, London

PS: Should have had Bohn on the Cramps. Better a jackbooter than a dumb Yank who can't see the inherent greatness of the Stingrays!!!!

Thanks for noticing. Kind of you not to spot the deliberate error with our Stingrays review, which was penned by Jane Solanas. The LP Cyndy hated was Lita Ford's — CB.

Pow Wow! We have crackdown, more like letdown. Why kill time listening to this landslide. This is mere taxi music. I have a sly doubt that my obsession with Cabaret Voltaire will be gone in a split second feeling. Why this sudden move towards commercialism? Soon there'll be no escape: Cabaret Voltaire on every other street. Music is just a fool's game — there's a thousand ways to spread the virus but this is just gut level Mal. If this is entertainment then I'll stay out of it.

A Lancashire Fish.

Back to Go, Fish! The indie-major crossover/sellout equation is too easy to deserve any marks — CB.

EUROPE AFTER THE RAIN

Upon hearing 'Abbey Road' for the first time in years I have made an internal vow that pop music is finished/dead. Just as Marcel Duchamp predicted that "painting is dead" (circa 1918 whatever) the same can be applied here.

Here, I invoke the timeless class factor: Who plays '77 punk now? Assuming you have a modicum of intelligence of the NOW, what will really last? Echo? No sir, the NEW can't write love songs or great ballads for everyone.

Our greatest loss is the loss of the artist in art: Van Gogh, Cezanne, Mondrian, Matisse, Monet. And in literature Camus, Orwell, Tolstoy, Kafka etc. And in real music Saint Saens, Debüssy, Satie, Stravinsky etc. Why is it no one can touch the masters of modernity (late 19th — mid 20th century)?

One hopeful aspect is that "aware" people will defy the mundanity and resort to the timeless class factor.

Someone, somewhere will find a medium to express what an artist is. Finally, pal, don't make analogies between a narcissistic prat like How'art' Devoto and that great surrealist painter Max Ernst.

If The Beatles were not on the level of Great Art no one today is.

Baz, Leeds.

Huh! Your "timeless" sounds like a fullstop to me. I'm with Joseph Beuys on this one: Art as flux, "the silence of Marcel Duchamp is overrated": In other words, keep talking pal. As for Max Ernst, I've seen better apocalyptic pictures in an *X-Men* centre spread — CB.

A TEN MINUTE REED THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

My first thoughts on reading the interview with X. Moore were "not another piece of self congratulation". But, thinking it over, I found a lot of sense in what the leader of The Redskins was saying. There isn't really much social comment music around, is there?

Despite the growth of CND and the Peace Movement you still find the Greenham Common women singing 'Give Peace A Chance' — written back in '69.

So what has happened to the revolutionary impact of popular music? Punk had 'God Save The Queen', but in all honesty who can catch all the lyrics? It's not enough just to agree with the sentiments. In any case punk has become a fringe fashion movement, while the Monarchy goes from strength to strength. The Specials' 'Ghost Town' was a song for its time, what with the Summer riots going on. But look at what topped the charts in the year of Thatcher's war: 'Seven Tears' at the beginning and 'Goody Two Shoes' at its close. The less said about Adam's change from star of *Jubilee* to an appearance in the Falklands victory show the better!

Sadly when pop should be pushing a strong message it seems more trite than ever. Bands like The Jam, Beat and Funboy Three, who were capable of making a social comment, have folded only to be replaced by the likes of Drone Drone and Gagagoogoo.

It would be extremely ironic if the new Bob Dylan LP turned out to be the most political record of the year.

Timothy J. Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

Want rebel music? Try Camp Sophisto's 'Songs In Praise Of The Revolution' single (Pure Freude — German import). Pure joy! — CB.

SATISFIED!

At last you've managed another in that occasional series of straightforward informative and non-political articles!

In his interview with Robert Smith, Richard Cook refrained from asking irrelevant questions and gave Smith the chance to tell an emotive story.

I hope Mat Snow, who recently dismissed The Cure's Elephant Fayre concert as "banal, pretentious and dreary. . . self obsessed and self important", paid close attention to Smith's own account.

Robert revealed in his conversation with Cook that he is none of the above and is, in fact, a perceptive performer already in the daylight. Whether The Cure have or have not delivered brilliant music since 'Pornography' is immaterial. That they have in the past created such atmospheric and glorious music is sufficient.

Or are we in such a competitive age that no one is allowed to feel tired?

Margaret Amos, Glasgow.

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Zzzzzzzzz. Does that answer your question? — CB.

DISGRUNTLED, GRIMSBY

John Peel you are pathetic! I have listened to your show nearly every night for the past few weeks hoping to fill 15 hours of blank tape but the task proved impossible. Sad, because I remember all those years when you actually deserved your job, when you had the courage to play the bands who refused to conform, giving them valuable exposure they wouldn't otherwise get. But now it's hip to like "fine music" and appear on *TOTP* your show pukes up nothing but safe trash — you were the first to play Lotus Eaters' bleeding awful 'First Picture Of You'! And the safe alternatives you play — Killing Joke, The Box, the occasional classic by The Birthday Party — are nothing compared to the real alternatives you should be playing.

Don't forget your show is for the minority. The minority prefer progression, experimentation — that which is UNDERGROUND.

Ironically you haven't once featured on your show those 100s of experimental/underground bands featured of late in *Sounds* and *NME*, such as: SPK, Einstürzende Neubauten, Nocturnal Emissions, Chris And Cosey, Nurse With Wound etc. Okay so you've got sessions coming up by SPK and Test Dept, but if you spent less time searching out old jazz and new African records, you'd make some progression and stop serving as the self indulgent time waster who'd never dare differ.

The mere fact you agree with the John Lennon dictum that "avant garde is French for bullshit" proves you shouldn't have your nightly show. Not too long ago the horror stories claiming the BBC were to fire John Peel annoyed me. Now I'd welcome this move.
Ian Taylor, Wigan.
Your turn, John? — CB.

So the Beeb are hunting for the sixth *Doctor Who*, eh? How about giving the part to Mark Smith, of The Fall. I can just picture him in his megastore anorak clambering out of the Tardis. Well, it's either him or John Peel.
David Grigg, St. Austell, Cornwall.

Why don't the "alternative" *Channel 4* give us an alternative music programme which features up and coming bands and the indie charts? *Switch* And *The Tube* provide a change from *TOTP* but they're still pop and chart orientated.

I thought this while reading Adrian Thrills' views on today's music scene and agreed with him that there isn't anything too creative happening at the moment. Then, the media isn't giving us the chance to see what else is available.

Don't get me wrong, I like *TOTP*, but the whole of music presentation now is geared towards chartsounds or to chart certs, thereby ignoring the first releases of young hopefuls, which are so damn good they'd probably be classics if they were pushed.
Sheanagh Wilson, Hull.
Going by the execrable *Alter Image* it would appear *Channel 4's* idea of alternative is getting the viewer to turn over. That, or The Chevalier Brothers busking in Covent Garden — CB.

DISMAYED, GRAHAMSTOWN

My Mum asked me once what I wanted for my birthday and I said a Mickey Mouse outfit would do fine and she gave me the South African government. So here I am colonialising among the racists and receiving the *NME* its normal five weeks late. The only musical defect to come here to date is some twit called Rod Stewart, though a glimmer of talent lies ahead in the form of Peter Tosh (scheduled for Swaziland). This country is full of fucking shit.
Bain, Grahamstown, South Africa.

T-ZERS

WHAT GOES ON behind pop's closed doors? Quite a lot it would seem as two national papers sit patiently on two inflammable stories about the **Kajagoogoo** split until such time as it would be plain bad journalism not to print them. Who knows the real story and when are they going to tell it?

Well it won't be *News Of The Screws* or their sickly colour supplement *Sunday* which ran a cover on the **Kajagoogoo** success story over a week after it was common knowledge they had broke up . . .

Feisty **Joan Jett** currently receiving the rough end of the stick in the States where cassette copies of her new album have been withdrawn from 50% of retail outlets because of an unlisted version of the old **Stones** song 'Starfucker'. A new version without the offending song is hurriedly being packaged. Why can't Joanie get away with it when that old pouting ponce can? You tell us . . .

Censorship problems are also hindering the release of the new **Ian Dury** LP '4000 Weeks Holiday'. On one song, 'Noddy Harris', Dury indulges his penchant for the vernacular to excruciating and some say offensive extremes. When the folks at Polydor suggested that a warning sticker should be stuck on copies of the LP, a heated argument ensued which resulted in Dury storming out of the offices, hurling a few portions of the selfsame vernacular at all and sundry . . .

BILLY CHILDISH, frontman for garage beat combo **The Milkshakes** is finding his other career as the man behind a series of infantile and sleazy sexual poetry books is getting him into some trouble with the police. After receiving numerous complaints the Chatham CID visited Childish at his home last week where they confiscated his 'work', telling him he'd hear from them later. As indeed he did, a few days later when he was picked up and questioned about a rape case. All writers of lewd lyrics please take note . . .

Readers in Manchester may be interested to note that this Friday (26th) at midnight the world premiere of the **New Order** video *Confusion* takes place at The Hacienda . . .

Readers in London, suitably fired by the **Clark Sisters** 'You Brought The Sunshine' single (the LP of which is holding the ace space on US gospel charts) may be interested to note that every Sunday from 9–10 am **Radio Invicta** broadcast an hour of the best in modern gospel music. Sure beats morning mass or *Songs Of Praise*. . .

Morticia, aka actress **Caroline Jones** of the currently popular (for the second time round) *Adamms Family* has died from cancer aged 52. . .

Police are chasing a crazed aural masochist after the disappearance of 200 passes for the Reading Festival on a London tube. . .

A hard knock for Belfast group **Big Self**, who spent most of their savings moving to a new base in London. Last week they had a lot of their equipment stolen from the house where they were staying in Brixton. They are offering a small reward for the return of the equipment. Anyone with information can contact The Little Bit Ritzy cinema in Brixton. . .

That boisterous goodtime reckless soul star **Prince** has taken time off from being his usual forthright self to put in a bit of extra curricular work. After being told by **Stevie Nicks** that 'Stand Back' her new hit single was inspired by 'Little Red Corvette' he came over to play the synthesisers on the song eschewing any credit. . .

As **Clem Burke** and **Nigel Harrison** (ex-**Blondie**) join up with **Sex Pistol Steve Jones** and two other nonentities to form a group with the wishful thinking title **Chequered Past**, so they get dropped from the roster of mega-manager **Shep Gordon**. Steve Jones has also broken his arm in a **Dylan**esque motorcycle accident which means he can't use it to drink beer, make phone calls or any of the other exciting things semi famous people get up to. On the bright side – he won't be able to play guitar for a while, either. . .

Bruce Springsteen, ever one of rock's great originals and forward thinking artists, has come up with a spectacular and thrilling title for his new album – 'Born In The USA'. . .

What the hell do they expect dept? **Einsturzen Thingy** nearly had their gig at Leeds Warehouse stopped when the venue's manager threatened to beat their manager to pulp if they went ahead with the well known routine of applying a pneumatic drill to the hall's walls. . .

Watch out for the 15 years in the works story of **The Faces** – *A Variety Of Annoyances* – by old chums **Rod Stewart** and **Ronnie Wood**. Guaranteed to be choc a bloc with the sort of stories to make the most hardened granny drop her knitting. . .

Wham! reportedly almost came to fisticuffs with **Paul Morley** when the sturdy Manchester fly half tackled them on a few of their galling misrepresentations of teenage –yeah, fab – life as part of an interview for art school posezine *Blitz*. "It took all I could muster not to chin him there and then," said **Andy Ridgeley**. Morley remained elusive, stimulating, trivial etc. . .

Production team **Langer / Winstanley** are off together on a round Europe cycling trip while Man Boy of the year **George O'Dowd** and **Marilyn** return from Egypt where they got sore bottoms after being constantly pinched by men who thought they were women. You've got to take the rough with the smooth, as the fisherman said to the skate . . .

Yoko Ono has inked a contract with **Johnny Carson** for a yet to be penned film of her life with **John Lennon** from 1965 to his death. Working title is *Imagine: The Story Of John Lennon*. With that sort of skill and imagination going into the title, maybe they'll get **Bruce Springsteen** to write the screenplay. . .

CHANNEL FOUR's outrageously successful *Switch*, now in its sixth stupendous month but approaching the end of its current series, will be back on your screens again next spring. Their second series begins in April with mouth almighty **Gary Crowley** as presenter. . .

So have **Edwyn, Zeke, Malcolm** and **David** finally decided to rip it up and start again? Signals suggesting just that – an **Orange Juice** split – have been getting stronger and more frequent over the past week, and would seem to be confirmed by **Ed**'s comment to a passing *T-Zers* tray on Saturday evening at The Wag Club. "Once we've finished the LP we're doing, Zeke and I are off to do our country and western album." With Malcolm and David both working on another project, the divide between the two segments seems to be growing. The OJ LP, incidentally, is tentatively titled 'Swansong'. . .

Let me take off this shirt of shame: *NME*'s crack soccer squad humiliated 5–4 by a lacklustre Island Records team, with 'Blind' **Lloyd Bradley** throwing the game away after Italian hitman **Julio Hewitt** had sharpshot the Carnaby Street dynamos ahead. Referee was **Jah Wobble**, who unsettled our lads by shouting "Come On Island" at regular intervals. . .

Following British heavyweight boxing hope **Frank Bruno**'s cameo appearance in the **JoBoxers** video for 'Johnny Friendly', the five 'Boxer Boys – a bunch of bantamweights to a man – were challenged to a sparring session in a London gymnasium. In order to even up the odds a little, the five 'Boxers will all be in the ring against Bruno simultaneously. Full story next week. . .

Allan (*Rock And Roll High School*) **Arkush** has enjoyed favourable responses to his new film *Get Crazy*, – the story of a New Year's Eve concert at the old Fillmore. It features **Lou Reed** as a **Dylan**esque recluse making his big comeback – his name is **'Auden'** – and **Malcolm McDowell** as a coked-out **Rod Stewart / Jagger** clone. Other cameos from former rock figures include **Howard Kaylan** as a 'leftover hippie', **Doors'** drummer **John Densmore,** *Shindig*'s **Bobby Sherman** and **Fabian** . . .

America just launched a mainstream TV programme of rock vids (*Friday Night Video*) to compete with MTV, the all-music cable channel. Its first evening featured a '1980's Battle of the Bands' where viewers called in to vote for the next video: a choice of **Duran Duran** or **Davie Bowie**. Durans won, with a 20,000 margin. Funny, both acts are on EMI, who certainly can't have *lost*. . .

And lastly, *T-Zers* sends its sincere condolences to the family and friends of **Thomas Reilly**, who was shot dead in a Belfast street early last week. Reilly, the younger brother of former **Stiff Little Fingers** drummer **Jim**, worked for a rock merchandising firm and was a familiar face about the foyer on numerous tours. His funeral was attended by all three members of **Bananarama** while **Altered Images, Spandau Ballet** and **The Style Council** all sent wreathes. A British soldier last week appeared in court charged with his murder. . .

lowry note oilskin base

TWO YOUNG FACE WRITERS STAND DISCUSSING THE LATEST TRENDS...
WHATEVER you may think of rock 'n' roll as a dance, there is little doubt that the music has rhythm. Take away some of the so-called singing that so often goes with it, and you have a foot-tapping beat that takes you back to the days of pure Negro jazz.
For contrast, we have that amazing young man Pat Boone, who has become one of the most talked-about singers of them all. His brief visit to this country sealed his popularity and he's pretty sure to outlast all the rock 'n' rollers.
GOING MAD PLEASE PASS.
BORN TO MINCE
WORDS
BRILLIANT!! WE'LL RUN THIS ONE NEXT TO THE COLOUR-SPREAD ON MOTORWAY CAFETERIA FOUND-ART!
WHO'S COVERING THE MONTY MONT-GOMERY PRESSGIG?
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR MY ACE FACE ABOUT THE PLACE, ROBERT
THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST SENSATION SINCE MY 'GAY TIMES' PIECE...
ROBERT ACECUB REPORTER WITH MAGAZINE.
OVER LYMESWOLD CANAPES AND VIDEO NASTIES, THE PRESS CONFERENCE BEGINS..
JEWELL RULES
JEWELL IS CEWELL
I'M THE QUEEN OF HARPERS
HAVE YOU TRIED THE SUPERGRASS?
WHY DO YOU CALL YOURSELVES THE BEATLES?
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HOW MANY PROTEST SINGERS ARE THERE IN AMERICA, BOB?
ENRAGED MONTY TRIES A SID VICIOUS NUMBER..
I'VE HAD A FEW-BUT TOO FEW TO MENTION..
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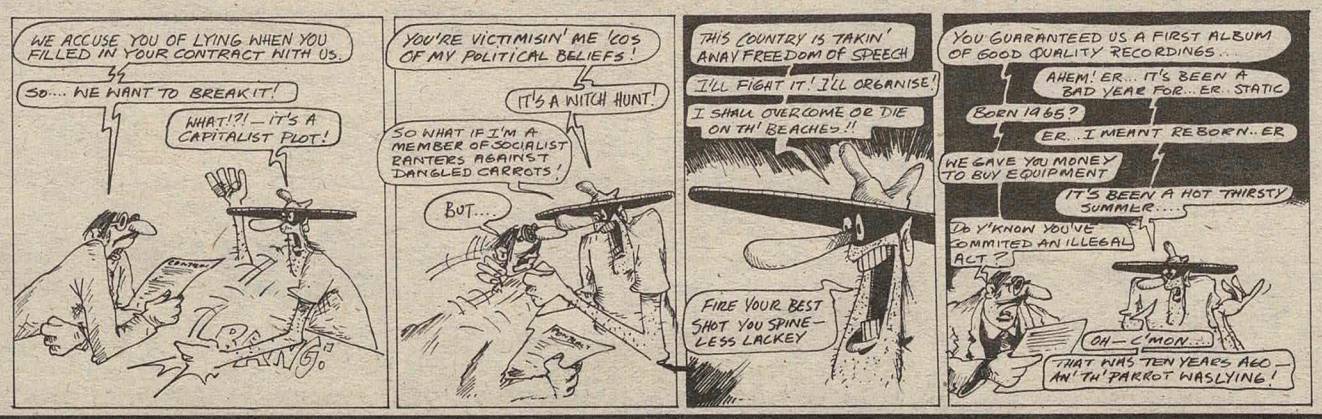
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SO.... WE WANT TO BREAK IT!
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YOU'RE VICTIMISIN' ME 'COS OF MY POLITICAL BELIEFS!
IT'S A WITCH HUNT!
SO WHAT IF I'M A MEMBER OF SOCIALIST BANTERS AGAINST DANGLED CARROTS!
BUT....
THIS COUNTRY IS TAKIN' AWAY FREEDOM OF SPEECH
I'LL FIGHT IT! I'LL ORGANISE!
I SHALL OVERCOME OR DIE ON TH' BEACHES!!
FIRE YOUR BEST SHOT YOU SPINE-LESS LACKEY
YOU GUARANTEED US A FIRST ALBUM OF GOOD QUALITY RECORDINGS...
AHEM! ER... IT'S BEEN A BAD YEAR FOR... ER. STATIC
BORN 1965?
ER.. I MEANT REBORN.. ER
WE GAVE YOU MONEY TO BUY EQUIPMENT
IT'S BEEN A HOT THIRSTY SUMMER....
DO Y'KNOW YOU'VE OMMITED AN ILLEGAL ACT?
OH—C'MON...
THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO AN' TH' PARROT WAS LYING!

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